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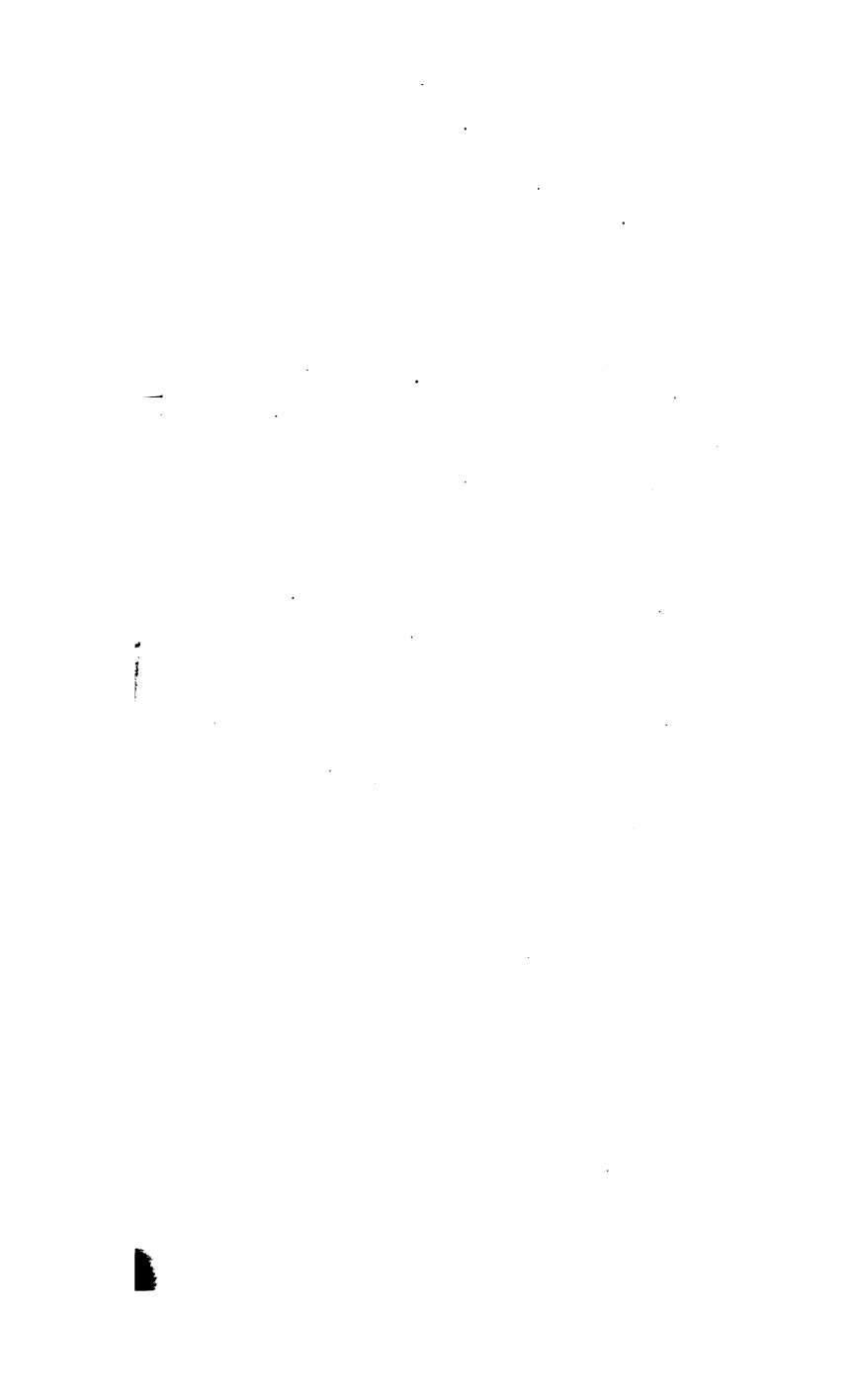


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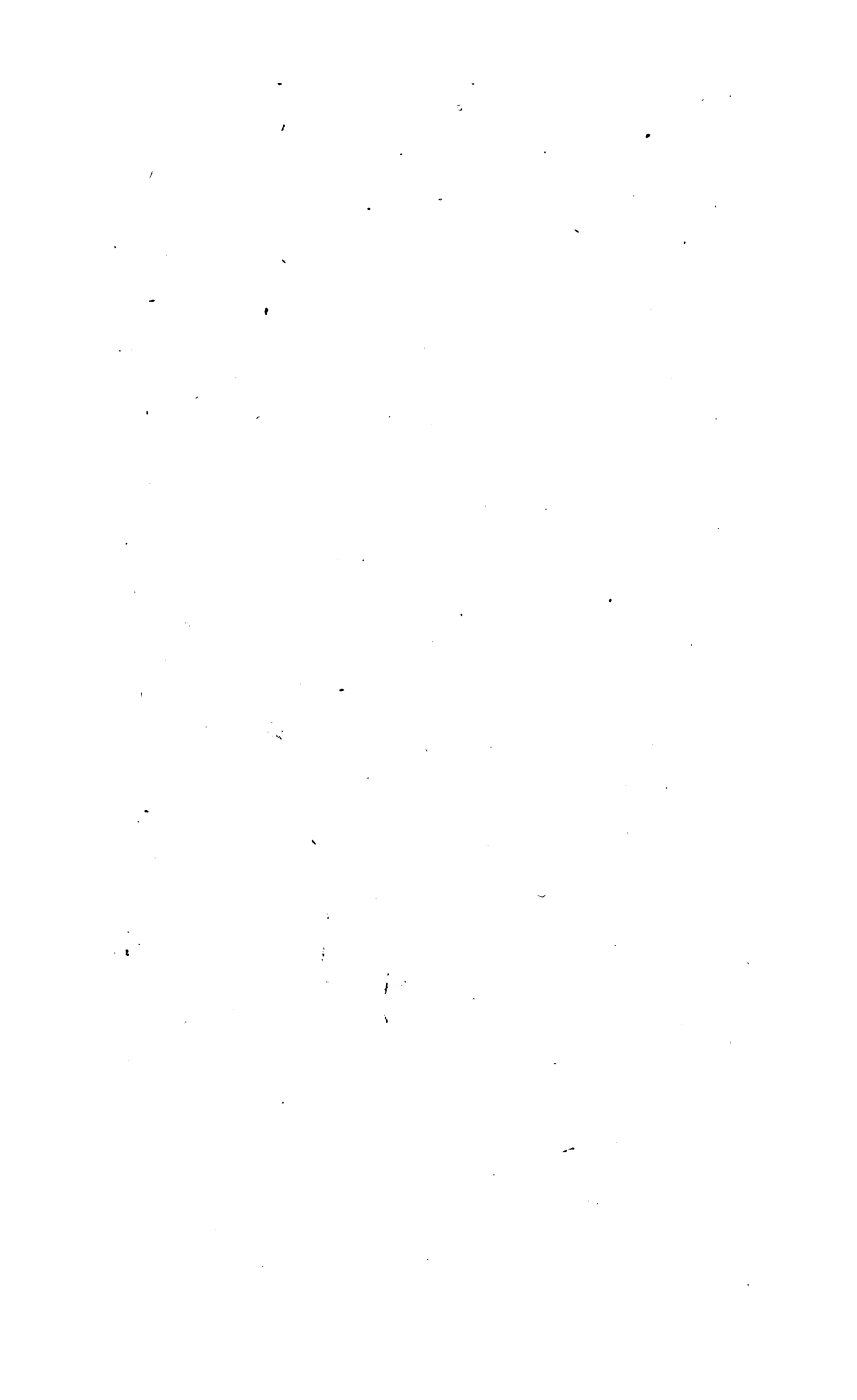
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# **Goosington Shadow:**

2435

A ROMANCE

OF THE

**NINETEENTH CENTURY.**

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"Et quid se deceat spectatas consulit undas."

OVID METAMOR.

"Keek into the draw well, Janet."

SCOTCH SONG.

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BY

**MUNGO COULTERSHOGGLE, ESQ.**

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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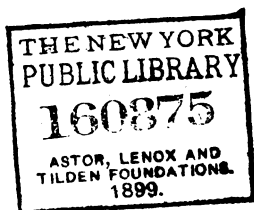
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**JAMES DILL,**  
*Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.*

# **GOSLINGTON SHADOW.**

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## **CHAPTER I.**

### **THE SLUGGARD.**

No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,  
The dreadful east is all the wind that blows.

POPE.

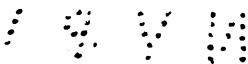
ALTHOUGH we do not seek to conceal our partiality to those rural concerns and habits which others of a more refined taste and more enlightened minds than we have the vanity to assume to ourselves, have denominated by the appellation of rustic and vulgar, yet as we do not altogether coincide in our opinion with Laird Shadow, in holding all literature and polite learning in contempt, nor in speaking of the polished habits of those of the higher circles, or of those in better circumstances, who dwell in cities, as effeminate or flimsy fopperies, unworthy the attention of a man of sound understanding. We therefore consider the Laird, now that he might look on himself as a man of large property, as carrying things too far, in expecting that his son and heir should have imbibed the same humble ideas as he did respecting his apparel and personal appearance, or that he should



have taken any interest in casting peats or divots, or that if Goslington, having spent an hour at his toilet, in shaving himself, perfuming and brushing his soft glossy hair, and smoothing his jet black whiskers on his cheeks, like most other modern young gentlemen, should have laid aside his Virgil, or Horace, or even one of the Waverley novels, or a new poem of Lord Byron's, and in his elegant Wellington boots, which Will Waddell, being an old soldier, had polished as bright as a new dollar, should have walked with him a mile or two through the moors and mosses, putting himself into a sweat in jumping over dykes and gullies, half-way up to the knees in mud—this was not to have been expected. Goslington in his shooting dress, having on his strong half boots and leather gaiters, during the shooting season, did occasionally, with his gun, traverse the moors in search of game from sunrise till sunset; but besides his love of the sport, it was a gentlemanly amusement, a very good reason in itself, independent of all others, why he should have followed it, even if it had only been a drudgery to him instead of a pleasure.

Indeed, Peggy did, one morning, tell her father "not to put himself into such a terrible tirree-vee, for her brother was writing a letter to Lady Rosa, which she was to take with her to Edinburgh, and that if he was busy, and it did not suit him to go himself and see if the peats were dry enough for leading, that Mr. Rifleman, never having seen the way in which turf was prepared for fuel, was desirous to witness it;" adding, "if there's any of them blown down I'll soon set them up on end."

"Keep on end yoursel', Meg," said the Laird, hardly ever suffering any thing to pass which afforded him the opportunity of exercising his sarcastic humour. "But," continued he, "am only



in daffing, Peggy, and mean na ill ; get yoursel' ready, for I want you to take a walk with Mr. Rifleman and me, o'er to the Snawtown, to bid the Whult and his family fareweel, and tell Goslington to take and ride the pony o'er that length wi' us ; Will Waddell shall put the saddle and bridle on for him."

The Laird had a double meaning in paying this visit, for besides Peggy's bidding them good-by, he had a mind that Goslington should see the ruinous condition of the Whult's premises, from his slothful idleness, in allowing the farm to lay in waste, and the homestead to tumble down, rather than to be at the trouble to keep them in repair.

The falling in of the roof of the house on a stormy night, when the Whult and the wife were in bed, afforded the Laird many a hearty laugh as he told the story ; and although he had told it a hundred times, and to a hundred people, he once more told it to Jonathan and Peggy, on their way to the Whult's.

As they took across the fields at the nearest, a foot-path between the Laird's house and the Whult's, leading in that direction, "Ae stormy night," said he, "the Whult and the wife ware gane to bed, whan a loud puff o' wun blew in the roof on the top o' them ; the Whult got on his hands and knees, and set his back against the kebbars and the divots that lay on him, calling out to his wife who was also using her exertions to extricate herself, 'prize, Bell—prize, Bell:' the wife," continued he, "did get out at last, but the Whult had to bide whare he was, grunting and hauden up his back like a muckle sow, till she came o'er and got me to help him out frae amang the rubbish."

Goslington being on horseback, had to keep the road, which followed a more circuitous route, and

riding leisurely at a foot pace, like most other gay young gentlemen, he seemed to take a great pleasure in looking down at his lower extremities, with which, to do justice to his horsemanship, he bestrode the pony most gracefully, and even the little animal appeared conscious that it carried a personage of more than usual importance. Indeed, the little sheltie, in his new caparisons, and the noble attitude of his rider, were very conspicuous even at a distance, so that no one could have been at a loss to have discovered at first sight that the person on horseback was a young gentleman of distinction.

The Laird having a mind to entertain Mr. Rifleman with a still further account of the delapidation of the Whult's premises, next related to him the story of the cleaning of his Augean stable, of which all that he now saw standing were the naked walls. "The Whult," observed the Laird, "had a cowl that stood in the stable till the midden on the outside and the muck inside, closed the door up sae that he could na get it out again without being at o'er muckle trouble for him to be at; so the cowl gat leave to stay in, and they gied it its feed and water in at a hole i' the wa'; at last the cowl dee't, and by and by, the roof fell in neist. The stable then was used, in rough weather, as an open shed for the stirks and the queys to rin in and out o' whan they liket; and the Whult, although he's but a lazy body, to speak the truth," continued the Laird, who on no account, to his knowledge, would have been guilty of prevarication, "was a religious sort o' bodie as weel as a wee sleepy-headed, and he was ne'er nice o' his company, for he was ance ta'en up amang a gang o' tinklers, for being ae day fun' sitting by a dyke back, cracken awa as freely as if he had been aye o' them himsel; sae he used

to sit down amang the nowt, on a pickle strae, and read some religious buke, till he wad often read himsel as sound asleep as if he had been rocket in a cradle. Ae day he fell asleep reading the muckle Bible, and when he wakened, he forgat a' about it, and for a lang while it was na ken't what had come o't; although the wife and the dochter sought it aneth the beds, amang the auld bauchles, and in ilka hole and bore about the house they could think o'. Mony a kick and gowl the colley whalp gat, and mony a wee mischievous deevil the Whult ca'd it, for a' his religion, and whan young, bred up for a minister like my son; he could let aff a bit aith, if aught angered him sair. The Whult owed me some siller, and as I could na get him to pay, I coft the muck in the midden, as weel as a' what was in the auld fa'en down stable. Whan Will Waddell came to drive out the muck frae the auld stable, the Whult kept speering at him if he had come to the bit cowl yet. So ae day Will tell't him that they had na come to the cowl, but that they had fun' the muckle bible, and held it out to him wi' the leaves sticking like a hen that has got the pook, or like a wat hether divot. The Whult ran awa' in," concluded the Laird, "as his nose had been bleeding, and speer't nae mair after the cowl."

"The Whult does not seem to be at the pains to spread his manure after he has driven it out," said Jonathan, seeing a number of heaps which resembled dung, laying in the field among the grass on the meadow.

"It's muck now, sure eneugh," replied the Laird; "but take a look of it, and ye'll soon see what it is."

"Did you ever see the like of that," said Mr. Rifleman; "a large crop of hay left to rot in the field."

“The lazy hallion !” continued the Laird ; “after he had been at the expense to get it cut, and the wife and the dochter were at the trouble to make it into hay, and rake it together, left it there in the condition ye see it. But every thing’s of a piece ; a’ the yetts are wide open, and so mony slaps in the dykes, that ware it no for the colley dog, the kye wad ne’er be out o’ the corn ; but the poor dumb beast has mair care than its master ; for the Whult wad no loup o’er the dyke to drive them out if they ware a’ in the kailyard. If I ware the wife, I wad be for serving the Whult as her auld mither did her auld gudeman, when she wanted to get quit of him ; but I maun tell you this story. “The feckless auld body was ill abed, and as the wife thought, asleep ; so she gat a halter round his neck, and flinging the cord o’er a bauk, gat the end out at the window. But if the gudeman choosed to pretend to be asleep till she got round the halter, when she slippet quietly out for fear of wakening him, he took it off his neck, and put the bouster in the noose. As soon as she could, she got hold of the rope, and drew a’ her pith, thinking to hang him. But he was o’er auld farren for her, and as she drew, he held the bouster doon wi’ a’ his weight ; as soon as she slacket, he took out the bouster, and put his neck again into the halter. The vile rudden came into the room to take off the halter, thinking she had finished her job ; ‘that charr is charr’d,’ said she ; but whan she came to look into the bed, the auld fallow was lying laughing, ‘losh me,’ quoth she, ‘my dear, do ye ken me ?’ ‘Better than e’er I did,’ said he, as he took the halter aff his neck and flang it at her. Frae that day to this she gat the name o’ hang the bouster.”

Goslington having rode up to within a short distance of a hovel, used occasionally as a stable for

horses, but most commonly occupied by the milch cows; in attempting to ride across this quagmire of manure by which it was surrounded, the pony, with that instinctive sagacity so peculiarly predominant in horses, in detecting where their footing is insecure, stepped slowly forward, and with reluctance; stretching out its fore-feet, to feel that it might safely rest its weight on them. When about half its journey across the dunghill, it suddenly sunk to the girths among the water and rotten manure, which had accumulated for several years. In vain it tried to extricate itself, for the more it struggled the deeper it sunk; at last, becoming frightened, and making a desperate effort, over it tumbled, and fell on Goslington.

Peggy became afraid for her brother, and ran into the house in fright. The Laird and Jonathan were near enough to see the affray, but not to render him any assistance; when, seeing Goslington down with the pony on the dunghill, or rather immersed in it, the Laird became alarmed. "Rin, for God's sake, Jonathan; rin," he exclaimed, at the same time making as much haste as he could himself.

Jonathan being more light of foot than the Laird, considerably outran him, and seizing the pony by the bridle, held him still till he came up to his son's assistance. The poor animal trembled and snorted for fear, and sitting like a dog on his hind legs, it was some time before he durst venture to move; at last, being lightened of the weight of its rider, for they had already got Goslington on his feet, it gave a spring and plunged through the filthy sludge which surrounded the edge of the dunghill, it stood on terra firma, shaking itself to get rid of the dirt with which it was besmeared.

The Laird, seeing that Goslington was not hurt,

and that his favourite pony had sustained no injury, burst into a fit of laughter. "Goslington, man," said he, "ye hae fil't your breeks, and it will take Will some time brushing, to gie these fine boots o' yours the gloss they had this morning," and again he fell a laughing till Jonathan caught the humour, and they both laughed till they held their sides; even Goslington was under the necessity to laugh at the ridiculous figure which he cut, bedaubed from head to foot, having been almost buried in the nasty dunghill.

As the Laird tied up the pony to an old broken cart, with one wheel, "gang awa in," said he, "and get Peggy, or the young leddy, to help you to scart the muck aff your claise, for ye're an awfu' fright as ye are."

Goslington had no inclination to exhibit himself to the young lady, as the Laird called her, in the sad pickle he then was, having more refined ideas on the subject than his father; indeed, he was a Corinthian of the very first water among the most fashionable youths at college, and it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque figure than his clothes presented, plastered all over with cow dung; he therefore made a speedy retreat home to wash and dress himself.

The Laird's making use of the term young lady, surprised Jonathan a good deal. "Young lady!" said he; "she must be a strange sort of a lady, young or old, that could take up her abode in such a miserable place as this."

"The young lass is no way leddy like, to be sure," replied the Laird, if you mean that; "but she's like the warl, and is just as fair farrand as some that ca' themsel's leddies, and the reason I ca' her the young leddy is, because the Whult's a Laird, and he has nae sons, and she's his only doch-

ter. She is an heiress, Mr. Rifleman," continued the Laird, "and although her father is a disjasket lazy docus, she'll be a weel tochered ane to somebody; a lass like her with twa pleughs of land, is no to be girmed it, and ware ye here at the gloomin, ye wad see the wooers frae a' quarters, as thick about the house as a hive o' bees; and whan she gangs to a fair, the lads are a' glaumen at her thegither."

"See, see!" said Mr. Rifleman to the Laird, "the dog is chasing the cat in and out at the window."

The Whult had been at some pains to teach them this pastime, for the gudewife and daughter not liking to see the crown of an old hat, or some old article of wearing apparel supplying the place of a pane of glass, when so many suitors were coming about the house, had the windows all mended. The Whult hated all innovations of this sort, and in a violent passion, he stood before the window, and shaking his coat tail, called "halloo, halloo," to the dog that was lying before the fire, who jumping up in haste, took his usual route through the window, and in a few days, old hats, and breeches, and petticoats, were seen sticking in the windows as usual, and the dog passing and repassing in full chase after the cat.

Under the Whult's management it cannot be supposed that his crops were abundant, or his cattle in good condition. So far was this from being the case, that his wife, out of the money which she made from her dairy, was often obliged to buy meal for porritch and bread, their own produce being either so bad that she could not eat it, or so scant that they had none to eat. Indeed, very often they were on the borders of being half starved. The Whult laid all the blame on the weather; "the



seasons were grown so wet and so backward," he said, "that nothing would grow on his farm, and it was a tempting of Providence to sow grain where it could never ripen. The wind always blew from the east;" and if any one observed to him that the weather was fine and warm, and the wind southerly, he would reply, "that it might be so to-day, but would be cold enough to-morrow, for the wind would get east towards sunrise."

If the Whult had a slender crop of grain, he had great plenty of thistles; year after year they stood undisturbed; whether he thought it an act of impiety to interfere with the natural produce of the soil, or from whatever cause, he refrained from meddling with them; there they flourished. The land, likewise, especially about the house, and the *kailyard*, or rather what should have been so, was very kindly left for the growth of nettles, and as the gudewife was put to her shifts for vegetables, nettle kail was, during the summer, a common dish with the Whult's family, and supplied the place of cabbage, and turnips, and carrots, and parsnips; these were luxuries which they were but seldom indulged to taste, unless they visited some of their more provident neighbours; and if his wife and daughter attempted to raise a few, or planted a few potatoes, the fences round the yard, like every thing else, having fallen into decay, and the cows having free egress and ingress, it was labour lost.

The Whult was likewise very slovenly in his dress; "he was an auld diver," as Laird Shadow used to call him, wore an old tattered coat, or sometimes two, in order that the fragments of the one might cover the holes in the other—his shoes were generally down in the heel, and his stockings about his ankles—a drop of water was seldom applied to wash his face and hands, but on Sundays, before he

went to church, he might perhaps spit on the palm of his hand after the manner of a cat, and apply it to his face, wiping it with the sleeve of his coat, which served him both as towel and as pocket handkerchief to wipe his nose, so that, as his wife said, "to see him snod she had to scrape his cuffs with the kail gulley."

He was either not at home, or asleep in some of the out-buildings, so that Mr. Rifleman had not an opportunity of seeing this singular character, who dozed away his time, and though possessing abundance, he led a life of penury, a laughing-stock to all his neighbours. Indeed, the appellation of Whult was given him as a name of reproach, from his stolidity, his head being thought to resemble the wooden pestle, with which people mesh their potatoes in Scotland, called a whult.

The Laird and Jonathon having spent some time in looking around this abode of indolence, returned to Hazleton-hall, and late in the afternoon, Peggy also came home, bringing the young heiress along with her, who was certainly a buxom lass, and a good dancer, and at this amusement, with some Scottish songs which she and Peggy sung, the young people spent the evening very cheerfully.

This was the last evening the Laird ever expected to enjoy with his family the same rustic mirth that hitherto had surrounded his fireside; for so great an influence has surrounding objects on the imagination, that Jonathan, as if he had been bred a country swain on the Kype, with Peggy for his partner in the foursome reel, was as frolicsome as a ploughman at a penny wedding, when kicking his heels with heavy tread, and clapping his hands,

"Till roof and rafters dirl,"

he shouts, "up with the bride's folk ;" and Goslington himself resumed his native dialect, and in familiar conversation, or the merry reel, *was as blythe as a lark*. The Laird also, although the gudewife, forced to laugh, "bid him sit doon, an auld gray-headed fool," having danced with the young heir-ess, called out when he had done, "to kiss and pay the piper ;" and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

"That was a crack like a cadger's whip, Laird," called out Will Waddell, as he sat with the fiddle between his knees, and drew the rosin across his bow, which he handled as well as he could, to do instead of a better musician.

The Laird helped Will to a glass of reeking toddy, not "little and good, like lady's drink," according to the common saying ; but "strong and sweet, like leddy's drink," as the Laird used to say ; and while he put the glass in one of Will's hands, he took hold of the other, and with a slight squeeze, secretly conveyed to him a guinea, which by a nod of his head he made him understand was to be transferred into his pocket.

It was well advanced in the evening before the Laird would permit his neighbour's daughter to return, till after repeatedly having requested her to stay a little longer, he desired his son, and daughter, and Mr. Rifleman, to convey her home, adding with a feeling good-by, "the best of friends maun part." Although Peggy and her companion had spent the whole afternoon together, they had still many things to say, and perhaps the loveliness of the evening, and being accompanied by two handsome young men, made them tarry a little longer, for the Laird and the gudewife had gone to bed long before the young folks returned.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE DEPARTURE.

Good night, and jey be wi' you all.

BURNS.

As has already met our observation, a new era was about to commence in the Laird's family; he and the gudewife were about to sit down by themselves around the fireside, seeing his daughter Peggy, as well as his son Goslington was about to bid farewell, and that probably for ever, to the simplicity of a country life. The Laird had always been accustomed to associate the idea of comparative innocence with the frugal habits of rural life. He considered that the very concerns of the husbandman, had a tendency to promote in him a spirit of devotion and gratitude to the Supreme Creator and Ruler of the universe; and without taking upon ourselves the authority of saying that this opinion is certainly correct, we will admit, that to ourselves at least, this seems to be the case, but at present we shall not endeavour to account why it is so.

His mind foreboded that they would feel themselves lonely without her cheerful company, and while he consoled himself that the time which she should be absent would be but short, he surmised that ere long she might change her situation from a single to a married life, when, of course, they must make up their minds to lose her for good.

Notwithstanding, if in the first instance, he strenuously opposed Goslington's going to college, on the present occasion he approved of Peggy's paying a visit at Edinburgh to the young Countess of Ringsdale. It appeared to him to be highly proper to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with this noble family, who had so condescendingly proffered it, as it would, very probably, be the means of promoting the interest of his own. And in order that she should make a respectable appearance, he supplied her liberally with money, to purchase such articles of dress as were thought proper; after a deliberate consultation on the subject with the gudewife, who had made very particular and minute inquiries, both of Goslington and also of Miss Lightbody, the milliner and dress-maker at Stonehouse, who was just returned from the Scottish metropolis, having made herself acquainted with the newest summer fashions.

But if the Laird, as he had just cause to be, was highly flattered with the idea of having his son and daughter ushered into genteel society under the auspices of so illustrious a family, and although he cordially acquiesced in seeing an accumulation of bandboxes and trunks, full of apparel, to say nothing of the cost, and yet he paid handsomely for them; while for several days, their contents occupied the attention of his wife and daughter, he did not enjoy near the same satisfaction as when he came home from the plough at sunset to his dinner, and saw them both clean and neat, having tightened themselves after their day's work, and sitting at the fire, busily spinning at their wheels.

But the Laird is not the first, nor will he be the last to find, from experience, that there is often more pleasure in earning money than in spending it.

He now almost wished that it had not befallen him to have become rich ; and yet he would have been at no loss to have laid out his money, providing that he did so after his own way. The times were so dull, it is true, that farming was a losing concern. The price both of grain and stock was uncommonly low ; but then, as ministers very sapiently told the people of Great Britain, who began to be alarmed at the great and sudden downfall of the price of agricultural produce, that the transition from war to peace had caused the stagnation, which he considered would only be temporary, and consequently all the better for him, who wanted to purchase an estate, and who could command the money to pay down for it too, without being embarrassed, if for a few years the rents should not be productive of much income to him. He had abundant resources besides, and the more generally the agricultural distress was felt, the more for the present the value of land would be depreciated, and the more likely he would be to make a good purchase.

The Laird was not too fond of money, nor did he grudge the expense which his daughter's intended visit had already cost him ; for if he did not choose to throw away his money on fine clothes, he wished when he went to kirk or market to be dressed in a good suit of clothes himself, and to see his wife and daughter dressed as became people in their station of life. Now that he could so well afford it, he expected that they would require of him a more liberal allowance, both for their apparel and housekeeping.

The goodwife, in her plain and homely way, was really remarkably clean and tidy in her person ; Peggy likewise dressed very modestly and be-

comingly—so far, every thing was very much to his mind.

But it certainly was a great eye-sore to him, that since Goslington had gone to Ringsdale Castle, he took such unnecessary pains in paring and brushing his nails—combing and perfuming his hair—scenting his gloves and pocket handkerchief—spent so much time in shaving, putting on and arranging his neckcloth—and by no means would appear at breakfast without having taken all these, and a great many more such like trifling preliminaries. What made the matter still more vexatious to him, as Mr. Rifleman was paying him a visit, the good-wife wished, for decency's sake, that the Laird would not breakfast by himself, but that all those who sat down in the parlour should breakfast together, so that they were frequently detained, waiting on his coming to the table. Consequently the Laird was sometimes like to lose all patience, “to have his parritch as cauld as dirt,” as he said; “and although he was none o’ them greedy gormaws, wha maun have their breeks in one hand and their cog in the ither; yet for a’ that he did na like to be so lang taiglet from the wark, and to see the hale house a waiting for ane.”

One morning, as Goslington was engaged in dressing himself, his father entered his room; “Ye’re aye a wee dreigh in the draw, Goslington, and I am come in to crack to you by oursel’s, and though I dinna like to say muckle afore Mr. Rifleman, I maun mak free to tell you that ye’re far o’er knakaty wi’ your gowd watch, and gowd chain, and sic a heap o’ seals, and so many rings; and trouth, and I maun say’t, ye dress yoursel’ mair like a mountebank than a young minister. But if I despise a’ fopperies, I abhor a’ canting and hypocrisy, and I wad ten times rather see a fool than a hypo-

crite, for then I wad have mair houns to see you alter, and get mair sense as ye grow aulder. 'Am no for keeping you o'er short by the head neither, for I like to see some spunk and smeddum in a young chiel like you. And as a very gude proof to you, that though ye're out o' sight, ye're no out o' mind, I hae bought you a fine, new, double-barrelled gun, that I gied fifty guineas for—I ken ye'll like it. And that's no a'—I hae a brace o' pointers breaking for you by the twult o' August; you and Mr. Rifleman maun come o'er bye that day, and hansell the new gun, and try them—still mair, I hae provided you with a couple o' greyhounds," continued the Laird, as he opened the room door and whistled shrill on his finger and thumb, calling out to Spring, and then to Swallow, the names they answered to. The greyhounds came jumping into the room, leaping upon the Laird, and like to devour him with their kindness, till he ordered them to lay down.

"They are beautiful animals, and I am highly delighted with your present; but I know that you are fond of coursing, and I should be sorry to deprive you of them," said Goslington.

The greyhounds were great favourites with the Laird, and he had sent Will Waddell over for them that morning to a neighbouring house where he had sent them to be out of the way for a day or two, till he should have an opportunity of speaking to Goslington privately, to communicate the intelligence which he had just given him, and to surprise him by showing him the greyhounds at the same time. "I am sweer't to part wi' them," said the Laird; "but I want to see you wi' a pair o' braw swankie greyhounds at your fit, for I aye think it's unco gentlemanly like. And whan the young leddy comes out frae Embro', you and her may tak a



walk thegither by yoursel's, wha kens sometimes, and dinna forget to tak the greyhounds out wi' you, and if you sud start a hare, she'll mak a pair o' gude heels, or they'll soon turn up her sud to her, for they rin like the wind, lad; nane o' their greyhounds hereabouts can come near them—nor about Avondale ither. Nay," continued he, "it takes a gude dog after the first chace, if the second is a lang ane, to keep up within sight o' them."

"Your eggs hae ae twa youks, gudeman," said Mrs. Shadow, coming into the room to drive out the dogs. "Ye had mair need to bid him seek to escape the snares o' the wicked one, who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, than to mak him neglect the awfu' situation of his soul, by encouraging him to spend his precious time in chasing a puir timorous hare, that's skaired to death only if the wind blows; I wonder how you or he can be so cruel as to take a pleasure in tormenting the pitifu' thing."

"Whist! whist! Tibby," replied the Laird, "the Devil may gang about like a roaring lion, but he's a chained ane, and can only gang the length o' his tether; but you maunna believe a' the minister bodies say about him. They wad try to persuade ane that he had gotten quite the upper hand o' the Almighty, and did just as he liket with God's creatures, but the rascals ken that to fright folk with the De'il makes their pat play broon."

The gudewife made her husband no reply, for he left the room pretty soon, but addressed herself to Goslington. "It is a source of sincere and secret grief to your puir mother to see her son quite a new creature from what he used to be, but not in the right sense of the word;" and dropping the third person, a mode of speaking very common in Scotland, and thought to be very pathetic, espe-

cially if the speaker sheds tears ; and assuming the first, " I lament," said she, " to think, that like a lost sheep, ye have wandered from the fold of the true shepherd, and gone astray in the broad path of folly, for I fear that your soul is in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. Above all," she continued, " I was so scandalized the first night that you came home, to hear you read the sacred Scriptures, mouthing them with as little reverence as if they had been an old ballad, that I despair, although you are my own darling son, of ever seeing you administer the sacred ordinances, ordained by the church of Scotland, for ye are by far too fine a gentleman to make a minister of."

In order to make a deeper impression on the mind of her son, during the whole of this private interview, the goodwife laid aside the Scottish dialect, not considering it suitable to communicate to him her serious and affectionate reproof. As she ceased speaking, she turned her eyes, bedewed with maternal tears, full on his face, her countenance expressing the most unfeigned sorrow ; but since that period, she has been less punctual in reminding the Laird to keep up the worship of God in his family, and never once asked Goslington, in his father's absence at table, either to ask a blessing or return thanks ; but always requested Mr. Rifleman to perform this duty.

Goslington, in the opinion of his mother, was lost for ever to the service of the church, and had become a servant of the mammon of unrighteousness, not indeed from any luke warmth which she discovered in him to the ministry, nor from any semblance of vice in his conduct, or tendency to immoral language in his conversation, but from sheer vanity ; even to his sister Peggy, he appeared to have become proud and haughty in his ad-

dress and manners : so much so, indeed, that when he spoke to her, she could hardly persuade herself that she was not listening to a young Englishman instead of her brother Goslington. His fine gait and elegant apparel quite astonished her, and though not easily abashed, she did not find her homespun *joup* and serge petticoat to suit her person in his presence so well as they used to. To be sure, Mr. Rifleman accompanied him in his visit ; there might be more in this circumstance than she would even tacitly acknowledge in her own breast, and we cannot be far wrong in supposing that a slight blush suffused her rosy cheek, or that her pulse fluttered a little irregularly, if employed with her domestic concerns, in her every-day clothes, she entered the room where Jonathan was sitting, even if Goslington happened not to be there along with him.

Jonathan himself had not been a little struck with surprise at his fellow-student's superb dress, as he entered the drawing room on the evening he first visited him at Ringsdale Castle. His Lordship having been indisposed, and having withdrawn to his own room, Goslington was seated at tea by himself, having given up all thoughts of seeing his friend Mr. Rifleman, whom he had expected that day, the evening being now somewhat advanced. The magnificence of the apartment—the richness of the Turkey carpet—the exquisite elegance of the furniture—the splendid tea equipage—to which add the lordly demeanour of our youth—all combined to suggest to him the idea rather that he was seated in the presence of the Sublime Porte, in his gorgeous palace, than in the Castle of a Scottish nobleman, along with his friend Goslington Shadow.

If Jonathan thought that he was a little too fini-

cal in his appearance and address—or was aping too much the airs of a supercilious lord—he was also sufficiently attentive to personal appearance, and versant with good breeding, to find himself quite at ease in any company. He had likewise imbibed from his childhood that spirit of independence which marked his air and gait, and was stamped on his countenance; he never forgot that he was a free-born citizen of that happy country where freedom is the indigenous product of the soil, and where the low grovelling phrase of a man's appearing before his betters, proverbial in Scotland, is not even known, and would not be tolerated.

While we relate these facts to our readers respecting our hero, we shall also remind them of some of the motives by which he was actuated, as we again advert to the circumstances in which his good fortune had placed him. His accomplished patron, as we have already more than once intimated, enjoyed unbounded wealth—had been distinguished for his refined taste among the first circles—had seen the world—shone at the court of his Royal Majesty King George the Third—and although he lived in retirement, the same elegance in his retinue and equipage still marked his occasional appearance in public as it had formerly done.

Goslington himself had the indubitable prospect of being soon placed in affluent circumstances. Besides, our readers will please to recollect, that a conviction dwelt on his mind that Ringsdale Castle and all its vast domains were the rightful inheritance of his family, if they did not at present possess them. Above all, he loved Lady Rosa, and he determined to acquire those attainments which only could render him agreeable to her, and which were absolutely requisite to support the dignity of one

who aspired to the hand of this noble young lady.

Still further, the Earl lately seemed to have adopted him as his son, instead of his companion; whenever he rode out on horseback he was attended by a groom, who paid him the same attention and respect as he did his Lordship himself. And on Sundays, when he went to church, even if Lord Ringsdale did not attend divine worship, the coach and four, with the coachman and postilion, and one or two outriders, all in livery, drove up to the Castle to carry him to and from the parish church. Besides, it was his Lordship's wish, that in all public places he should appear dressed in the genteel-est manner, and in the newest fashion. With such inducements to excite his ambition, the candid reader will readily pardon a little vanity in this high-minded youth, who had so suddenly emerged from obscurity.

The time drew near when Peggy was about to take a short leave of her parents—Goslington was about to return to Ringsdale Castle—and Mr. Rifleman to the city of Glasgow.

On the evening before her departure, while she and her mother were engaged in packing up her clothes, the Laird was sitting conversing with Jonathan and Goslington, and though he endeavoured to be as cheerful as he could, he was but in indifferent spirits. "We ne'er ken the want o' the wall till it gangs dry," said he; "we are a gaun to part soon, and Gude kens whan we'll a' meet again. Mr. Rifleman," he added, "ye might do waur than tak your fit in your hand, and come out again and see us soon, and 'amsure ye canna gang whare ye'll be made mair welcome—or I was just thinking what was to hinder you and Goslington to take a jaunt

wi' us to Embro', and hoot about you there a day or twa."

The youths themselves had both their own particular reasons for being very glad to hear his proposal, and each of them looked at the other impatient to hear his reply, when the Laird resumed, "I forgot to tell you, Goslington, that Lord Kingdale sent o'er a servant with his compliments this afternoon, to inform me, that if the day was fine, and Peggy and me wad tak a ride in his carriage, he wad gang into Embro along wi' us. I sent back word to thank my Lord, and that I wad be proud to accept o' his kindness."

"This was extremely kind in his Lordship," replied Goslington, very much delighted to hear that the Earl purposed going to the city, for should his father change his mind, he would now have a fair plea in urging him to keep his word.

Much therefore depended on the weather, and the Laird looked out at the window, to form an opinion respecting it, and seeing the sun had set about towards the west, "there is no fear of the weather," he said, "although the sun set about a half past last night, and I heard the bun-clock about sun-set, but a' signs sail."

The dubious prognostication which the Laird had given of the weather, brought both the youths to the window, who agreed that fine weather might be expected, and they were not disappointed. Early next morning, the Earl sent over his travelling carriage. The party having bid Mrs. Scodden good by, and being complimented with her good wishes for a prosperous journey, set off for Kingdale Castle, where they breakfasted, and accompanied by his Lordship, they drove off for Edinburgh where they arrived to a late dinner.

We love to be particular even in trifling matters.

where these affect the feelings of any of our principal characters. Jonathan was in love, and wooers are even more jealous sometimes than husbands; he was but little acquainted with the Earl's history and private character, and as the Laird and Peggy rode with him in the carriage, while he and Goslington travelled in the tilbury, he could not help observing his extreme attention to her, and indeed to the whole party; merely, however, owing to his great politeness and friendship for Laird Shadow and his family. But Jonathan could not prevent the thought from intruding itself on his mind, that Peggy's beauty might have made a deeper impression on the Earl than would have been agreeable to him to have witnessed. And although an old Lord, who happens to be a widower or a bachelor, is just as likely as any body else to fall in love, and sometimes where the lady's charms or fortune are not very captivating, yet, in the present instance, this was not the case—a few hours were sufficient to undeceive him; for in the evening, while Lord Ringsdale and Laird Shadow took to their wine, Lady Rosa and Peggy, accompanied by Goslington and himself, had for upwards of an hour, a delightful walk on the fashionable promenades of Prince-street and George-street, among the beauty and fashion of the Scottish metropolis.

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## CHAPTER III.

## THE RIVALS.

I wonder he can move, that he's not fixed,  
If that his feelings be the same as mine.

SAD SHEPHERD.

SIR. Belfry Battledoor having been some time in the South of the kingdom, on leave of absence from his regiment, where he still held the rank of major, and having been returned one of the Members of Parliament for the county of ———, he was about to resign his commission. In the interim, he spent a short time in Edinburgh with his friend Sir Hector M'Birnie, of whom, as well of himself, the alewife at Thankerton made so honourable mention to Goslington and Jonathan, on their fishing excursion.

The gay life which he led, the expensive company which he kept, for he sometimes spent a day or two at the Pavilion with his Royal Majesty, when he visited Brighton—the enormous expense he had been at in repairing, and furnishing, in the most elegant manner, Battledoor-hall, a very ancient building, first built after a sanguinary battle, intimately connected with British history—his being addicted to gambling and horse-racing—his gallantry—and we might add an almost endless list of extravagancies by which he contrived to squander his fortune.

The immense funded property which he held was disposed of. Already most of the large timber



which grew on his estates was cut down, and this alone, for several years, produced him a large revenue—even the old oaks, with which his park abounded, fell under the axe, and the pheasants which his gamekeepers had preserved with such rigid care had to shift their quarters. Still he pursued his wonted habits—the more he lost at the gaming-table, the more eagerly he persevered in his ruinous propensity—he was known to spend his money freely—and even our most gracious sovereign occasionally indulged him to spend a few thousands in the royal presence. Certainly a mark of royal favour, which as a dutiful and loyal subject he is bound never to forget, although we have heard the report, but without believing it to be true, that he entertained suspicions of the fairness of the royal dice.

We have not been able to obtain information, on good authority, whether he remained in the city of Edinburgh merely in pursuit of pleasure, or whether he contemplated entering into any matrimonial engagement; for the silly story, which the said Thankerton alewife had reported, and which had caused such uneasiness to our youth, was an entire fabrication, only said by the Major in a joke to Sir Hector. But indeed, we need not dwell on this point, for Sir Belfry was notable always for staying long, go where he would.

It is true that he had formed an acquaintance with Lord Ringsdale, and that he had visited him at the Castle, and on that occasion had enjoyed a fox-hunt with his Lordship; but owing to a circumstance which had occurred, had he purposed any alliance with this noble family, would have been an insurmountable barrier in his way towards so intimate a connexion. Besides, the title of Baronet would not have done much towards forwarding

his suit with the young Countess of Ringsdale—for such Lady Rosa was in her own right, at the Earl's death. He had seen her occasionally at Lady Kittymuir's, where he sometimes visited along with Sir Hector M'Birnie, who was distantly related to the old lady, but not on terms of any intimacy with her. He might even have fancied that he had a predilection for this amiable and beautiful young lady, but that he should have ventured to have taken the liberty of paying his addresses to her, never suggested itself to him seriously.

The news that the young Countess of Ringsdale had, during the evening, walked in Prince-street with two genteel young men, and a lady from the country, was very generally talked of among the first circles in the city; and it was mentioned by some one in the hearing of Sir Belfry and Sir Hector, as they spent the night as usual in dissipation, at Luckie Dibbles—a house much frequented by a number of hopeful youths about Edinburgh, who find themselves encumbered by their patrimony and finances, and as Luckie Dibble was very accommodating to her customers of this description, the gaming-table, and the orgies of Bacchus and Venus were at all hours accessible to these votaries of pleasure, but to them only. For as Luckie often said, by way of denial, “I hae the reputation o’ my house to maintain.”

According to the report which they there heard, and which so far was pretty correct—the young lady was a Miss Shadow, a beautiful country girl, who, with her brother, one of the above-mentioned young gentlemen, would be possessed of a very large fortune, as an East India Nabob, lately deceased, had bequeathed all his immense wealth to their family.

Sir Hector listened to the report with great attention, and might have said with Butler,

"Quoth he, to bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,  
Or when I'm in a fit, to hiccup."

For he entertained no small hopes, that if the damsel's beauty and riches were as great as they were reputed to be, he might find a very acceptable opportunity to recruit his finances. It by no means occurred to him as being at all probable that his suit might be rejected, but quite the contrary; for considering his estates, and the title of Baronet, it was only his present great want of money that could have even induced him to think of such a thing, and he insinuated as much to Sir Belfry.

Sir Hector, notwithstanding the very favourable opinion he entertained of himself and his condition in life, was, as well as Sir Belfry, a notorious spendthrift, only on a smaller scale—he spent all the money he could command, and be it little or much, it all soon went the same way; it was spent in dissipation or debauchery, or lost at the gaming-table—a horse-race—a cock-fight—or badger-baiting—or on a battle between two bull-dogs, or two Scotch terriers. He had fairly exhausted all his resources by borrowing money in advance from his tenants, and granting them long and advantageous leases—his rent-roll, of course, was small, and likely to remain so—every acre of his estate that was not entailed, was mortgaged to its full value. In fact, his ingenuity to raise money was nonplussed, for to dispose of his property any farther than had been done was impossible. But it still remained for him to dispose of his dogs; for if, like Acteon, he was not eaten up by his own pack, they would have

eaten more than he had to give them if they could have gotten it. - And although he parted with them very reluctantly, they were all sold and disposed of at last. Even his game cocks met with the same inexorable fate, and last of all, he was put in jail for debt.

Very luckily, however, when every thing that he could think of was gone—even his yearly income had been forestalled, he possessed a vote for a Member of Parliament, a right, or more properly, as things are, a privilege, possessed by but few; and a certain nobleman, at a late contested election, standing in need of his vote, paid all his debts, and having released him from prison, next purchased him a suit of clothes that he might appear at the poll. Since which time, the death of a relation has, for the time, put a little money in his way. Still, after all his difficulties and adversity, he takes his bottle; no doubt, but as he used to be surrounded by a number of his canine companions, that he feels himself lonely without them, and needs a drop of comfort, and one way or another he got it, for almost every night, he is, what is cantly called, half seas over. But still, if he is hot in the evening and morning, like the Fons Jovis Ammonis, he is cold enough during the day, and generally keeps his bed.

As a dernier resource, this accomplished gentleman intended to do Laird Shadow the honour of becoming his son-in-law, and in pursuance of his very praiseworthy design, he ordered in a fresh bottle of wine to drink Miss Shadow's health in a bumper. "No tops and bottoms," said he; "we must have clean glasses and a fresh bottle, and drink her health in a maidenhead."

Sir Belfry knew something respecting the property which had been left to Laird Shadow's family, as he became acquainted with the particulars in

his rencontre with Mr. O'Halloran at Ringsdale Castle, from Meg Dyot's having detected and exposed the fraud which he meant to have practised on the Laird; and he gave an account to his friend Sir Hector of every thing relating to this affair.

As Sir Belfry finished his account, "I am determined," said Sir Hector, "to leave off dissipation, and to marry this fair dairy-maid, and turn farmer; my wife will make the butter and cheese, and we will live as happy as Darby and Joan. Again he filled his glass, and once more drank to the health of the fair milk-maid of the Kype, as he now called her."

"The old Laird," answered Sir Belfry, "will stock one or two of your best farms with his fine breed of sheep—his Ayrshire cows—and his large cart horses, and like a good husbandman, you will plant potatoes and breed children."

"No doubt of that," said Sir Hector; only attending to the first part of the sentence, "and he will supply us with some of the ready rhino; I shall at least expect twenty or thirty thousand pounds paid down as soon as the matrimonial knot is tied. I shall be a gay fellow once more, and need not bury myself in the country neither; you must come out and see us, Sir Belfry. Come, fill up your glass!"

"When do you intend to pay the first visit to this lovely nymph," said Sir Belfry, "of whom you are so enamoured; as I shall go along with you to Lady Kittymuir's, to pay my respects to Lady Rosa, and to see my old friend the Earl, who, I understand, is in the city."

"Fill up your glass, and let us finish the bottle and be gone, for I shall drink no more to-night, and must be in good trim to-morrow," said Sir Hector, affecting sobriety, when, lifting up the decanter and

seeing it nearly empty, he exclaimed in a rage, stamping on the floor with his foot, "d—— old Luckie Dibble's short measure! Come here, yoh hypocritical old bawd, and tell us what is t<sup>o</sup> pay."

"What's the matter wi' you, Sir Hector, that ye're bawlin' that gate; ye'll bring in the police on us," said Luckie, as she hirpled towards the table, on which she rested one of her hands, supporting herself with the other on the top of a short crutch.

Luckie had not only the misfortune to be lame, so that, as in her multifarious avocations, she had occasion to be here, and there, and every where, all over the house at once, she very ungracefully hobbled along in a sort of dog trot; but the outline of her face had been greatly defaced by the falling in of the bridge of her nose, while her voice, which in former times was as clear as a church bell in a frosty morning, now gave utterance to her half inarticulate words, with a hollow whistle, sounding through the roofless palate of her mouth as the sudden gusts of the wind before a thaw, murmuring through the empty aisles of an old Gothic church in ruins. But for all that, Luckie was a fair spoken woman, and had a sleeky Scotch tongue in her head, and notwithstanding her calling, was remarkably careful to keep up appearances. As often as she conveniently could, she appeared at church on Sunday, the more especially if attended by some modest young damsel from the country, who happened to be at her house a few days on a transient visit. By this means, not only during Leith races, when the concourse of people of all ranks and descriptions is prodigious, but also during the general assembly, which, for the better government of the church of Scotland, is regularly held at Edinburgh once a year; Luckie was enabled to support an additional establishment, which is un-

derstood to have paid her well, although it was an expensive concern to her, owing, as she said, and we repeat her own words, "to the number o' strangers. I am obliged to trust, and mony o' them no trustworthy, 'am baith aften cheated, and I canna just gie a' the satisfaction I could wish to my country customers, and they are very respectable, the maist seck o' them being ministers, and some o' them heritors and elders, wha have occasion to come in along wi' them to the assembly. And if they ance come here, they maist a' like their entertainment, so that my house is aye as fu' as it can haud, and 'am aften obleeged to be at the expense of hiring beds for some o' them out o' the house; and then I gie them gude wine to drink, and keep a gude table, for I ken fu' weel that although some o' them live plainly eneugh at hame, they look for me to spare nae cost in providing for them. It's therefore but right, although I canna say that a' things count-et, I mak muckle profit, as they countenance me I countenance them."

Luckie still continued to drive a strong trade, and under such circumstances, she was terribly afraid of any thing happening that might publicly give her the name of keeping a disorderly house; and seeing that the Baronets had both drank as much as they could well carry home, especially Sir Hector, for they had spent the whole evening in pouring forth libations to Bacchus, she said, "Ye hae just two guineas to pay, for sax bottles o' wine that ye hae drunken; pay doon the siller and pack aff wi' you somewhere else to your limmers, for ye's no bawd an honest woman like me a second time in my ain house."

Luckie's impediment in her speech, and her broad Scottish dialect set Sir Belfry a laughing, and as he had no inclination to be on bad terms with

her, he paid down the reckoning; which Luckie having pocketed, and perceiving that he was in good humour, she sat herself down on his knee, and sang, or rather mumbled a fragment of her favourite song.

Did you e'er see an auld wife,  
An auld wife, an auld wife,  
Did you e'er see an auld wife,  
Laid o'er the dyke to dry.

"Did you e'er see the d——l, Luckie," said Sir Hector, interrupting her, and rising to be gone, "I will never enter your house again so long as I live."

"Ye can e'en bide out o't, then, for if ye stay till I send for you ye'll no be here in a hurry; but afore ye gang ye maun taste my bottle, and it's a drap curious liquor as ye hae tastet." As she placed it on the table, with three clean glasses, which she filled, she gave a wink to Sir Belfry, "you and me kens wha if they ware here wad like a drap o't," adding, in a whisper, which was not intended to be heard by Sir Hector, "Nanny Baird is here, and she wants to see you."

Sir Belfry, giving her a nod, the meaning of which was by Luckie understood, drank off his glass, desirous to enjoy the company of one that at present would have been more agreeable to him than Luckie and Sir Hector.

Sir Hector, however, did not wish to part with the bottle till it was empty, and casting his eye towards it, "I am a repentant sinner, Luckie," said he, "and am resolved to get married and lead a sober life, and we must finish your bottle by way of a doigh an dorragh."

Luckie was glad to part with him on so good terms, and as she strove to maintain a good report



in word, if not in deed, she answered with a deep sigh, assuming a very devout and serious look, "there's houp for us a', thro' God's mercy in our Redeemer; wham he calls he also justifies; his elect, be wha they will, they maun be saved at last, for they're a' sealed for the day o' redemption, to inherit the promises."

"A remnant of all shall be saved, Luckie" said Sir Belfry; "set past your bottle, and save it till we come back again;" and rising from his chair, took Sir Hector by the arm and dragged him along with him, for he foresaw that the brandy and Luckie's religious conversation were likely to detain him too long from Nanny Baird, alias Caraboo, alias Mrs. O'Halloran.

"Depart in peace, and gude be wi' you baith," said Luckie; adding, as she shut the street door behind them, "twa hell-fires to be sure."

It was somewhat late in the forenoon before Sir Hector got out of bed, as Luckie's good liquor and religious discourse had soothed his mind, and disposed him to sleep. Fully resolved to enter into the bonds of holy wedlock with Miss Shadow, if her person did not altogether please him in point of beauty, providing that the one thing needful was to be forthcoming, he ate a heartier breakfast than usual, for in his case, love both promoted his rest and increased his appetite, effects which but seldom result from this tender passion—he took a great deal of pains in dressing himself, and having taken his morning-glass to strengthen his nerves, he set off to Sir Belfry's lodgings, full of anticipated happiness.

To his mortification, Sir Belfry was out—had been gone some time—did not say where he was going as he went out—or when he would return—but had casually mentioned that he expected to see

Lord Ringsdale, or to call on him, his servant did not know which.

With some degree of displeasure at his friend's strange conduct, and not without some suspicions that he had anticipated him in being beforehand with him in calling by himself at Lady Kittymuir's, to see the lady. Out of patience with himself for having been so dilatory in rising, and cursing the distance that he had to walk, every minute seemed an hour to him till he saw the object of his wishes, making all the haste he decently could not to take to his heels and run, he arrived at the house of Lady Kittymuir, and with a palpitating heart, pulled the bell.

As he entered the room where her ladyship was sitting by herself, while he made her a most respectful bow, she cast her eye beyond him, exclaiming, "have you brought the dogs along with you up stairs, as usual, Sir Hector; bid the servant turn them out, for they sha'nt come here," and rising in haste, she rang the bell.

"I beg of you to be seated, ma'am, and not to trouble yourself, for I have——left them at home," said Sir Hector, not feeling disposed to say that he had no longer any dogs to bring along with him. "I hope," he added, "I have the pleasure of seeing your ladyship well."

"I am by no means well, though not worse than usual," said Lady Kittymuir.

"How does Lady Rosa do—is she engaged—or has she walked out with the young lady that I understand is paying her a visit." Sir Hector made these inquiries in a hurried manner, and with the same breath.

"You alarm me, Sir Hector! Has any thing befallen my dear child? Tell me, I entreat you! Has she met with any accident?" said her ladyship, who

was of weak nervous habit, easily affected, and drawing out her smelling-bottle, sunk back on her chair.

Sir Hector supported her with his arm till he made her comprehend that he merely inquired after the young lady, and not seeing her within, conceived that she might have taken a walk. For the present, he forbore to say any thing about Miss Shadow, as he found that the very thoughts of her confused his ideas.

Lady Kittymuir took her fan out of his hand, which he had taken up and was using to restore her from her faintness, and having recovered from the effects of her surprise, informed him that Sir Belfry Battledoor, having called with Lord Ringsdale and a country gentleman, a Laird Shadow, whose daughter was at present on a visit at her house, and that the gentlemen had gone out to take a walk, and were accompanied by the young ladies.

Sir Hector could hardly conceal his uneasiness, and would have left the house immediately; but he knew that her ladyship was old and punctilious, he therefore had to do penance so long as to make it appear that his call had been intended to make inquiries after the state of her health, as he knew that she was indisposed. Before he took his leave, the servant announced to Lady Kittymuir that Mr. Shadow and Mr. Rifleman were below, and she desired that they should walk up stairs. He therefore protracted his call a little longer on their account, and entered into a conversation with them, both to allay the irritation of his own mind, and that he might form some opinion of what he might expect of Miss Shadow, from what he observed of her brother. During the short interview, if he was highly pleased with the appearance and deportment of Goslington, he saw in Mr. Rifleman a rival, not

less formidable in his estimation than Sir Belfry, even if he did intend to solicit the young lady's hand.

Sir Hector having satisfied his curiosity respecting the young gentlemen, bidding Lady Kittymuir and them good-by, he walked along the street without having any determinate destination, but merely to dissipate his bad humour, owing to Sir Belfry's ungentlemanly conduct, as he considered it. At a short distance in Prince-street, from the north bridge, he saw Sir Belfry walking with Miss Shadow, who had a hold of his arm, a little in the rear of Lord Ringsdale and Lady Rosa, Laird Shadow having just left them to call at the register office on business. He was only a little way from them, so that he had a view of Miss Shadow's figure, which, to his voluptuous imagination, might have served as a model to a statuary in forming a rival to a Venus de Medicis. He had repeatedly washed down sorrow during the forenoon with a glass of brandy and water, till he felt himself a little unsteady ; as Swift says,

" For that old vertigo in's head,  
Will never leave him till he's dead."

and he turned into a confectioner's shop to cool his parched mouth with a glass of ice-cream, and avoid meeting with the party, who were advancing towards him.

With the deepest rancour swelling in his breast, he turned his back towards the door as they passed, and pacing about the room, he worked himself into a violent passion.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CHALLENGE.

Chap in his cheek a Highland gill,  
 Say there's the foe,  
 He has nae thought but how to kill.  
 Twa at a blow.

BURNS.

SIR Hector returned to his lodgings, like Shimei, cursing as he went, with his eyes wide open and gazing on the light, insensible to the objects towards which they were directed. Talking to himself, and sometimes standing still, as a pointer that has made a dead set at a covey of partridges almost under his very nose, as Laird Shadow was returning in one direction and he in another, they met each other full in the face. Engaged in a reverie, lifting up his right hand in an attitude of offensive warfare, he exclaimed, looking straight towards the Laird, who was within a few yards of him, "I say you are no gentleman, and I tell you so to your face," bringing down his hand as if he had been practising the sword exercise on horseback when he finished the sentence.

"Ye are no blate that says so, be wha ye will," said the Laird, very much displeased, conceiving himself insulted in the street, "what! is it you, Sir Hector? I see what's wrang wi' you; ye hae got a drapie in your ee."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Laird Shadow," said Sir Hector, recognising him, and grasping him by the hand, "I did not mean to insult you."

"I dinna ken what your meaning might be, Sir Hector," said the Laird, "but I ken what ware your words; ye maunna say the same again, that's a', for I canna thole to hear mysel' misca'd that gait ony mair."

"Don't be offended, Laird," said Sir Hector; "I did not apply the words to you."

"Ye looket straight in my face whan ye spake them, and vapour'd wi' your han' as ye wad hae gi'en me a gowf i' the lug," said the Laird; "and for a' that I ken your gi'en gude at the neeves, and o'er fond whiles o' using them; I bid you no say the like again, and then to deny't too; did na I hear what ye said weel eneugh?"

"I do not deny what I said," said Sir Hector; "but if you will only think yourself a single moment, you will know that I had no cause to insult you, and I pledge you my honour that I did not mean to insult you."

"Ye had no cause to say black's the e'e in my head, for I ne'er did you wrang, and I ne'er will do so," said the Laird.

"I wish to explain myself to you, Laird. Sir Belfry Battledoor," said Sir Hector, shaking his fist, and fixing his eyes as if they had been as blind as those of a statue.

"What o' him? what in a' the warld has been the matter atween you and him," asked the Laird; "I parted with him within this hour."

"Come along with me only a few steps, and we will find a tavern; it is as quiet and as retired as a private house," said Sir Hector, "and there I will explain myself to you fully."

Sir Hector proceeded to Luckie Dibble's, followed by Laird Shadow, who, as they got near the door, began to look about him suspiciously.

"Hooly a wee, Sir Hector; this is a queer place

ye're taking me into," said the Laird; "na, the de'il a fit I'll set into this house again; I was ance here with Mr. Whistletext; the house is fu' o' a pack o' loose limmers, and the folk will say we are after the hisseys."

"Let them say what they please; I know the house is very respectable," said Sir Hector, pushing the Laird forward with his hand on his shoulder.

"The j——ds may be a' what they like for me, and be the house what it will—come awa in then, and let me hear what you have to say," said the Laird.

"What! is this you, Laird Shadow? I am glad to see you here," said Luckie Dibble, for like a certain illustrious personage, she was never at a loss to know any one that she had ever seen, and with that unlimited control over her countenance which she possessed, notwithstanding her flat nose; she could look at a houseful of people with a different look to every one of them; in fact, she could laugh with the one side of her mouth and cry with the other at the same time, and if she spoke badly, she made amends by her intelligent looks, and what she said was always very much to the purpose.

"I dare say this is ane o' your houffs, Sir Hector," said the Lard; "did ye ken yon giggling hissey that looket sae pertly at us whan we came in? I ken her face, I think."

"I know this much of her, that she is kept by Sir Belfry Battledoor," replied Sir Hector.

"Is he ane o' these wild fallows, then," said the Laird; "but I want to hear nought about her;" after a pause, he continued, "she's Jock Baird, the collier's sister, and as worthless a hissey as was in a' the Stonehouse; but be quick and say what ye have to tell me, for I'll no stay lang here."

"What will you please to drink, Laird," said Sir Hector.

"I'll neither eat nor drink in this house," said the Laird; "but mak haste with your story."

Sir Hector was about to have told his grievance, when Sir Belfry entered the room.

"I saw you come here," said Sir Belfry, "and I followed you as soon as I parted with the Earl, who is gone on to the south bridge, and will return immediately."

"I expect, Sir Belfry, you will please to say where I shall meet you, for the insult I have this morning received from you," said Sir Hector, his eyes sparkling with rage.

"Where you please, and the sooner the better," answered Sir Belfry.

"None o' your duelling, gentlemen," said Laird Shadow, "or I will have you bound over to keep the peace before you leave the house you are in; but if you will go with me to Lord Ringsdale, he and I will try to settle matters amicably."

"That is not to be done," said Sir Hector.

In vain he endeavoured to persuade the Barons to consult Lord Ringsdale, to which they would not assent, so he left them together, and in a short time he returned, bringing Lord Ringsdale along with him.

Before their return, however, they agreed to say that Sir Belfry and Sir Hector should meet that evening, when they would attend them to the field. In the mean time, Sir Belfry, accompanied by Lord Ringsdale, retired to his lodgings, and Sir Hector and Laird Shadow went to dine at the hotel where the Laird stopt.

Both the Knights were provided with very excellent duelling pistols, with hair triggers, and they both looked on themselves as being good shots;



but as each of them also entertained the same high opinion of his opponent as a marksman as he did of himself, neither of them were insensible of the hazardous situation in which their rashness had placed them; and although neither of them would make the other any apology, they would both much rather that the difference between them had not happened, and that they had not gone so far.

Goslington and Jonathan had taken a drive to Roslyn Castle, and not having returned, the Laird and Sir Hector dined by themselves. The dinner was excellent, but Sir Hector ate but little; he seemed moodish and thoughtful, which the Laird observing, rather strove to promote than otherwise.

"It's just as quick as a flash o' lightning, and a pistol ball sends a man into eternity," said the Laird, "and may be his soul to a place we's no mention; and whare, if ane should neither like their company nor their condition, there's nae hole to creep out, nor back doors to flee to."

"Sir Belfry stands the same chance that I do," said Sir Hector; "and although I have never troubled my head about a future state, or whether there is such a thing, I am just as like to be well received, go where I will, as Sir Belfry, any time."

After this consolatory speech, he took hold of the bottle, and filling his glass to the brim, he drank it off, and resumed. "It does not make to me the difference of the toss of a halfpenny whether I live or die, so far as I alone am concerned; but, Laird, there is one for whom I would wish to live!" Here he made a pause, and first looking at the Laird, and then at the bottle, once more he filled up his glass and drank off another bumper.

"Although I am neither fond o' telling secrets, nor o' hearing ithers tell them," said Laird Shadow, "for I am nae match-maker, nor go-between, nor

carrier o' clashes, yet as ye're like to be soon as like a dying or a dead man as a living ane, if there's any thing on your mind, ye had better no be o'er lang in telling somebody what it is. And anither thing, Sir Hector, ye're a man o' a large property, and should mak your will."

The Laird knew better than to consider Sir Hector as being in easy circumstances, for his estate lay at but a small distance from Hazleton, and he had often heard of his being so pushed for money, that before a cock-fight, he would borrow a pound from one, and a pound or two from another of his tenants, to scrape up enough to make a bet of five or ten guineas; only he said so to make him communicative.

But as the brandy he had drank before dinner, and the wine after it, still kept possession of Sir Hector's upper story; he tried to persuade himself that the Laird knew nothing about his pecuniary difficulties. "Laird," said he, "I love your daughter, but I would not wish Miss Shadow to know it, for it would doubtless be a cause of grief to her if I should fall this evening; and it was on her account that I and Sir Belfry fell out."

"Am thinking," said the Laird, "that there is ane afore you baith in her affections, and I wad na hae you gang any further in your quarrel, if that's a' that's wrang atween you, for I wad na give a bawbee for baith your chances put thegither."

But Sir Hector was still unwilling to relinquish all hope, although the Laird's words pierced him to the heart like so many needles. "Laird," said he, making use of a common Scotch proverb, "trysted gear often comes to the market."

"So it does," said the Laird; "but I am no saying that my dochter's bespoken; but I ken this muckle, neither you nor Sir Belfry need either

quarrel or fight about her, for she wad na look o'er her left shoulder at either o' you if there ware nae ither men in a' the warld but your twa sel's; drink aff your glass, Sir Hector, and here's to you and Sir Belfry's better greeance."

During the afternoon, Lord Ringsdale called on the Laird to make the necessary arrangements, not for the meeting of the Knights, but for their not meeting, at least, that evening, and in order to carry their project into execution, each of them agreed to communicate to his friend that they were to meet with pistols, at a retired spot, near Salisbury Craigs, a little before sunset.

Lord Ringsdale having returned, the Laird made his report to Sir Hector, who heard it with great composure. "Ye're a gude shot, Sir Hector," said the Laird; "take a good vizey, and dinna fire o'er quick, and to steady your han' we maun take anither glass; here's wussing, Sir Hector, that ye had baith mair sense and me mair shiller," continued the Laird, taking off his glass by way of encouragement to his hoon companion.

Towards the hour which had been appointed, the Laird saw that Sir Hector was coming up to his mark, but still he would be able to meet Sir Belfry, for he could still walk. "Sir Hector," said he, "the time's come; we maun awa as fast as we can; but take my advice—a glass of gude brandy will clear your c'e, and mak you as gleg as a hawk," and filled him up to the top a large wineglass of cogniac out of a decanter that stood on a side-board.

"That's a *caulker*, Laird," said Sir Hector, whose eyes beamed with the wild lustre of poetic frenzy. "I wish that we were there, though, for we have some distance to walk," and giving a look towards the pint brandy decanter which the Laird had re-

placed on the stand, "put that in your pocket, Laird," said he, "I may be fatigued with walking, and a drop of brandy is a good thing after a gunshot wound."

"It's not above half fu'," said the Laird; "but ye had better tak anither glass before ye start," and without waiting for his reply, the glass was filled.

"No more, Laird; no more, no more, just now," said Sir Hector, speaking thick and looking wildly, at the same time he took hold of the glass of brandy and drank it off every drop.

He and the Laird, with the decanter in one of his pockets, and the pistols in the other, sallied forth into the street to meet his antagonist. "Walk steady," said the Laird; "walk steady, Sir Hector, and no jundie sae," as they came opposite Luckie Dibble's.

"I must bid old Luckie good-by," said Sir Hector; "she will fling her crutch after me and wish me good luck."

"A hare and a woman are baith unlucky to cross your path; come awa," said the Laird, "we are past the hour already; ye'll see auld Luckie anither time."

"We must be there to a minute," said Sir Hector, walking as fast as he could, and sometimes stooping forward, broke into a run for a few steps, till the Laird took hold of his arm to keep people from taking notice of his situation.

Laird Shadow had ordered a coach to follow them at a distance, when seeing it behind them, and being arrived nearly at the place of meeting, he made a signal to the coachman to stop where he was. "Come, Sir Hector," said he, "you are tired with your walk, wet your mouth with this drop of brandy which is in the bottom of the decanter."

Sir Hector was in such a state of inebriety that

he had lost all sense of fear, and indeed he did not betray any want of courage when he was sober, but his ideas were incoherent, and he hardly knew what he did, and probably in the same state of mind he then was in, would have acted exactly in the same way, if instead of coming into the field to fight a duel he had been ascending the scaffold to have been hanged.

No sooner did Laird Shadow draw out the decanter from his pocket and put it into his hand, than he applied it to his mouth and emptied it to the last drop before he took it away. "Now, Laird," said he, "come on; do you see them?"

"See them," said the Laird, "as plain as a pike-staff; there they are, waiting for us."

"And they shall not wait long on me," answered Sir Hector, and setting off a running, he stumbled and fell flat, all his length on the ground, within a few yards of where Sir Belfry and the Earl were standing. Sir Belfry, seeing him intoxicated, stepped forward, and taking him by the arm, lifted him up without saying a word.

"Thank you, Sir Belfry, and if it is your chance to fall, I will do you the same service presently. Gentlemen, measure out the ground and load the pistols," said Sir Hector, hardly able to speak intelligibly, and finding that he could not stand, he attempted to sit down on the ground, and giving a stagger, he fell over, muttering—"drunk by G——, drunk as h——."

"Sir Belfry," said Lord Ringsdale, "you are too fond of this pastime, and neither myself nor Laird Shadow would have countenanced you in it, had we not foreseen that we should be able to prevent Sir Hector and you from meeting, by filling him drunk."

"Dinna say, my Lord, that I fill't him drunk," said Laird Shadow; "he was as fu' as the Baltic

whan I first met him, and had he no been fu', there wad hae been nought but gude greeance atween Sir Belfry and him."

"I will meet Sir Hector when he is sober, gentlemen, without troubling you—good night," said Sir Belfry, and walked off, apparently highly offended.

"Sir Belfry may take the affront as highly as he pleases," said Lord Ringsdale; "I disapprove of duelling, and will make him no apology."

"And for my part," said the Laird, "I wish neither of them ony ill, but if the ane or the tither dinna like it, they may lump it."

Sir Belfry, on his return home, seeing the coachman waiting at a short distance, desired him to drive on to the gentlemen, as they stood in need of his assistance to convey a person back to the city. Lord Ringsdale and Laird Shadow having seen Sir Hector conveyed to his lodgings, and placed him in bed, finding him still asleep, "never let us eat the cow and dee on the rump," said Laird Shadow; "we might manage to make him think that he was killed in the duel whan he awakens, if we ware to lay him in his winnan sheet and put him in a coffin."

This devise of the Laird's was no sooner proposed than, to finish the joke on Sir Hector, it was carried into effect. With as much despatch as possible, they sent for an undertaker, who kept these tabernacles of the dead ready made, and wrapping him up in a sheet over his flannel morning-gown, and put him in the coffin, keeping off the lid, they left him to finish his nap.

Early next morning, Laird Shadow called by himself, at Sir Hector's lodgings, to inquire how he felt himself, and how he had spent the night. It being soon after sunrise on a summer morning, the

people in the house were not up, and from the noise that he made in rapping at the outer door, he had awakened Sir Hector out of his first sleep, who, as he entered the room, was endeavouring to turn himself round, and finding himself in a confined situation, was scratching with his fingers on the sides of the coffin, and bawling out, "d—— you, Luckie Dibble, have you locked me up in a chest;" when rising up on his elbows, still drowsy, and only partially recovered from the stupor occasioned by his yesterday's intemperance, and having only a very obscure and confused recollection of his meeting with Sir Belfry, he could not conceive what had befallen him, as he gazed on himself, dressed as a corpse, wrapt up in a shroud, and placed in a coffin, "where am I," said he, staring wildly up to the ceiling, and then looking on every thing around him in a state of stupefaction. Perhaps thinking himself in a dream, or more probably considering himself a dead man, he laid down again and closed his eyes.

"Sir Hector," said the Laird, shaking him by the shoulders, endeavouring to arouse him from his lethargy, and to bring him to his senses.

"I am a dead man," said Sir Hector; "don't disturb me, Luckie; I am on my way to the infernal regions, where, like Dives, I shall soon lift up mine eyes, being in torments." Bringing his hand across his nose, and giving a violent sneeze, while his horribly distorted countenance betrayed the most extreme terror, he once more looked up, and still mistaking the Laird (who had just held a lighted match near his face) for Luckie Dibble. "Luckie," said he, "is the devil gone? don't you smell the brimstone?"

The Laird burst out into a loud laugh, for he could no longer contain himself. "He's no gane

yet; but ye're mair like to die," said he, "as puir as Lazarus, on a dunghill, Sir Hector, if you dinna alter, than ony thing else at present; and I'll no say that after death ye dinna gang the same grey gate Dives did, unless ye mend your manners."

"Is it you, Laird?" said Sir Hector, recognising him; "don't laugh, for I have received a mortal wound in the brain; the ball must have penetrated my skull."

During the whole time that he expressed this sentence, he kept both his hands applied to his head, feeling it all round to discover where the ball had entered.

"Ye will fumble lang about your pow," said the Laird, "afore ye find ony mae holes in't than should be, or ony mair brains ither, unless 'am wrang."

"I am sick as death," said Sir Hector; "his shot must have taken effect somewhere; send for a surgeon, I beg of you, to examine me immediately, for I know I am a dying man."

The Laird laid hold of Sir Hector by the arms, and without more ado, lifted him up and set him on his feet. "There's nought wrang with you, man; I tell you," said he, "only ye filled yoursel' beastly fu' last night, and hae na got time to get sober yet; put on your claise and come awa out with me, and tak a hair o' the dog that bit you; a glass o' gude brandy will do you mair gude than all the doctors in Embro'."

"Did I not meet Sir Belfry?" asked Sir Hector, highly vexed to think that he had so disgraced himself in the eyes of the public; for although he could put up with being known as a drunkard, he could not endure the infamy of being thought a coward.

"Sir Hector," said Laird Shadow, in the most affable manner, that in his plain way and broad



dialect he was able to express himself, "it mak my heart sair to see you spending your siller in siccan houses as Luckie Dibble's, amang a wheen limmers, and taking up with the like o' Sir Belfry, and ither do-na-gude fallows like him, although it's weel ken't that ye're as puir as a church mouse, and's just hanging by the door-cheeks. And besides a', ye're killing yoursel' with your ain hand as fast as ye can; as a weel-wisher, although we ne'er had muckle acquaintance, I maun mak free to tell you, that ye're just like ane taking a ram-race to jump heels o'er head into perdition. As true as death, ye're a ruined man, Sir Hector, baith soul and body, unless you alter."

At the present moment, Sir Hector was on the very worst terms with himself, and during the Laird's expostulation, the reproaches of his own mind were still far more insupportable to him than even the Laird's upbraiding him with vice and folly. For a few moments, he stood motionless on the floor; then bursting into a flood of tears, he threw himself on his bed, where he lay writhing in agony in a fit of despair. As soon as he so far recovered himself as to be able to speak, "leave me," said he to the Laird, "for I am a lost man."

"I will leave you presently," replied the Laird; "but afore I bid you fareweel, I have only to say, that if ye'll come out and live a sober life on your ain estate in the country, and leave aff keeping company wi' the worthless conjaumphry that ye hae lang ta'en up wi', and instead o' them, look out a decent marrow; if ony time ye're short o' siller, I'll no see you ill aff for a hun'cr pound, or twa, nor three either."

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," for in a short time the Laird persuaded Sir Hector to rise and finish dressing himself, and according to his

friendly advice, having fortified his stomach with a glass of cogniac brandy, he found himself able to take a short walk, during which they discussed, *con amore*, the happy independence of a country life. As the Laird was about to return into Lanarkshire, they parted, mutually expressing their good wishes for each other's future prosperity and happiness, when the Baronet returned to his lodgings, fully determined to turn his back upon Luckie Dibble and all her inmates, together with all his former licentious associates and bad habits.

As the Laird sat down to breakfast by himself, at the hotel, the young gentlemen having finished their *dejeune*, and were gone to Lady Kittymuir's to wait on the ladies, he could not dismiss from his thoughts the present unhappy situation of Sir Hector, although he entertained considerable hopes of his amendment. While he was revolving these affairs in his mind, his hopes received a check from his friend Lord Ringsdale, who came to inquire if he had seen any thing of Sir Belfry or Sir Hector since last night, to whom he communicated the particulars of which our readers are just now fully apprised. The Earl shook his head significantly, in silence, as the Laird mentioned Sir Hector's good intentions, and dropping this subject, other topics more immediately connected with their own concerns engaged their attention.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ADIEU.

Friends so near my bosom ever,  
 Ye have rendered moments dear;  
 But, alas! when forced to sever,  
 Then the stroke, oh! how severe.

BURNS.

As neither Laird Shadow nor the Earl purposed to make any stay in the city, having little other business besides making arrangements with the royal bank respecting the money that Mr. Barber's executors had already deposited there on the Laird's account, which were soon transacted to their satisfaction; and as they were about to return to the country, the young people had but little time to enjoy each other's company. But in love concerns, as divines tell us of the intercourse of celestial spirits in a state of bliss, which they say requires not the aid of words, but by a simple act of volition, their thoughts are revealed to one another in holy vision with the rapidity of lightning or the radiation of the solar light; and as every one knows that the sense of sight is of a more elevated and spiritual nature than any of the other senses, so the kind glance of a maiden's eye speaks volumes to an ardent lover, even if it should express that his wishes cannot immediately be complied with, when, as the poet says,

"The smile came o'er her bonny e'e,  
 I canna leave my mammy."

‘Hope is the anchor of the soul,’ and of lovers too, and many a youth, when under the influence of this happy delusion, as we often hear it called, which, if it be delusion at all, is at least a happy one, would think himself amply compensated for a long journey if he could only exchange one loving look with his sweetheart, if the watchful jealousy of her guardians or other obstacles prevented his speaking to her. And although with that caution which naturally accompanies more advanced years, we might be desirous to obtain a more substantial proof of a lady’s love, yet we will acknowledge, that under certain unsuspicious circumstances, a sweet smile is very gratifying. And we confess, that there was a time when, had a relentless beauty, after all our sighs and vows, not have even graciously deigned to acknowledge this language of the eyes, that we might perhaps have thought ourselves highly honoured by being permitted to carry her fan, or her reticule, or her parasol, although we might not have ventured to have offered her our arm in walking with her. But still further, that if we enjoyed but a very small share of the young lady’s good graces of which we were enamoured, that had it only been our lot for a few minutes to have held an umbrella over her head, as we accidentally met her caught in a shower, that the performance of this mere act of civility, would long have been remembered by us, like all other devotees and Love’s humble bondmen, and probably we might afterwards, with great emotion, have talked of the heartfelt delight which we enjoyed while we performed one of the most servile rites of adoration, even among the *dulia* at the shrine of beauty. Speaking therefore in the language of calculators, there is really no saying what value Goslington might put upon the occasional en

joyment of Lady Rosa's company a short time, for a few days, and once at least during this visit, he walked with her arm and arm.

If therefore our young friend Goslington had but little time to spend in Lady Rosa's company, and but few opportunities of conversing with her, till he learned that the Earl and his father having nothing further in the way of business to detain them in Edinburgh, were to set off almost immediately for the country: still he had the happiness of knowing that her heart and hand were equally disengaged, and that if his own hopes of ever being her avowed admirer were but very small, and as he feared, delusive, he was now perfectly satisfied that Sir Belfry was no rival at present; and from the dissolute life that he led, the low company with whom he associated in his hours of revelry, although he also mixed with the first society, and sometimes called at Lady Kittymuir's, that to have paid her the slightest attention farther than the most distant salutation in passing her, even in the street, would have been considered by her as an insult.

He had, besides, reminiscences of a yet more consolatory nature to build his hopes upon than any that had heretofore befallen him.

During his first evening's conversation with Lady Rosa, as they walked by themselves, Jonathan and Peggy being at some distance behind them, her ladyship having expressed the great happiness which the good fortune of his family afforded her, very particularly mentioned that her papa had astonished her, by informing her of his being possessed of a portrait of the unfortunate Lady Ringsdale, whose family had perished in the rebellion. It was not the mere circumstance of her mentioning this portrait, nor even the anxiety which he expressed of seeing it, but he thought that he caught her

eye examining his countenance, as if seeking to discover if it expressed any traits of a family likeness, and from the surprise which he discovered in her own, for he imagined that he read her thoughts in her face, he flattered himself that her penetration had discovered a family likeness in his features, which he would have been very glad for her to have found. He was the more confirmed in his opinion from the attention and respect which she seemed to pay to his father, apparently treating him with an equal degree of kindness as if he had been a near relation, whom for the first time she had seen.

There must have been some grounds for this opinion, because the Laird himself, without having the least suspicion that Goslington entertained it, remarked to him on the day following their arrival in Edinburgh, "What do you think the young lady could see in me to look at, for she did na keep her een aff me five minutes a' thegither a' last night?"

But granting that Goslington was too precipitate in concluding that she looked on his father and himself as dear relations, and that even the old Laird, unaccustomed as he was to polite society, might have thought that he occupied much more of her attention than he actually did; still Goslington was highly gratified with the idea which he entertained, and of course he did not think either his time misspent, or his labour lost in coming to Edinburgh.

But besides our youth and Lady Rosa, there are other two whom we would not willingly neglect in our narrative.

Jonathan had seen Peggy, both in her ordinary apparel, when engaged at home in doing her work, and he had also seen her in her Sunday clothes; but now, for the first time, he beheld her fashionably

dressed on the evening after they arrived at Edinburgh. He was then absolutely astonished with her figure, which, were we merely to say that it was elegant, would be to do her injustice; her figure was almost a model of perfection of beauty. *en bon point*, and to the voluptuous Sir Hector, was altogether divine.

Jonathan had no scruples respecting either her rank and fortune, or his own. As is well known to our readers, he had seen her engaged in the most servile domestic offices, very homely dressed, and even then he admired her. He had conversed with her familiarly when her mind was too much otherwise engaged for us to suppose that she was so bent on pleasing him as to have nothing else to think of—yet she charmed him by her good sense and lively fancy. But finally, if he had seen her a virtuous, modest, and unassuming country girl, he now saw her an accomplished, well-dressed, well-bred young lady, the companion of lady Rosa Stuart, whose high rank made some among the first nobility in Great Britain think her worthy to share with them the honours of an earldom, nay, of a dukedom itself.

Jonathan perhaps would willingly have dispensed with Peggy's keeping such honourable company if he had spoken his mind freely; for if he felt himself flattered by the condescending kindness of her ladyship to Peggy, although as yet she was nothing to him; still as he dearly loved her, and longed for the time to come when he might call her his own, he must have had his fears that her new situation might both produce rivals to him, and render her less enamoured of his person and conversation, from the number of accomplished young gentlemen whom she would see and converse with.

While he did homage in his heart to the unrival-

led charms and unsullied character of the lovely young Countess of Ringsdale, yet he could not help feeling the appalling difference between aristocratic dignity and republican equality. It is true, however, that among such great people as the Earl and his daughter, he managed to keep himself in countenance by reflecting that he was a native American citizen, and one who in the course of Providence, might be called upon by the voices of the people to fill the important and dignified office of first citizen, or president of the United States of America.

For a day or two, his mind was agitated between his hopes and fears, for to him to think of parting with his dear Peggy was like the parting of soul and body; or, as some philosophers think that they express themselves more correctly and intelligibly in saying, (and we make them very welcome to use it) the untwisting of the elements. Love, however, had tied the gordian knot between Jonathan and Peggy, which death alone could only loose. Peggy gave herself but little uneasiness about the Atlantic Ocean intervening between her lover's native country and her own; it was yet too soon to perplex herself about things of this nature. Jonathan indeed knew that he held sole empire in her bosom, but the fickleness of the female heart is proverbial, whether the ladies are deserving the appellation of being more fickle than the male sex, we leave to more competent judges than ourselves to decide; for in fact we are disposed to call in question the truth of this popular opinion, as well as of some others which have for a long time passed current.

On the morning before he took his leave of Peggy, they were, accidentally, for a few minutes, left by themselves in the room, and he embraced



the opportunity indirectly to request of her not to forget him when he was gone.

"Peggy," said he, "will you ever think of me when I am gone?" at the same time giving her hand a gentle squeeze.

"No doubt of that," said Peggy, smiling, and withdrawing her hand, while a tear trembled in her eye.

Jonathan was in transports, and just as he pledged his love to her in a glowing kiss on her cheek, the Laird entered the room. "Safe bind, safe find," said he, in the best humour possible; but sparing their feelings, he took no further notice of their attachment. "Mr. Rifleman," continued he, "do you return with us, or do you prefer going directly by the coach to Glasgow? I houp that you will at least go with us to Hamilton; indeed, I dinna see what's to hinder you to spend a week or twa with me at Hazleton-hall;" adding, after a short pause, "I shall feel lonely in the absence of my dochter, and wad like to have your company."

"I will take the matter into consideration," said Jonathan, "as we shall not part on this side of Hamilton, and very probably I shall avail myself of your kind invitation, to make myself more intimately acquainted with the recent agricultural improvements in Clydesdale."

"Peggy," said the Laird, highly delighted, "'am thinking that I'll mak Mr. Rifleman here ane o' the best o' farmers amang us, for he kens mair already than mony a ane does wha have been farmers a' their days;" and turning to Mr. Rifleman, he added, "they'll no be mony like you, tak my word for't, whan ye gang back to America; that is, if e'er ye do gang back, for I canna say but that I should like unco weel that ye should stay whare ye are."

Neither Jonathan nor Peggy had time to make

bird any reply, for he had addressed them both the same sentence, before the Earl's travelling coach, and the young gentlemen's tilbury, with a brand new *dennet*, which the Laird had purchased, drove up to the door. On hearing the cart-top opposite the house, Peggy advanced to the window, when her father's new outfit attracted her attention.

"How do you like my taste, Peggy," said the Laird, as he stood behind her, looking over her shoulder at his new equipage.

"Have you indeed bought that fine horse and the new gilt harness, father?" said Peggy, highly delighted to think that he meant to make so respectable an appearance.

"We baith bought and pay't for them, ony gate, and they're mine whan a' my debts are paid," said the Laird. "But stap out, Mr. Rifle, and look at the horse; I want to have your opinion what you think of him. Just hooly a wee, at; weemen and bairns are fond o' braws; I bought a bit gowd watch here for Peggy, for to remind that Goslington should na be sae gash as this, and she no ken what o'clock it is without behauden to somebody for telling her. But I'll ware awa hame, or I'll spend a' my siller, for my hand's no been out o' my pouch syne I came to the old Reeky."

"I'm sorry that we are so soon to part with you, Shadow," said Lady Rosa, on entering the room to bid her visitors good-by, "but in a few days I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you at Ringsdale Castle, for I expect Miss Shadow to be here in the autumn with me there, as our stay is short this city."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of paying my respects to your ladyship at Ringsdale Cas-

tle," said the Laird, making a profound bow to Lady Rosa.

Lord Ringsdale, during the time that the Laird made his reply, which out of respect for the young Countess was in good English, had, unperceived by him, come into the room and stood close by him.

"You are quite gallant, Laird," said his Lordship, "and in a few days' practice you will excel us all at a *lête-à-lête* with the ladies; besides, how gaily you are dressed this morning."

"I have coft mysel' a new suit; for better, as they say, be out o' the warl than out o' the fashion. But ye're unco fu' o' your compliments, my Lord; dinna be o'er sair on an auld chield like me, for ye'll find me a campy fallow to crack o'er a glass o' gude yill, and if 'am na so mensfu' in my haven or dress so weel as you, my Lord, ye need na laugh at me neither, especially afore the young lady here," said the Laird.

The expression of the Laird's countenance during this repartee, showed that he took the Earl rallying him on his politeness to Lady Rosa all in good part.

"No subterfuges, Laird," said the Earl; "I really did admire the graceful manner in which you replied to Rosa; to say nothing of your language."

"My Lord, I hae a gude braid Scotch tongue in my head," answered the Laird, smiling and making a jest of his rusticity, "and if I did wale my words no doubt but I used some bit turn o' expression that I hae heard Goslington mak use o'. But I'll tell your lordship ae thing, if 'am o'er plain and o' hamely spoken, my son's just as far the ither gait. I may be wrang, but 'am sometimes in the opinion that he's like a bit saft metal, o'er easy polished and trowth, man, I am whiles maist laith to thin that like the maist feck o' our gentlefolks, (no i

flecting on you, Sir) there's mair shine and glitter than polish about him after a', just like a bit bright piece o' new cast lead, or ane o' his mother's new scoured pouthier plates."

The whole party burst into a laugh at the Laird's drollery, for his good-natured merry face made it a difficult matter even to Goslington, who at present was the cause of his father's humour, to take any offence at what he very well knew was only said to amuse the company, for he saw him nod to one and wink to another, in the true old Scottish style of *blithesome* glee.

"Mr. Shadow is but a youth yet, Laird," replied the Earl, "but he is destined to make a figure in the pulpit, or at the bar, or in the senate, as he may please to devote his attention."

"I con you mony thanks, Yirll, ony gate, for your kindness to him, and your gude word o' him for a' yon; for I am just like ither fathers—my ain bairn is aye my bairn, and I should be proud to see him mak a man o' himsel'," said the Laird, as he wiped off a tear which stood in his eye; turning himself round to Peggy, and taking her by the hand, "dochter," said he, "you are amaist in a new warl frae what you have been used to, and 'am happy to see you begin it in so gude company; but gentle or semple, my best wish is to see you as gude a woman as your mother was afore you: fareweel, Peggy, and fare you weel, my lady." The Earl and the two young gentlemen also took their leave of the ladies, desiring that their respectful compliments might be made to Lady Kittymuir, who was indisposed and not able to see them, when they followed the Laird, who withdrew shedding tears of joy, and the party returned into Lanarkshire.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE QUARTER FAIR.

The piper loud and louder blew,  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
 They reel't, they set, they cross't, they clecket,  
 Till ilka carline swat and reeket,  
 And loost her duddies to the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark!

TAM O'SHANTER.

As the day advanced towards noon, the weather being fine and the sky unclouded, the party having arrived at what is called the Hurst Knowes, they pulled up their horses for a moment or two to rest them, and to take a view of the country from the eminence its name indicates, which affords one of the most extensive prospects from its elevated and central situation any where to be found in the lowlands of Scotland. Towards the south, they beheld an elevated ridge, turreted with numerous hills, which extends from east to west across this part of the kingdom—the lofty Tinto appeared in view—and Kypes-rig reminded Matthew of home and his dear Tibby. Towards the north, far as the eye could see, the sharp ridges and high illuminated peaks of the Highland hills, reflecting the rays of the sun, and from their great height seeming to pierce the sky, rose before them in sublime majesty—hills piled on hills as a vast and unbounded amphitheatre. Compared with the works of nature, how little are those of man. Jonathan never before had enjoyed so good an opportunity of witnessing the glorious magnificence of Scottish scenery.

"Did you e'er see a sight like that, Mr. Rifleman, in America?" asked the Laird.

"In America," replied Jonathan, "owing to the largeness of the continent, the landscape is on a more extensive scale, and consequently the range of vision is not sufficiently great to command a view of such a variety of objects as at this moment present themselves to the eye; but then, Laird, from the tops of some of our mountains, to what a prodigious extent does the boundless western forest display itself to the eye, till hills and dales sink into a dusky plain, boundless as the ocean."

"It was among these hills, Mr. Rifleman, that some o' your auld forbears spent their days," said the Laird, pointing to the north, for Jonathan was of Scottish extraction; "does na it cheer your heart and warm your bluid, to see the land o' your forefathers, and hae ye na lown side til't yoursel', and it ware but for their sakes?"

As the Laird was speaking, a post-chaise drove quickly past with a gentleman in it, who looking out at the window, nodded to the Earl and his party, and drove on without stopping to speak to them.

"That is certainly Sir Hector M'Birnie," said Lord Ringsdale.

"It may be him," answered the Laird, "for I did not observe who it was."

Leaving the road which leads to Glasgow, they drove on towards Hamilton, when the valley of the Clyde, with all its loveliness, at a small distance lay stretched before them.

"Is not this an enchanting spot—a paradise?" said Jonathan to Goslington, as they drove across Hamilton *haughs*, at a short distance from the Duke of Hamilton's palace.

Our little party having taken some refreshment

at Hamilton, and baited their horses, took the road leading by the Quarter Colliery, that they might have a view of the fair. This was the Colliers' anniversary fair and parade, a day which for months beforehand they had longed for and talked of. Such of them as had been to work, either to provide for the maintenance of their families or to increase their pocket-money to spend at the fair, having been working most of the night, got what is called their dark hewn and drawn by day-light; and they began, like so many infernal spirits ascending from the bowels of the earth, to collect in groupes on the coal-hill; and in their dirty flannels and black faces, they made a most unearthly appearance. They were; however, as frisky as so many lambs; some of them were kicking their heels, in practising their steps before the dancing commenced; some sparring in fun that afterward in their cups fought in earnest, and some crouching in the half-bend, from habit and hard labour, with their knees bent and their heads stooping forward, nearly in the same position that they walked underground, were making all the haste they could home, running after one another at a dog-trot, to get themselves washed and dressed for the fair. Their wives and sweethearts washed their tawny necks and faces, and in their best bib and tucker, if they did not display much beauty or fashion, at least there was no lack of red ribbons and ruffles, although the last night, perhaps, from want of better washing, be a little yellow; but although as faithful historians, we are not very lavish in our praises of the personal charms of the Quarter women, for in truth they were not ladies, we shall have the charity to suppose that, as the collier said of his daughters, "they ware better than they ware bonny."

Our party alighted at the Collier's Arms, the

head inn, for several of the houses sold liquor for the day—the blacksmiths' shops too were metamorphosed into places of carousal, with a broom on a stick for a sign, the anvils and other utensils being safely deposited under a straw stack to keep them out of harm's way, both from being stolen and lest they might have been used in an affray as implements of offensive warfare. It was in one of these that Sir Hector M'Birnie, who, being on his way to the fair when he drove past the party, had seated himself, over a bowl of whiskey toddy, along with the Laird of Cantercanny, or the muckle Laird, as he was called.

The uproar of mirth and laughter was tremendous, and attracted the attention of our party, who walked into Vulcan's new inn, to see and hear what was going forward, when they found their old boon companion Sir Hector, and the Laird of Cantercanny, engaged in conversation with one of the greaves, surrounded by a groupe of colliers whom they were treating.

"Have you found any coal yet, Laird, in your estate," said Sir Hector, winking to the greave, for he knew that he had repeatedly found abundance by boring, but when he sunk the shaft down to the same depth, he never got any; and at last he detected some bread and cheese among the coal brought up by the boring rod.

"No," said the muckle Laird, with a loud bel-low like a bull, and lifting up his hand above his head, brought it forcibly down on the blacksmith's board, which they used as a table, till the bowl and glasses danced, and exclaimed, "Tho' I *wull* sink a heugh to the lumheads of Hell but I will get it."

In one of the corners of the shop sat old Bauldy, his Lordship's gardener, carousing and discussing in deep debate with the blacksmith himself, who acted



as landlord, on the knotty topics of election and predestination. "Bauldy is at his auld trade, drinkin' and preechin', my Lord ; let us come awa out and no disturb him," said Laird Shadow.

The drum beat the tattoo for the colliers to appear on the parade, and now the suttly legions sallied forth in full dress, and most of them having their hair powdered, all bedecked with ribbons, and aprons made of silk or muslin handkerchiefs, bound round with ribbons.

In the front marched the head greave, and behind him the colliers followed in succession in pairs, with their colours flying, the fife and bagpipes playing, and drums beating to the tune of the De'il among the Colliers. For a short time the houses were deserted, the wives running out with their children to see their fathers and brothers, and the girls to see their sweethearts. A more motley groupe than the colliers exhibited in their persons and apparel can hardly be imagined ; but if the courteous reader will only paint them according to his own fancy, he will be much more likely to please himself than he would be with our description.

"I ne'er saw," said the Laird, "sae mony hung-in-chains looking loons a' thegither."

After the parade, the crowd who had collected together from the neighbourhood were amused with a foot-race, which ended in a pitched battle between two brothers, the father being bottle holder on the one side, and the mother on the other. For some time previous to the fair the youths had been in training by their parents, the one being his mother's pupil, who made it her daily custom to give him a lesson in the barn, until she thought him tolerably perfect in the pugilistic art. As the son and the mother practised without boxing gloves, it

was by no means uncommon for them to draw blood in sparring, or to give one another a black eye. The other youth received instructions in theory and practice from his father, who was a no less skillful pugilist than his wife. The father and his sons kept their hands in use in settling their domestic quarrels, and generally one or two of them had a skirmish every time they went to a fair, or a dance; in fact, as often as they could find any body to fight with, and sometimes they were all three engaged, fighting in the same room at once. Consequently they had obtained a very great celebrity, and most people who knew their mettle endeavoured at all public places to steer clear of their company.

On the Quarter Fair morning, the mother having had a set-to with her son, till they stopped once or twice to breathe, and fell to it again, said to him, "Jock, 'am no a wheet feart, if ye're only gude stuff, that ye'll lick your brither Rab, back and side, to his ain satisfaction."

"I have a gude mind to try't the day, mither," said Jock, "if ye'll only stand by and see me get fair play."

The gudewife hinted as much to the gudeman, as she looked out his clothes for him, that "Rab wad na craw o'er Jock muckle langer for naething." The father took the first opportunity in coming into the fair to communicate this intelligence to Rab, adding, "just gie me a wink o' your e'e aforehan', if you do fecht, that I may be no far aff."

Jock, among his other qualifications, was a good runner, and that day gained the foot-race, although he had to run twice, the first heat being so equally contested that it was decided to be a dead heat, and consequently to be run for again.

Rab seeing Jock out of wind after running, took time by the forelock to stir up the ill will that for some time had been increasing between them. "Jock," said he, "ye puff and blaw like a forfoughten cock, and canna rin ava."

"Will you try me at flinging the smith's forge hammer?" said Jock, "and I'll let you see what I can do."

"Ye ken weel enough he has na gotten a hammer to fling, for ye ken as weel as I do that the smith's strae stack was put on the tap-o' them a', to keep them out o' the gate," said Rab.

"Will you putt the stane then with me?" said Jock, and making his face at him, "or wad ye like to try me at ony thing else," immediately closing his fists and drawing up to his brother.

"Ye maun eat a bow o' meal first, before ye either putt the stane with me, or seght me either," answered Rab contemptuously, and stalked off to look up his father, who stood at a short distance to be ready.

Rab gave his father the signal, and returned to Jock, who by this time had got his mother beside him.

"Gie him a gude gowf in the lug," said his father, "and doner him at first; the first blow is half the battle."

"There they come, Jock," said his mother; "strip aff your claise a' to your breeks, and fight him in your bare buff."

In a few minutes, the challenge was given and acceded to; the crowd formed a ring, and the two brothers darted on each other as furiously as if they had been two bull-dogs.

In the first round, Rab displayed most science, although Jock was the most athletic and hit the hardest, but the blows were not so well directed.

"Hit him laigh, Jock," said his mother, as coolly as if she had been giving him a private lecture in the barn.

At the commencement of the second round, Jock closed on Rab, and throwing back over his knee, struck him while down.

"That is a foul blow," exclaimed his father, springing on him behind his back, and grasping him with both his hands by the throat.

A mixed shout of laughter and disapprobation burst from the crowd, who broke through the ring as the husband and wife and their two sons were commencing battle royal.

At this juncture, Lord Ringsdale and Laird Shadow came up to see what caused the uproar. His Lordship, pushing in through the crowd, commanded the combatants to leave off fighting immediately, testifying his abhorrence of their brutal conduct, and ordering them to be taken into custody immediately for causing a riot, if they should again quarrel or fight during the evening.

"Come awa hame," said the Laird; "I see some suspicious looking characters here; tak care o' your pocket-book and your watch."

"My watch is gone!" said the Earl, perceiving that it had been stolen when he was among the crowd.

"I saw a fallow rin aff as fast as if the de'il had been chasing him this minute; stop thief! stop thief!" called the Laird; "stop thief!" resounded through the crowd in all directions.

In a few minutes, Meg Dyot brought back the Earl his gold watch, which the thief had dropped for fear of being detected with it in his possession. His Lordship having rewarded her handsomely, looked out for the Laird, and having found him, they endeavoured to discover the person the Laird

suspected of the theft, but after a strict search, he was nowhere to be found.

"I am pretty certain," said Laird Shadow, "that I saw parson Pratt, or O'Halloran, and Jock Baird baith here, not an hour ago; they were dressed like Jews, or Turks wi' turbans and loose trowsers, and baith had lang bairds. I am no o'er sure but Meg may be ane o' their conneevers; I wish I had been along wi' you to hae questioned her about how she came by it."

"I saw her pick up a watch," said Goslington, "but I did not know who it belonged to at the time, or that it was a gold one; I merely saw her pursuing the person that dropped it, and was very near him when he let it fall."

"There is something strange about it," said his Lordship, "but I believe Meg to be honest."

While the Earl and the Laird were engaged in consulting about what was to be done respecting the theft, or interrogating Meg Dyot, a Hamilton butcher, known by the name of Skippy, from his quick flying mode of walking like a person on skates, came up to them; "Laird," said he, "I want to speak to you;" and giving him a nod, as the Laird was in no haste to move, "Come here, I say; come here, I want to speak wi' you by yourself."

"You are a bad man, Skippy," said the Laird, advancing towards him, "I want to have nothing to say to you; you cheated me out o' the price o' the veal calf I sold you, by swearing that you had pay't me."

"Whist, Laird! say nought about it; just stap in here and I'll pay you; but if I did swear't, do you think for a bit oath that I was to be affronted afore a' the gentlemen." Without more ado, Skippy paid the money, and the Laird returned again to his Lordship.

The dancing now commenced in a couple of barns, and Sir Hector, with the Whult's daughter for his partner, who was an excellent dancer, and a great toast at all the fairs, was dancing a foursome reel to the bagpipes as our party drove off, leaving the revelry just as it was beginning within doors to become noisy and frolicsome.

The Laird of Cantercanny was too unwieldy to walk, and therefore could only enjoy the dance by looking on and taking his glass, while his friend Sir Hector and the young heiress of the Snawtown cut their capers as merrily on the earthen barn floor as if it had been the best dancing-room.

At a late hour, the muckle Laird, as he was called from his enormous size, returned home, lightened of his pocket-book, having got some of the colliers to help him into his carriage, which was a construction *sui generis*, being as strong and heavy as a coal-cart, and without springs, placed on four low wheels, and drawn by two ponies. Sir Hector was so much pleased with his partner as to see her home towards morning, when he made her the offer of his hand, and being well received, in a few days he called on Laird Shadow to invite him to his wedding.

Next day after the fair, in confirmation of the Laird's having discovered O'Halloran and Jock Baird, notwithstanding their eastern costume, as one of the keepers of Hamilton Park was walking along the top of a high precipice, he perceived that the ground had been trode and the rail broken directly over it; when finding his way to the bed of the Avon in another direction, where the rocks were accessible, he found Jock Baird, dressed as the Laird described him, sitting, eating a piece of mutton-pie he had in his basket, with both his legs broken. Jock had been very drunk when he met

with the accident, and although he accused O'Halloran of having deprived him of his share of the booty at the fair, and then of throwing him over the rock, there was no further proof than his assertion, which, of course, under such circumstances, was but little to be depended on.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RESCUE.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,  
As deep recoiling surges foam below,  
Prone down the rock the whit'ning sheet descends,  
And viewless Echo's ear astonished rends.  
Dim seen, thro' rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,  
The hoary cavern wide surrounding lowers ;  
Still, thro' the gap, the struggling river toils,  
And still below the horrid cauldron boils.

BURNS.

JONATHAN returned with the Laird to Hazleton-hall, where he remained for some time, making himself acquainted with Scottish husbandry, and the breeding and management of stock.

On the evening of the Quarter Fair, Goslington accompanied Lord Ringsdale to the Castle. For a few days he thought of little else but his late visit to Edinburgh. Lady Rosa's image floated as a vision before his imagination day and night. He became less attentive to his dress; and his studies, which hitherto had been his delight, now frequently were irksome to him. In vain he sought to dispel his despondency by his favourite amusement of angling; it seemed a cruel sport, and he gazed with a sympathizing pity on the struggling trout as he

drew it from the stream, and on more occasions than one, restored the gulping fish half dead to its native element, after holding it in his hand irresolute whether to throw his fishing-rod aside, or suppress his feelings, which he knew were morbidly acute. The rocky banks appeared gloomy to him; the very foliage of the trees and the verdure of the fields seemed to him to have faded; the murmurs of the stream and the whispering breeze had a melancholy sound. In short, his mind was haunted with concealed love, and he pined in secret under a passion which he cherished, but sought to conceal.

He gave vent in love-sick ditties to his disconsolate imagination, but poetry rather tended to increase than to allay the internal flame which consumed him. He became a frequent correspondent with his sister, in order that Lady Rosa might read his letters, which were rather turgid and verbose, but at the same time full of fraternal affection.

His pencil too fanned the flame of his idolatry for Lady Rosa. He drew her portrait again and again, and wore it in his bosom. His Lordship began to fear, from his wan look, that he laboured under some disease both of body and mind.

Goslington himself became sensible of the impropriety of suffering his mind to sink under the misery of a deluded fancy, and at times he despised himself for indulging in such a weakness, as to pine in hopeless love, and that too without any real cause. He bethought himself of his neglect of his friend Domine Birchall, and he felt ashamed that he had been several months in the country without paying him any further attention than that of a casual visit, only for a few minutes; and that he had never invited him to spend an hour at the Castle. He therefore immediately wrote to Mr. Birchall, requesting of him to spend the first afternoon that



he was at leisure with him at Ringsdale. He had even made up his mind to reveal the cause of his unhappiness to the Domine, when he received a letter from his sister, informing him, that in a few days, Lady Rosa and she would leave the city and return to the country. His Lordship also received a letter from his daughter to the same effect, and mentioning the particular time. A very perceptible improvement discovered itself in our youth's countenance, and instead of his listless apathy to external objects, he found that Nature had regained her native charms, and the woods, and rocks, and streams wore a benignant aspect; the fields were gay, and the light of Heaven cheerful.

The Domine had heard of the declining state of his pupil's health and dejected spirits, with no small share of apprehension for the consequences, and he was most agreeably surprised to find him happy and apparently in good health. He, however, shrewdly suspected, that his love for Lady Rosa had caused his young friend to neglect him lately, and as he returned home, he remarked, that as Lady Rosa's company would for some time engage his whole attention, that during her stay in the country, he must expect their intimacy would again be suspended.

Goslington could not conceal his consciousness of meriting this retort, on hearing the Domine's inuendo; and to do away, without any suspicions, from Mr. Birchall's mind that he had of late become cold in his friendship to him, he accompanied him some distance towards the Stonehouse, and on taking his leave of him, very warmly expressed the great pleasure he should at all times have in seeing him and enjoying his company.

The happy hour at last arrived that brought the young lady back to Ringsdale Castle, accompanied by his sister Peggy.

On the night after her return, he had a dream which impressed itself deeply on his mind, and for this cause alone we mention it, for we ourselves have little faith in dreams, and more than suspect that as he was lately a little imaginative and whimsical in his waking dreams; he was also in this case equally so in his sleeping ones. In his dream he imagined that the moon shed a faint silvery light in the clear unclouded sky, and there appeared a little rose-bud, still unblown, surrounded by an oval wreath of green ivy; immediately the moon shone forth with redoubled splendour—the stars sparkled in the cerulean vault of Heaven—the rose enlarged—the calix opened—the petals expanded—and the corolla displayed a full blown damask rose. Never had he beheld any thing so exquisitely beautiful, and he awoke, sorry to think that the vision of the rose and wreath which had visited his slumbers had vanished.

Next day he had recourse to his pencil, and made a very pretty drawing of the subject of his dream. Although we will not accuse him of being so credulous as to believe his dream portentous, yet we have little doubt that, in the workings of his poetic fancy, he discovered in it some emblematical allusion to the adolescence and womanhood of the young lady whom his love had almost deified.

He had now less time to indulge in the romantic idea of youthful love. Lady Rosa and his sister employed him in more active pursuits; nay, since he enjoyed the company of the young Countess, the intensity of his passion had vanished as the fairy fabric of the gelid frost melts before the beams of the rising sun.

His sister Peggy was of a lively and happy disposition, and she had spent her time so agreeably in Edinburgh, that she had an inexhaustible store

of amusement for him, in recounting her charming walks among the delightful scenery which surrounded the city—her pastimes—and pursuits. But if she had been highly pleased with her visit to the city, and had found amusements in occasionally intermixing with the busy bustling crowd in the streets; for as Lady Rosa and she, when along with some select friends, had only visited a very few of the public places of amusement, this was nearly all the extent of their intercourse with society. She now infinitely preferred the retired walks among the shady banks and braes of the Avon, adjoining to the Castle.

She had greatly profited in her taste for music, and making allowance for the few instructions she had received from her music master, she sang with an amazing correctness of expression, and aided by the lively glances of her bright eyes and lovely countenance, she was absolutely captivating. Lady Rosa and she sung a variety of the fine Scotch songs set to our national music, and Goslington accompanied them with his flute, till Ringsdale Castle re-echoed with their merry carols.

A few days after Lady Rosa's arrival at the Castle, she reminded the Earl, that when Laird Shadow was in Edinburgh, she had invited him to visit her and to see Miss Shadow, on their return into the country. His Lordship, therefore, sent a servant to Hazleton to inform him of their arrival, and that Lady Rosa requested to see him, to spend a day or two at the Castle. The Laird, on the day following, took a drive in his new vehicle to Ringsdale, to pay his respects to her Ladyship and the Earl.

He considered himself so particularly obliged by the friendship which the young lady had paid to Peggy, and by this mark of respect, that he hardly

knew how to express himself for the obligations she had conferred on him and his daughter. Had he been addressing the Earl himself, the natural vigour of his mind would have enabled him to have expressed his feelings without embarrassment; but he felt himself a little abashed in conversing with the young lady, whom he considered ought to be addressed by him in more respectful and appropriate language. Besides, although heretofore he spoke contemptuously of the elegant manner and polite address of genteel society, he in some degree began to have a relish for them, although probably he was not conscious of the change which had taken place in his opinions. In conversing with her ladyship, being under the necessity of speaking the Scottish dialect, he felt ashamed at his homely language and vulgar idioms. But he had a quick and almost intuitive perception of propriety, and if he could have occasionally introduced a few phrases which he had heard Goslington make use of, and which passed current from the fashion of the time, he very carefully avoided them in his conversation; upon the whole, he managed to make himself very agreeable company, and as the Earl bore a considerable share in the conversation, he felt very considerably relieved by so able a coadjutor.

He was uncommonly pleased with the improvement which he perceived in Peggy, both in her manners and address; and truly, her countenance bespoke a good deal of ease and courtesy, while in her air and gait she had already made rapid and considerable approaches to the accomplished young lady.

After tea, the Laird gathered more courage, for the very sight of the tea-table produced new and great commotions in his breast, indeed almost

equal to what a private *tête-à-tête* with the young Countess would have caused.

But before he took his leave, being in high spirits, and becoming a little more talkative, "my lady," said he, "I should be very happy that your ladyship would come o'er bye with Peggy, when the grouse shooting begins, and see my wife and me."

"Miss Shadow and I have an intention of coming over, with papa and Mr. Goslington, on the first day of the moors, if the weather is fine," said Lady Rosa, "and we are to have a marquee erected on the borders of the moors, where we shall expect you to accompany us, and in the evening we shall return with you to Hazleton-hall."

"Yes," said the Earl, "we have had this project on the tapis for several days, and if the day is fine, the young ladies shall not be disappointed; perhaps Goslington and I may come over the evening before, to commence shooting early."

These preliminaries being settled, and the Laird gone home, Goslington felt a load of care removed off his breast, from the kind reception his father met with at the Castle; and happily for him, he did not tease himself by inquiring into the cause of all this unceasing kindness to his family. Light of heart, he sought out new sources of amusement for the young ladies, and day after day passed over in mirth and happiness.

One day, after a considerable fall of rain, the Avon being of a proper colour and height for salmon fishing, which that season were very plenty in the river, Goslington having provided himself with an elegant salmon rod, and an assortment of flies, went to fish for salmon, accompanied by Lady Rosa and his sister, who went to see the amusement. At a short distance below Ringsdale, at what is

called the Patrick-holm-Linn, the Avon falls over a rock of some considerable height into a deep pool, which foams, and whirls, and boils below. When the river is swollen, and the wind in a certain direction, the noise is often heard at the distance of two or three miles; and in frosty weather, when the roar of the linn is heard loud and inconstant by the people who live near the banks of the river, it is considered by them to betoken a change of weather, and is generally, in the course of a day or two, followed by a thaw.

This waterfall forms an impediment to the salmon in ascending the river, and it is only when the Avon is of a certain height that they can over-leap it.

The fishing was about to terminate, for it was towards the beginning of autumn, and a great number of salmon were collected below the waterfall, where they could be seen swimming in shoals. Near the top of the linn, a net was suspended on each side to catch the fish which were swept back by the current, and fell into it in attempting to ascend the river by overleaping the cascade.

While Goslington was engaged in fishing, at a short distance from where the young ladies were standing, on a rock which overhung the waterfall, amusing themselves by looking at the salmon which were continually springing out of the water, and darting with the rapidity of an arrow against the torrent in its descent; Lady Rosa, approaching too near the brink, on seeing some of the fish fall into the net, which hung on the side of the river where she was standing, becoming giddy from the noise and rapid motion of the water, fell over into the deep chasm below, where the foaming torrent leaped and dashed about in wild circling eddies. Goslington, on hearing his sister screaming in dis-

traction, and perceiving that Lady Rosa had disappeared, ran in despair to the edge of the rock overlooking the whirlpool; and seeing Lady Rosa sink under the water, without thinking of his own danger, he threw himself head foremost into the awful gulf.

Although there was a considerable depth of water; owing to the height from which he precipitated himself into it, in descending to the bottom, his head struck against a rock, and nearly deprived him of his senses. For a few moments, he struggled under the water, in the greatest hazard of being drowned. As he was buoyed to the surface, in his efforts to save himself, being unable to swim, he got hold of a large fragment of rock, which stuck out of the water, on which he placed himself, grasping it firmly with both his hands.

He looked wildly around him: Rosa, he thought, must have perished, and he called to his sister, who could make him no answer, having fallen down in a swoon from terror in witnessing this tragic scene. At this moment, he caught a glimpse of Rosa's white dress, agitated by the stream. Plunging again into the water, he rushed towards the spot, and grasping Rosa in his arms, bore her to a sand-bank towards the lower extremity of the pool.

He placed her on a bank, and used every means he could think of to restore animation; but her face was pale as death; she lay motionless, and discovered no symptoms of life. Pressing her to his bosom, he kissed her cold lips, and gazing on her in agony, conceiving she was dead, he sprung on his feet, and taking his last look of her, was about to have precipitated himself into the foaming cavern, to put an end to his miserable existence. But Heaven withheld him from his guilty purpose. At this instant, a sudden gleam of lightning burst from the clouds, followed by a loud clap of thun-

der; he fell on his knees, and wept over Rosa, when she gave a convulsive sigh; he now redoubled his efforts to restore animation, and Peggy, recovering from her swoon, came to his assistance. Rosa's bosom began to heave—she opened her eyes, and seeing them bending over her, and herself covered with blood, from the wound on our youth's head, she faintly said, "do not murder me."

Peggy, grasping her by the hand, said, "Rosa, it is Peggy and Goslington," and stretching herself on the ground, took Rosa in her arms and pressed her to her breast. Goslington again fell on his knees, in silent adoration of Divine goodness, and gazed on the Heavens self-condemned.

It was some time before she was so far recovered as to be moved, when Goslington, taking her in his arms, with the assistance of his sister Peggy, carried her up the steep bank to a cottage on the top of the hill, where, leaving her to the care of Peggy and the cottager's wife, he returned towards Ringsdale to take the necessary measures for having her ladyship conveyed to the Castle, and to prevent the Earl from hearing of the accident before her arrival thither.

To accomplish his purpose, it required the greatest precaution on his part, for his clothes were not only wet but bloody; and had he gone directly to the Castle, his appearance must have excited alarm. Leaving the road, and keeping retired from view, under the cover of the coppice, which grew on the banks of the river, he directed his course to one of the gamekeeper's lodges, at the entrance into the park. Here he gave directions that Lady Rosa's maid should be privately made acquainted that her ladyship had got wet, from a fall into the river, and where she was to wait on her. He then,



having dressed the wound on his forehead, and having changed his clothes, got the coachman as secretly as he could to bring the carriage round to the lodge. But before all this could be effected, to his great joy, Peggy and the woman at the cottage had arranged matters so as to provide her ladyship with dry clothes, and as she was greatly recovered, had mounted her on a donkey which they had obtained from Meg Dyot, whose head-quarters was at the Kittymuir, she rode up to the lodge. Soon after, the coachman came with the carriage, and they arrived at the Castle some time before the Earl knew that any thing had befallen them.

Indeed, they had agreed among themselves to have concealed the accident completely from his lordship's knowledge, and had set all their ingenuity to work how to account for Goslington's broken head. And although they had not been able to contrive so satisfactory an account as they could have wished, of the how and when, so as not to excite his suspicion that they were prevaricating respecting it, still they determined to stick to their resolution, and meant to have reconsidered the matter at their leisure. All this was done with the very best intentions, and was one of those deceits which, like pious frauds and white lies, are supposed to be harmless and innocent. On this occasion, therefore, it appeared to them to be expedient, as it has done to many others, under a variety of circumstances, that neither the truth nor the whole truth should be spoken. How far, immediately after two of their number had been on the very verge of eternity, they were justified in framing a false report, we know not; at all events, their scheme in the end proved abortive, and after all their precautions, it came to his lordship's ears in a way they had not anticipated.

Meg Dyot was on her way towards the Castle, to bring back her donkey, and seeing his lordship taking his evening walk in the park, with large strides, laughing wildly and talking to herself, she advanced towards him, calling out with the voice of a stentor, and holding up both her arms, with all the vehement energy of attitude, and expression of countenance, as if she had been Paul preaching at Athens. "I aye tell't you, my Lord, he was a Stuart! a true blue Stuart frae tap to tae! he soon lap into the buller in weel and brought out my leddy; and had it been a linn o' fire and brimstone, he wad hae fallowed her into't, and no left her there ahint him."

His lordship looked on Meg with amazement, unable to comprehend her rhapsody, and hardly knowing whether she was mad or drunk. "What do you mean, Meg? or who is a Stuart?" said he.

"Ah! ha! ha! and ye speer that after what's happened! I think I see the fearnought birkie dive in the weel as he had been an otter after a saw-mon," said Meg, with exultation, for she was pretty groggy.

"Tell me plainly what you mean, Meg," said the Earl, with earnest surprise, and betraying in his looks a good deal of agitation.

"Do you no ken, then, my Lord," answered Meg, "that this afternoon Lady Rosa fell into the Patrick-holm-Linn, and wad hae been droon't had na Goslington lupen in after her and ta'en her out. That she did; and it had na been for him, ye wad no hae a dochter the night to ca' you by the name o' faither."

The Earl was struck with horror, and stood for a few moments unable to move from the spot on which he stood. "Hold me up," said he, "or I

shall fall, for the ground seems to whirl round with me."

"She's safe enough now, my Lord," replied Meg, "and dinna fright yoursel' to death after a' the danger's o'er. I wish I had only been there mysel' to have lent him a hand; we should a' have had a watery grave thegither afore Lady Rosa should have been lost. But what need I talk? she's as safe and sound as a *burn* trout in a pool without me."

As soon as the Earl recovered himself to be able to walk, he desired Meg to let him take hold of her arm, and he returned to the Castle, quite overcome with the thoughts of the awful hazard from which his daughter had so narrowly escaped.

As soon as the Earl was in a state of mind to enter into conversation with Meg, she made him acquainted with the whole particulars of the accident which had befallen Lady Rosa, and of her fortunate rescue from such extreme jeopardy. His mind, therefore, became more tranquillized before he reached the Castle, and he was sufficiently calm to give directions that Meg should have some refreshment, but by no means to be indulged with any liquor, and that she should be attended to till she became less inebriated.

On seeing Rosa, his paternal feelings again overcame him, and in the first transport of his joy, he rushed into her arms, while she, no less affected, hung around his neck, and bedewed his bosom with her tears. Our youth and Peggy, unable to conceal their emotions, retired into another room that they might not disturb, by their presence, this affectionate interview of the Earl and his daughter. In a few minutes, however, his lordship followed them, and a scene no less moving once more ensued.

During this period, Meg Dyot was in that happy

state of exhilaration which immediately succeeds the free indulgence in the use of spirituous liquors; her ideas were bright, and her imagination extravagant. She was seated in the kitchen, gratifying her appetite with a piece of cold meat, and she had begged so hard for a tankard of strong ale, that notwithstanding the Earl's peremptory injunctions to the contrary, the servants could not deny her, and the reaming draught, clear as amber, so cool and comfortable to the stomach, and not a little potent, having been once granted and so much approved of, she begged still harder for another. This, however, was pertinaciously refused, and having finished her meal, she smoked her pipe, and was almost on the eve of being compelled to become sober, very much against her will. Fertile in expedients, and knowing that every time heretofore the Earl had sent her into the kitchen, the ale had flowed in a spring tide; instead of laying it to heart, and sitting sulky, chewing the cud of disappointment, she resolved to practise on their credulity, by reminding them that she possessed the gift of fortune-telling.

There is a natural propensity in the human mind to look beyond the present, although the vail interposed between us and futurity obscures our foresight nearly as much as our back would do the light, were we compelled to walk backwards. It is true, that such of us as have made up our minds that we cannot help ourselves, having no hope to better our condition, make a virtue of necessity, and jog on in the dark. But superstition, like a will o' the wisp, has, in all ages and in all countries, misled the ignorant and the credulous, who have run a muck after a shadow and caught the wind, and priestcraft, and kingcraft, and witchcraft have combined to keep up the delusion, by pretending that

they were delegated by the powers of light and darkness to manage the concerns of this world, which was a sort of neutral ground between the realms of their respective sovereigns; and that those who wished to pry into the arcana of Nature, if they would only pay a fair price, might always gratify their curiosity—not indeed by being permitted to take a peep behind the curtain themselves, and see with their own eyes into the vast abyss of the past, the present, and the future, although on certain festivals, there were special indulgencies granted to all dealers in the black art, at least in Scotland, as in the rites of Hallow-e'en—but that at all times they might learn at secondhand the fate that awaited them. Perhaps, owing to the prince of the powers of darkness being more communicative than the powers that be, thought proper to permit his agents on earth, since the days of Saul, had been prohibited, on the pain of death and the confiscation of their goods, from transacting his business; and in Scotland, the law had been put into execution with a vengeance hardly inferior to what, in olden times, were exercised against the priests of Baal.

Indeed, it does not appear to have suited his Satanic Majesty's policy to trust his affairs to the management of others; for, according to all accounts, he bears a very active part himself, and never had, since the downfall of Paganism, (for we by no means take upon ourselves to say that the Pope was the false prophet) any thing like a respectable establishment. The whole tribe of wizards, and warlocks, and witches, were nothing more than a sort of poor, half-starved wretches; and the few reputed witches that remain in our days are only ugly, withered old hags, and by no means suit his purpose so well as some others with greater charms.

Meg Dyot was by no means famous as a spae-wife; she only now and then would spae their fortunes to indulge her neighbours, or to induce them to help her to some cold victuals, or to bestow on her a sixpence to drink, or even on a pinch, a few halfpence to buy tobacco; but she was a shifty one, and seeing that on the present occasion no more ale was forthcoming, "I tell't Lady Kitty-muir lang ago," said she, "that my bonny young leddy here wad be in danger o' fire and o' water, and sweet saf us," giving her head a shake, and looking very knowingly, "if they be gude servants, they're at a' times unco bad masters."

"In danger of fire and of water!" exclaimed the servants. "Lady Rosa has almost been drowned, and must she be in danger of being burnt to death next."

"I hae my houps," replied Meg, "that we might tell her afore the time happens, and she might tak' waur council than mine if my leddy only ken't it; but than ye a' look on me as naebody, and no ane o' you will sae muckle as gie me a drop o' yill whan my mouth's as dry as a whistle." This was no time to withhold so small a favour from one who could render their dear young lady such essential services, and with one consent they all agreed that she should have a quart pot of the best ale in the cellar.

"That's something sorsy," said Meg, as she laid hold of the jug of ale, and took a hearty pull, "and now, if ye wad set the tappet hen and her birds on the table, and mak me a strong cup o' gude warm tea neist, wi' a bit buttered toast, ye might expect a blessing to follow your kindness to a puir woman like me."

Of course, there was no objection to so harmless a beverage, for it comported with the Earl's orders

to treat her kindly ; besides, they thought it very unlucky to incur her displeasure, for they had repeatedly heard old Bauldy say 'that she had an evil eye.' But then a fresh difficulty occurred : "I maun hae a glass o' whiskey in my last cup," said Meg, "for if I dinna get it the tea will blaw me up like a pair o' ballows, and I will do naithing but rift, and puff, and blaw, like a broken-winded horse;" at the same time she set too belching wind and eructating as fast as she could.

Meg having added a glass of whiskey to her tea by way of carminative, next exercised her skill in palmistry ; and as she knew pretty well which way the land lay with most of the maids, she made them very satisfactory responses respecting the colour of the men's hair, and such like, who should be their future husbands, and she took care that their hair and figure exactly resembled those of their sweethearts.

She had still another little favour to ask. "Surely, some o' you hae an auld cast-off gown, or a pair o' stockings, or a bit auld ribbon, or ony auld rag o' a sark, to bestow in charity, and I'll awa hame."

Meg, having filled her capacious stomach, next filled her basket, and wishing them all happy dreams and a good night's rest, mounted her donkey and took her road to the Kittymuir with her truck, singing as merrily as a lark, to the tune of A May Morning.

#### MEG'S SONG.

I'm pinch'd eneugh tae fen' mysel',  
An' unco pinch'd we'll a' be yet ;  
Whan times will men' but few can tell,  
Still I hae got a bawbee yet.

CHORUS.—A bawbee yet, a bawbee yet,  
Still I hae got a bawbee yet.

Let nae the great folks play the fool,  
 Or beggar'd we will a' be yet;  
 Our back as bare's the birk in yule,  
 Nor in our pouch a bawbee yet.  
 CHORUS.—A bawbee, &c.  
 Nor in, &c.

Twa dogs about a bane will snarl,  
 An' bark and bite so shabby yet;  
 Kings will fa' out and fecht and quarrel,  
 An' fechtin' we will a' be yet.  
 CHORUS.—We'll a' be, &c.  
 An' fechtin', &c.

We're brethren o' ae flesh an' bluid,  
 An' gude frien's we may a' be yet;  
 Sae let us gree while greein's gude,  
 An' trade an' turn the bawbee yet.  
 CHORUS.—The bawbee, &c.  
 And trade, &c.

Come let us sing God save the king;  
 An' happy may we a' be yet;  
 O wad he tak' us 'neath his wing,  
 An' mak' our plack a bawbee yet.  
 CHORUS.—A bawbee, &c.  
 An' mak', &c.



## CHAPTER VII.

## THE MOORS.

Now westlin' winds and slaught'ring guns  
 Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;  
 The moorcock springs on whirring wings,  
 Among the blooming heather.

SCOTCH SONG.

ON the evening before the grouse shooting commenced, Lord Ringsdale arrived at Hazleton-hall by himself; as it had been agreed upon that Goslington should drive over in the carriage with Lady Rosa and Miss Shadow next forenoon; for he was not yet sufficiently recovered from the effects of the wound on his head to be able to take an active part in the sports of the day.

"You have been as gude as your word, my Lord, and I am happy to see you," said the Laird, handing him out of his shooting carriage; "so Goslington's no weel enough yet to come along wi' your lordship;" adding, "by this time, I houp Lady Rosa's no the waur o' her fright from the accident she met with."

"She is well," replied the Earl, "and Goslington will be here to-morrow with the ladies."

"I shall be glad to see them a'; walk in, my Lord: my young friend here, Mr. Rifleman," who stood beside them, "will take Goslington's dogs and gun, and will accompany you to the moors as early as you please to-morrow morning, and I'll gang out mysel' and see how you speed, but 'am nae shot," said the Laird.

After the usual salutations and compliments had passed between the Earl and Mr. Rifleman, "I hear you are an excellent shot, Mr. Rifleman, and I expect, from the fineness of the weather, we shall have good sport to-morrow," said the Earl.

Jonathan knew that, with his rifle, he could shoot a squirrel in the eye on the top of a lofty tree, but he had seen others equal, nay, superior to himself, among the backwoodsmen in America, and he replied, "I am afraid that your lordship has heard too favourable a report of my shooting, for I have seen many much better shots than myself, who were not looked upon as being any way out of the common run."

"And they maun hae been gude anes, then, Mr. Rifleman," said the Laird, "for ye'll no hardly miss a swallow on the wing, with a rifle ball, if ye shoot as weel as I hae seen you."

"Indeed," answered his Lordship, "you astonish me."

During this conversation, the party stood in front of the house, and they now walked in and sat down to tea.

"My Lord," said Mrs. Shadow, as without ceremony they sat down in a plain, friendly manner, around the tea-table, "it has pleased God, in the dispensations of his providence, to manifest his goodness in an especial manner to you in preserving your daughter from an untimely and a watery grave; and I say the same of his mercy to myself and my husband on that occasion, and I hope that none of us will ever forget to be thankful for it."

For a moment or two after Mrs. Shadow made this remark, the Earl sat in silence; there was something sermonizing in the language which she made use of, but her countenance neither discovered any

confusion on account of his high rank, nor did she affect any puritanical sanctity of air or gesture, but in a calm and sedate manner, she seemed to speak the sentiments of her heart, without disguise, and without restraint.

"You have my sincere thanks, Mrs. Shadow," said his lordship, as he shook her by the hand, "for reminding me of my duty; Rosa is my only daughter, and had I lost her, I must have passed the remainder of my life in sorrow, with no one to comfort me, and ——." He would have said more, but he was unable to proceed, the conflict of joy and grief in his bosom was too intense to be expressed.

"My dear Tibby," said the Laird, "it is very true, but forbear, my dear; forbear at present."

The conversation was, for a short time, suspended, when Mrs. Shadow observed, "fowling is a cruel amusement, my Lord! do you not feel sorry to destroy the moorfowl? They are to-night fearless of what is to befall them to-morrow morning, when they will be scattered and terrified by your dogs and guns. This is the last night that many of them will ever fly about on the heath!"

There was a strain of tender feeling in the bosom of every one in the company, somewhat attuned to those sentiments which she uttered, and if ever there was a time when a keen sportsman could have felt a sympathy for the feathered race, it was the present. In them the feeling was transient, with her it was otherwise. But there was this wide difference between Mrs. Shadow's situation and those who surrounded her—she had never felt the gladdening impulse, when, in the lovely autumnal morning, the sun sheds his beams o'er the dewy lea, and the blooming heath diffuses joy into the fowler's breast as he takes the field, with his point-

ers, full of animation, while they scour the field in search of game. She had never seen them draw upon a covey with that inimitable sagacity which the fowler alone can appreciate, and never felt the glorious tumult of joy when the covey springs, the gun is levelled, and the birds drop. She had never seen the well-trained dog crouch on the ground with wishful eye, at the command of *down charge* until the gun is loaded—if she had, perhaps her delicate feelings might have been very different from what they were.

His lordship, with that respect for her tenderness, for which, indeed, he revered her the more, replied, “it was obviously the intention of Nature that game were created for the fowler. The more we reflect on this subject, the more satisfied we shall be with the truth of this assertion. The world itself, and every thing animate and inanimate it contains or produces, was made for the use of man; besides, there is no more cruelty in enjoying the pleasure of hunting, or fowling, or fishing, than there is in depriving an animal of life, coolly and deliberately, for the use of the table. We have our choice; we may live upon vegetable food alone if we are so fastidious as to refuse the variety of fish, and fowl, and quadrupeds, which bountiful Nature has so amply provided for us.”

“The ways of Heaven,” answered Mrs. Shadow, “are inscrutable; and while our hope is in Heaven, in our present degraded state, we are but little elevated above the brutes that perish.”

The Laird and Mr. Rifleman took no part in this discussion; but although neither of them could, without remorse, take away the life of an animal as a butcher, they felt no compunction to act the part of the sportsman.

A little before they were about to retire to bed.

Mrs. Shadow placed a couple of candles and the family Bible on the table. "My Lord," said she, "I hope, as we have lately been chastised in mercy, that you will willingly join with us in family worship."

"By all means," replied the Earl.

"My dear," said the Laird, looking out the psalm with some perturbation, lest his broad dialect should incommode him inadvertently, "I am as thankful to my Maker as I can be; but I will neither be more nor less so, whether I perform family worship, or let it alone for a night."

Perhaps, under other circumstances, Mrs. Shadow had acted properly in a mixed society, some of whom were accustomed to attend to this duty and others not, if, as the Laird seemed to indicate, might have been done without any impropriety, she had omitted family worship for the evening. But at present, there was a kindred feeling of gratitude to the Deity which glowed in their bosoms, and manifested itself in the fervour and piety with which all present joined in this act of devotion. There was nothing forbidding or gloomy in Tibby's religion; it was sincere and evangelical, and if she was uniformly pious and devout, it was the religion of the heart and not of the lips; perhaps she was somewhat enthusiastical, but according to the language of the Sacred Scriptures, which she took for her guide, "it is good to be zealously affected in a good thing."

Early next morning the sportsmen arose, and were in the moors by break of day, and now, ere the sun appeared above the horizon, the guns were heard on every side, and among the grouse the relentless work of death commenced. The season had been early, so that the young birds were large and well grown, and although they were in great

plenty, yet being full fledged, they flew strongly, and were a little shy. The expert shot, therefore, had a decided advantage, as had likewise the active sportsman, who could follow them up quickly after they alighted.

The Earl and Laird Shadow, with a servant to carry the game which his Lordship bagged, took one direction, and Mr. Rifleman, attended by Will Waddell, took another, that they might enjoy the better sport, and not interfere with each other in shooting. And now over the lonely heath, far as the eye could discover objects, the fowler and his dogs might be seen on the hill, or scattered over the wide morass, the circling smoke from the flash of the guns ascended, and the frequent deadly knell was heard. This was a day which the fowler annually marked on the calendar with exultation, and impatiently longed for its return, and now the fleeting hours flew unheeded past. The wealthy citizen forgot his legers and his merchandise—the votaries of fashion forsook the fascinating charms of beauty—the *bon vivant* left his bottle—the voluptuary his ease and luxury, and all with joyful hearts sought health and amusement in the moors on the twelfth of August.

As had been agreed upon, the party met at the place where his Lordship's servants had erected a marquee. Already Goshington and the young ladies were arrived; and the party, after their morning's pleasure, sat down to a cold collation which Laird Shadow had provided for them, and to which his lordship had added some excellent bottled London porter, with a few bottles of the best Madeira he had in his cellar.

The Laird was delighted to see the young Countess so cheerful, and his son but little of an invalid; indeed, he shrewdly suspected that Goshington was

lovesick, and if he ever meant to get well, Lady Rosa must depute his sister Peggy, instead of herself, to become his nurse.

"Goslington," said his father, "have ye no a mind to try your hand to-day ava, man, at a shot or twa, just to see how you like your new gun? Mr. Rifleman maks the moorfowls' feathers stour aff their backs wi' her, and cracks them down sometimes twa and three at a shot," giving a wink to the Earl, and touching Jonathan, who sat behind him, slyly with his elbow.

"And you might have added, Mr. Shadow, that I sometimes shoot into the midst of a covey and not touch a feather on one of them," said Mr. Rifleman. "However, the gun shoots exceedingly well, and I wish, Mr. Goslington, that you would only take a few shots, unless you are afraid of being too much fatigued."

"Mr. Goslington," said Lady Rosa, with a good deal of emotion, her bright blue eyes resting fixed on his face, which was still pale from the frequent bleedings he had undergone, "you must by no means endanger your life by fatiguing yourself in shooting this afternoon." As she finished her sentence, a sweet smile played over her pretty face, which blushed slightly as she expressed so affectionate a regard for our youth's health.

"Hout, my Leddy," said the Laird, with a hearty laugh; "ye'll mak him think that he's like an auld house after a tempest, with the thatch a' blawn aff the rafters; or as crazy as an auld stoup that has lost the legen girr."

"The pitcher only goes once too often to the well," said the Earl, "and I am decidedly against his shooting to-day."

As the party were about to recommence their sport, "my Lord," said Laird Shadow, "I hited

you up the Bangor after supper last night, and now, with your permission and that of the ladies, I will croon you twa or three verses of a sang to-day."

"Let us have your song, Laird, by all means," said three of the company; and he struck up to the tune of the Maid of the Mill.

#### THE LAIRD'S SONG.

The dread of to-morrow,  
Brings trouble and sorrow,  
To people of every degree;  
But to friend or to foe,  
E'en let the world go,  
It only a stage is to me.

CHORUS.—But to friend or to foe, &c. &c.

While we sit here so happy,  
Out over the nappy,  
Let each drink to her he adores;  
Here's, sweethearts and wives,  
The joy of our lives,  
Who drive awa' care frae our doors.

CHORUS.—Here's, sweethearts and wives, &c. &c.

A drop of good brandy,  
To have it so handy,  
Is never forgot by the wise;  
In the blank of dull care,  
We all have our share,  
But a bottle of brandy's a prize.

CHORUS.—In the blank of dull care, &c. &c.

"Encore! encore!" cried the Earl, clapping his hands.

"Na, faith, we hae some ither fish to fry than sitting here singing; we maun be after the moor-fowl again," said the Laird. "Come! come! Mr. Rifleman, let us see you bring down ane o' them with your rifle;" adding, "I had it brought out on purpose."

"Don't shoot the poor bird dead, but only wing



it, that I may get it well again to run about in the garden, or give it its liberty," said Peggy.

"That wad be sportsmanlike, to be sure," said the Laird; "to take hame a' the wounded birds, and cuter them like midden hens in cawie for to let them gang again. Ye was nae aye so tender-hearted, Peggy, for I have seen you mak a birring muircock, on a frosty morning, cowp carling frae hint a dyke back, and than thrav his neck as it had been a saugh woodie, taking him by the neb atween your finger and thumb, and making his body turn round as a horle on a spindle."

"I know better what becomes me now, father," said Peggy, blushing to think what a tomboy she had been, "than to play many of those pranks and antics over again which I have done; when I was a child, I acted as a child; but now that I am a woman, I will put away childish things."

"And that is more than some of us old boys can do, Miss Shadow, to put away childishness at a more advanced period of life," said the Earl, laughing at the *naiveté* with which Peggy made her reply to her father.

Jonathan loaded his gun, and walked off with his pointers to a short distance on the moors, when the dogs made a point, in a place quite in view of the party. He then advanced till one of the grouse which the dogs had set arose before him, and waiting very deliberately, as if with a consciousness of being pretty certain of his aim, when judging it to have flown off about the distance of a hundred yards, he took aim, and firing, the bird dropped as dead as a stone.

"That does na mak me to hae told a lie, ony gate," said the Laird, on seeing the bird fall.

Goslington and the ladies amused themselves in walking about among the blooming heaths of Les-

mahago, which at this season are so exceedingly beautiful; where, to the idea of loneliness which naturally springs up in the mind, is added that of the loveliness of this wilderness, decked with the intermixture of the most delicate and glowing colours; and the contemplative mind beholds with admiration the glorious works of his Creator, who is great even in the least of his works. The day drew to a close, and he returned home with his fair companions, greatly delighted with their pleasant excursion. The other gentlemen, having refreshed themselves, resumed their joyful sport; and it was not till the sun withdrew his beams, and the shades of darkness stole slowly o'er the dusky moorlands, that loaded with game and tired with exertion, they left the scattered grouse to collect together undisturbed for the night, and pursued their way home.

With cheerful smiles, Mrs. Shadow welcomed her visitors on their return; and during the evening, the Laird's hospitality was liberally displayed, while his lively conversation and warm-hearted, unostentatious courtesy gave a zest to the festive board. However, as Tibby presided at the table, and from the high respectability and refined manners of his guests, as well as from his wonted and unspiced temperance and decorum, the Laird neither indulged, nor any one else, in that Bacchanalian mirth which Burns has so inimitably described in his *Tam O'Shanter*; yet with this proviso, we may fairly adapt his words to our host.

"Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en droon'd himself amang the nappy."

For several days during the beginning of the shooting season, the Laird enjoyed the pleasure of seeing himself surrounded by his honoured and re-

spected friends ; all of whom it was his utmost ambition to see happy. And we may add, that as soon as an opportunity presented itself, he showed the Earl the improvements he was making on his little estate and premises—together with exhibiting to him his dead and live stock, both of which commanded his lordship's highest admiration—and indeed, to do the Laird justice, every thing displayed the greatest order and neatness. His new mansion and all its appurtenances were erected on a small scale, but in a handsome and tasteful style.

Mrs. Shadow was no less attentive to Lady Rosa ; and she failed not to advise her, above all things, not to pursue the sinful vanities of this life, to which her high rank peculiarly exposed her, but to fear and serve her Creator and Preserver in the days of her youth. Tibby also amused her ladyship in showing her the various arts of housewifery in which she excelled, and explained to her the management of the dairy ; and as most of these matters were new to her ladyship, they served to amuse her. If the goodwife's discourse was seasoned with a little too much admonition, and religious instruction, to be entertaining to the young lady, it was not the less agreeable to her, nor the less attentively listened to : for the thoughts of her recent almost miraculous escape from death, impressed deeply on her mind the uncertainty of life, the nothingness of our present existence compared to eternity, or the pomp and splendour of the highest earthly dignity, compared with the felicity which the mind hopes for in a state of future and eternal happiness.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE BONSPHEL.

Thro' ilka cranny hole and bore,  
 The whirling drift blew ben,  
 And stood in wreaths ahint the door,  
 In dubs in the fire en'.  
 The snaw lay white o'er a' the knowes,  
 Thick frozen ware the holes,  
 Some play'd at ice for yill and rowes,  
 And ithers ca'd their coals.

ANONYMOUS.

BEFORE Lord Ringsdale returned to the Castle, he and Laird Shadow had agreed to spend the winter in Edinburgh, as his lordship intended that Lady Rosa should make her appearance in public, and that he should introduce her to society among the nobility who resided in the Scottish metropolis, during the winter season. The Laird also had a mind to afford Peggy every opportunity of acquiring a more finished education than she yet possessed, and of extending his own acquaintance among people of rank and property.

Goslington had likewise expressed a wish to attend the classes at Edinburgh during the ensuing session, as he was dissatisfied with the mode in which the mathematical class was conducted in the university of Glasgow. Not indeed from any dislike to the professor, nor from any opinion that he entertained to his prejudice respecting his abilities as a mathematician, for he held him in the highest respect, both as being a very worthy man, and well versed in the higher branches of the mathematics,

which he was that winter to study, along with moral philosophy. But the professor was unable to maintain that subordination in his class which our youth thought he ought to have done, and he instanced some pretty strong proofs to his father, that a turbulent spirit prevailed among the mathematical students: such as firing off squibs and crackers in the classroom during the lecture; annoying the professor with their projectiles, by keeping up a pretty constant fire at him from spitting pease through a hollow tube in his very face, as he was engaged in pointing to the diagrams on a board with his rod in his demonstration of the propositions of Euclid. These malpractices were, we trust, chiefly confined to the tricky boys of the first class, and we hope, for the honour of his alma mater, that Goslington might himself have become a very able mathematician under the tuition of this gentlemen, who thus suffered himself to be imposed upon.

Mr. Rifleman corroborated the report that his young friend Goslington had given, and furthermore stated his resolution of studying at the university of Edinburgh in preference to that of Glasgow. The youths likewise had a desire to direct some portion of their time to the study of physic and of the law; and they did not fail to remind the Laird of the manifold advantages which would result from their attending at a university, where these sciences had so particularly flourished, and which had long been considered the fountain head in forensic and medical literature.

Mrs. Shadow highly approved of their joint resolution, for she did not look on most of those divines, who had been brought up at the college of Glasgow, as being so orthodox as those of the sister university. And as she had not yet wholly relinquished the idea of Goslington's devoting himself

to the service of the church, she hoped that he might not be contaminated at Edinburgh with those Deistical principles which young men were reported to imbibe in the Ethical class elsewhere.

The Laird, however, while he admitted that the young gentlemen had advanced very cogent reasons for pursuing their academical studies at Edinburgh, was, nevertheless, of a mind that he discovered equally efficient causes as those they adduced for their present resolution. The young ladies were to be in Edinburgh, and he thought it was more than probable that this circumstance had by no means been overlooked by them, although they did not choose to acknowledge it. Otherwise, why had they never said any thing respecting the matter, till it was understood that Lady Rosa and Miss Shadow were to be in the city? He by no means attached any blame to them for acting as they did; but he was not so short-sighted as not to discover their real motives. This was nearly the sum and substance of the Laird's cogitations, as he weighed the affair in his own mind.

The result was, that when the Earl and Laird Shadow took up their winter's quarters in the city, the young gentlemen accompanied them and the ladies thither, where they remained to prosecute their studies.

At the Christmas holydays, the Laird having a mind to spend New-Year's day at Hazleton-hall with the goodwife, for she preferred to stay in the country, and did not go with him into the city; he proposed to Lord Ringsdale to take a drive with him into Lanarkshire, as the weather was uncommonly fine and the roads good, it having for several days been a settled frost, without any snow on the ground. The Earl was the more easily prevailed upon to accompany him, having heard by the pre-

ceding post, that the Stonehouse and Glasford parishes were to play a bonspel of six renks, on the Milnholm dam, for beef and greens, to be paid for by the losers.

Curling, as it is called, is a game almost peculiar to Scotland, and if it is practised elsewhere, it is chiefly by Scotchmen. Being indeed their principal national game, it excites a great deal of interest among people of all ranks; and parishes often meet at the distance of ten or a dozen of miles or upwards, to play a bonspel, especially if they have obtained celebrity as ice players. In this respect, the parishes of Stonehouse and Glasford have long been rivals, although the latter more generally have the advantage, probably owing to their possessing a better opportunity to practise curling from local circumstances.

In this instance the Stonehouse parish had given the challenge, and that they might leave no stone unturned to succeed, they were at great pains to muster all their best players. The Earl had taken great interest in curling, and had selected, into what was called Lord Ringsdale's renk, a number of skilful players; among whom Laird Shadow was looked upon as being one of the best, and generally directed the game, and played the last stone, especially when they played a bonspel with another parish. For on other occasions his lordship played the seventh, or last stone, and directed the other players himself.

Mr. Rifleman, being desirous to witness this match, which was expected to be so ably contested, he and Goslington rode out with the Earl and Laird Shadow, in his lordship's carriage, to Ringsdale Castle.

Towards evening, there was a slight fall of snow, so that his lordship and Laird Shadow began to be

afraid that the bonspel, which was to be played the next day, might not take place.

All over the parishes of Stonehouse and Glasford, many an anxious look was cast towards the sky during the evening, as the stars shone out or disappeared. The moon was nearly full, and a distant halo appeared around her.

Early next morning, however, the stars shone bright and clear, and long before daylight, the flails resounded in every barn, the weavers were on their looms, and after an early breakfast, on every quarter the ice players were running with their curling stones on their shoulders, or drawing them behind them by their brooms on the snow.

The frost towards morning had been severe ; the bottom of the Avon was in many places covered with ice, over which the water flowed, floating down on its surface what is called in Scotland *gru*, or snaw broo.

The bold rocky banks of the Avon, all around Ringsdale, displayed the most magnificent splendour imaginable, covered over with ice from the water which had frozen as it dropped down over their surfaces, and reflecting the rays of the sun, they shone bright as crystal, exhibiting the most fantastic forms or grottos, or emulating the architecture of temples, or palaces, or castles in ruins ; as if the abodes of those beings, called fairies, so famed in Scottish legends. At present, the banks of the Avon truly deserved the appellation of being a fairy land. The trees and bushes, in their hoary brumal mantle, sparkled as overhung with pearls or diamonds on every twig, and far excelled the grandeur of their foliage or vernal blossoms. But the *tout ensemble* of the prospect was rather appalling than beautiful, and, in fact, it was sublime. But its aspect was deathful



and desolate ; the robe of Nature was indeed gorgeous, but it inspired gloom.

Goslington had been looking from the windows of the Castle which overlooked the course of the river, when his father entered the room ; turning round and addressing him, " is not the scene splendid," said he ?

" Ye may ca' it what you like ; if it be splendid it is a ghostly splendidness," said the Laird ; " but tho' there will be nae luck o' this day, we maun be aff to the ice, blaw rain, blaw snaw, or come what weather will."

As the Earl and Laird Shadow, with the two young gentlemen, arrived in good time on the ice, they had leisure to survey the bustling scene that was going forward. The curlers collected together in crowds on the ice, with brooms in their hands, some muffled up from the cold, for the air was keen and piercing, with greatcoats, and mittens, and boot hose ; others, less thickly clad, were flapping their arms about their sides to keep them warm, or blowing their breath into the palms of their hands. The whole country seemed to have broke loose in all directions ; on both sides of the river, those who came to play and those who came to look on, were seen running down the banks towards the milldam, as a routed army fleeing in confusion.

On the Glasford side of the Avon, the approach to the milldam was more confined ; the Glasford players brought their curling stones in carts to the top of the Hunterlees *brae* ; where the descent was not steep, some set them a rolling on their edges, others dragged them on the snow, and others carried them on their shoulders, running and shouting.

The different renks were marked out according to the distance that had been agreed upon, under

the superintendence of the two water bailies, who were to settle all disputes that might arise during the *bonspel*; and having been well swept, the playing commenced. The Headsrenk on the Glasford side played against Lord Ringsdale' renk on that of the Stonehouse. Having tossed up for the ice, the *hind hand* players placed themselves by the tee to give directions.

The Laird, finding that the ice was smooth and hard from the keenness of the frost, and that the Headsrenk having the heaviest stones, took the lead at the beginning of the game; fearing that the day would go against him, he began to caution his players not to play too strong. "Canny na'; just be unco canny, and let them soop you a' the gate," he called out to the players; still the stones passed the tee, and then he would exclaim, "the like o' that, a' by the tee thegither; we'll no get a shot the day if ye gang on that gate!"

Among the Headsrenk were several strong athletic players, and with their large three-cornered stones and fashioned like a cocked hat, they blocked up the renk and began to shout, as they gained three or four heads running.

"I'm fear't, my Lord," said the Laird to the Earl, "our meal's a' daigh."

"Dont fear, Laird," said his lordship, "we may come up with them yet; the wind gets southerly."

In the morning, the sound of the stones on the ice was clear and loud, like a high-tuned fiddle, but it gradually declined, and the Laird's players began to play more steadily. At this time, the Headsrenk had two stones well guarded, in, and it came to the sixth stone, which his lordship played.

As he took up his stone and swept the bottom with his broom—"Tak aff your mittens, my Lord; muffled cats ware ne'er good mouse-hunters,"

called out the Laird; "just straight your arm on that," placing his broom on the guards, "and dinna play o'er hard neither; but be sure and no miss." His Lordship broke off the guards and came in the first shot.

The Laird threw up his hat in the air, and running down the side of the renk, to meet the Earl, called out "huzza! huzza! huzza! gie's a wag o' your hand, my Lord; that was like yoursel'."

The Laird was now in better spirits, although still behind.

The next time that it came to his lordship's turn to play, the opposite party had again two stones nearest the tee, but they had now missed their guard. "Come up," said the Laird, "just a gude tee length shot, my Lord, and dinna be o'er hard to fling awa your shot."

He played rather hard, and he took out both the stones, but his own passed the tee some distance. "Ye're o'er strong, my Lord," said the Laird; "ye're far o'er strong, but I ken'd ye lik'd a claff; I ken'd ye lik'd a claff."

When the Laird came to play—"Ye see their winner, Laird," said Lord Ringsdale; "come up and rest at it."

"I see the winner," said the Laird, "but I have unco little room; wad nae ye hae me tak an out week o' ane o' our ain stanes."

"Take which you please, Laird," said the Earl.

The Laird took the Earl's directions, and finding that he was right on the stone, he ran up behind his own, calling out, "gie me days, gie me days, I hae't like a ribbon." Lord Ringsdale's renk shouted till they rent the air—"they lay of five."

"That's a shot for you," called out the Laird; "as I came up the pass, there was not room to stick the blade of a knife between my stone and theirs."

The clouds collected towards the southwest, and the Laird had no longer occasion to cry "canny." It was now, "break an egg on that—straight your elbow—be sure and be up—dinna be a hog—take out this stane and gang whare ye like yoursell." And instead of "they're a' bye thegither," it was "soop, soop—he's no o'er the hog—I tell you soop—come awa wi' him—soop him a' the gate."

The snow fell, and the Heads renk wanted to change their stones, or to take in their tees, but the Laird would agree to neither. "I did na ask you to play mair than the distance," said he, "in the morning, when the ice was keen, and ye need not ask me to play less now that it's waughy."

"By no means," said the Earl; "we were to play at forty-five yards distance, and we cannot alter it unless it is agreed to on both sides."

The water bailies gave it in favour of the distance which had been agreed upon.

"Kick the stanes thegither," cried the Heads renk, who were losing; "we will play nae mair the day."

On counting up the game, the Glasford people were several shots ahead of the Stonehouse players; and as the day did not permit the bonspel to be played out, it was decided by the umpires to be played for again the first time that could be agreed upon, and that all were to pay for what refreshment they had.

The young gentlemen had not been players, but they had an opportunity of witnessing the game, and amusing themselves in skating, or in whatever way pleased their fancy.

They both directed their attention to geology; and the valley at this part of the Avon served to confirm Goslington in his opinion that it was pro-

duced by the constant attrition of the stream, and not excavated during the deluge, as has been maintained to have been the case, in the formation of the courses of rivers generally, by very high authority.

"Is it not obvious to you, Mr. Rifleman, standing on the spot we now are," said Goslington, "that the banks which surround this valley are soft and easily washed away by the river; consequently, the course of the river here is broad, and if you will only look above and below this place, you will see the banks are precipitous, and the channel becomes narrow at both ends, where the banks are rocky?"

"It is so," replied Mr. Rifleman; "the valley presents the appearance of having been a small lake of about two miles in length, and half a mile in breadth."

"And of from three to four hundred feet in depth," answered Goslington. "But you will perceive that the banks, where they are rocky, approach each other within three or four hundred feet in some places. Is it not evident to you that a large current could not be so narrow as to run within this small compass?"

"Had the current been large and deep," replied Mr. Rifleman, "and have risen some height above the banks, it must have caused a more gradual descent to the bed of the river."

"But you see," said Goslington, "that the top of the banks are nearly as high as the country around them, and that the channel is almost worn perpendicularly. I have therefore no doubt, but that the Avon, at least, formed its own channel, and that the valley we now stand in was not produced by the deluge, nor by any of those causes on which so much stress has been laid, which, by the abettors of

the deluvial origin of the channel of rivers no longer exists."

We shall, on this occasion, say with the poet, "*non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites claudite jam rivos pueri.*"

During the time which the youths had been exercising their judgments on this curious and intricate geological question, the curlers had finished their beef and greens, and Lord Ringsdale and Laird Shadow were ready to return home.

The Laird, however, had ordered his pony to be brought, on which he rode directly to Hazleton-hall, while the young gentlemen returned with his lordship in the carriage, and as soon as the weather permitted, they took a post-chaise, in order to return to Edinburgh, leaving the Laird in the country.

## CHAPTER IX.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH.

O mortal man, that livest here by toil,  
 Cease to repine and grudge thy hard estate !  
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;  
 And certes for it there is reason great,  
 Although it sometimes makes thee weep and wail,  
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late ;  
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
 Loose life, unruly passion, and diseases pale !

BEATTIE.

THE distress which of late began to be generally felt, especially by the middle and lower classes of society in Great Britain, caused an outcry of woe and misery, loud as that of vice and folly from sinful Sodom, which ascended up to Heaven. The people lacked bread, and the insupportable weight of taxation pressed them to the earth. Discontent and wretchedness walked hand in hand, while extravagance and oppression in the government squandered the public money, and reduced thousands from affluence to beggary. "Rebellion reared its sneaky crest," and the glorious fabric of the British constitution seemed in danger of falling headlong into ruin, supplanted by anarchy and confusion. In such a crisis, every well-wisher of his country felt an interest in averting these evils under which his native land suffered, and with which it was still further threatened.

A general consternation prevailed among all ranks, and meetings were held all over the kingdom

to investigate the causes which operated so powerfully and so suddenly in hurling the British nation from the height of prosperity into a state of want and misery; and to resolve upon the most likely means of relieving, for the present, the sufferings of the poor and labouring classes, great numbers of whom were out of employment, and with their families, were famishing for the want of subsistence.

Many of those who enjoyed affluence, exerted themselves in their own immediate neighbourhood, in acts of charity among their poor neighbours; and societies were formed for the purpose of affording temporary relief to the necessitous by voluntary subscription. Nor by any means were these charitable and humane feelings towards the poor more conspicuous among the Whigs, who on all occasions make such brotherly protestations of good will and regard for the interest of the people, than they were among the Tories.

The Whig party were, perhaps, more loud in their lamentations over the public calamity, and probably, out of opposition to the Tories, they greatly magnified the extent to which it existed; while they inflamed the minds of the people and exasperated them against the ministry, by their declamatory speeches at public meetings, and even, occasionally, in the House of Commons, against the folly and extravagance of those in power, to whose mismanagement of public affairs they attributed the present ruinous and distracted state of the nation.

What had for some time added considerably to the number of miserable wretches, who were pining in a state of starvation was, the great number of disbanded soldiers and sailors, who, at the termination of the war, had been dismissed from the British service, who not only rendered work scarce by the



excess of workmen, and consequently lowered the wages, besides making work more difficult to be got; and as many of these were unable to find any employment, there was no alternative but that they must beg, or steal, or starve. While the greater number of poor mechanics and labourers, with their families, which form so great a proportion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, were in this situation, the little pittance of private charity was like a grain of sand on the sea-shore, or a bason of meagre soup, which they obtained for their families from the soup societies, as a drop of water to the ocean. The charity of the Tories might, perhaps, not altogether have been owing to their humanity or sympathy for the poor, but as they enjoyed the loaves and fishes, they gave a few crumbs in charity to save their bacon. The heart recoils with horror from the thought of such a mass of people, unable to procure the necessaries of life, although in health and willing to work, depending for their very existence on charity.

On the cessation of hostilities, the transition from war to peace produced a new order of things, not only in England, but on the continents of Europe and America. England, therefore, as a great commercial country, had not only to suffer from contingencies which immediately affected her own situation, but also in her commercial intercourse with other nations, she felt the reaction of that violent shock, which, at this time, the greater part of the civilized world sustained. Foreign nations, impoverished by a long and expensive war, which for many years raged over the whole continent of Europe, and even extended itself to America, were, at the commencement of the peace, unable to purchase British goods, with which the market was glutted from the want of demand,

and the over-abundant supply, arising from the extensive application of steam as a moving power in our manufactories, and the facilities which it afforded the manufacturer of producing an almost unlimited quantity of goods. The farmer was in a still worse condition than the manufacturer; owing likewise to a combination of causes, the agricultural produce greatly exceeded the demand—the markets were inundated with corn, and the seller was unable to cope with the buyer in disposing of his grain. Indeed, his present case was the worst imaginable; he was still struggling under the burden of nearly the same high rent and taxes as during the war, but at the very time that the price of grain, and stock, and every thing he had to dispose of, fell, the poor rates in the south of the kingdom became double, nay, treble what they had been in more prosperous times.

Public meetings were held, and petitions presented, praying for relief and for the removal of those taxes which pressed so heavily on the farmer; but so great and so general was the distress, that a distinguished writer on political economy was of opinion, "that if the whole of the taxes were at once removed, even this measure would not afford that relief which was expected."

The frequency of public meetings, the immense crowds that collected together, the topics which they discussed, and even the places in which they assembled, excited the apprehensions of ministers, and the Tory party did all they could to discountenance and prevent these meetings, by representing them as seditious and hostile to the government; and at one of their meetings at Manchester, the magistrates dispersed them *vi et armis* by the yeomanry cavalry.

At this period, a reform in the House of Com-

mons was thought necessary by men of all parties, with the exception of a few high-minded aristocrats, who were decidedly for things as they were; and in general, these held high offices in the state, and enjoyed large pensions, or sinecures under government.

But while there were so many friends to reform, real and pretended, there was no mutual agreement among them to what extent reform in parliament was to be carried. On the contrary, they differed widely among themselves as to the nature of the reform which they wanted: 'one said one thing, and one said another,' and many among them hardly knew what they meant by a parliamentary reform. And as the different parties adhered with the greatest tenacity to their own opinions, and assailed those of the others with the greatest violence and acrimony, they spent their rage on one another, instead of uniting to have made a decided and unanimous effort.

The Tory reformists, so far as they went, were by no means out of the right way towards a better representation of the people in parliament. They urged "that by disfranchising some of the old and almost depopulated boroughs, and transferring the elective privilege of franchise to some of the largest commercial towns, that the people would be fully and fairly represented"—that is as much as they thought the people ought to be, for the good of the nation at large.

The Radicals, on the other extreme point of this highly important political question; contended "that representation ought to be coextensive with taxation and military duty; and that every man, at the age of twenty-one years, who had paid taxes, or was liable to do military duty, should be entitled to a vote for a member of Parliament, unless he

was, in their opinion, incapacitated—by being a soldier—or having been criminally convicted in a court of judicature.” They also contended “for annual parliaments—voting by ballot—and that unless these principles were adhered to in electing the representatives of the people in the House of Commons, the people could never be fully, fairly, and freely represented.”

The Whigs occupied the intermediate space between these opposite parties, some of them verging on Radicalism, and others differing merely in party distinction from the Tories. Nor did the Whigs differ more from one another, than some of them at one time differed from themselves at another. By this vacillating conduct, they incurred the censure of both the other parties, and were accused “of supporting principles of the broadest democracy, or unlimited tyranny, as they were in or out of office, being mere time-servers, on whom, as a body, no reliance could be placed. When at home, on their estates, they were all for the people, that they might use them as stepping stones to place and power; and when in parliament, they spoke and acted as suited their own private views and interests.”

But although this was looked upon as a fair estimate of the conduct and character of the Whigs at large, it was nevertheless admitted, that among this camelion party, there were men of upright conduct and irreproachable principles.

The Whigs urged in apology for themselves, “that they had not only to do with a matter of right in a case which Nature had clearly and distinctly marked out the boundaries, but also of expediency.”

The Whigs and Radicals could not amalgamate. In fact, the Whigs were no less abusive of the

Radicals, or less adverse to their principles than the Tories.

The Radicals endeavoured to justify their principles upon the natural and imperishable rights of men. And although they did not attempt to deny, that men, in certain states of society, might, by their ignorance or prejudices, be unable to exercise these rights—they urged that the inhabitants of Great Britain possessed sufficient knowledge to exercise their natural rights with discretion.

The British nation generally, since the American revolution, were more enlightened in their ideas respecting the nature of *liberty*, and the public opinion was more favourable to religious and political liberty, than it had been anterior to that period. This was the natural consequence of an increase of knowledge; the result of freedom in America had been some time tried on an extensive scale, and the great mass of the British public, if they were still partial to their own monarchical form of government and their constitution, were daily acquiring a greater bias towards republican principles, from the rational and unexpensive form of government which they saw established in the United States of America.

Those revolutionary principles which agitated Great Britain at the commencement of the war, and which had been engendered by the French revolution, had been suppressed by Mr. Pitt and his associates; they had likewise sunk greatly in the public opinion, from the atrocious barbarities which has stamped the character of the blood-thirsty French revolutionists with eternal infamy. These principles, however, had, notwithstanding, never been totally extinguished; they only slumbered, hushed by the roar of British victory, and soothed by the flow of British trade; but now they awoke

with redoubled vigour, and were supported by an immense host of discontented and desperate partizans.

The late war which had been undertaken in opposition to these revolutionary principles that menaced the existence of the established governments of Europe, and had been disseminated in England, had terminated in the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France, and had crushed the gigantic power of Buonaparte, whose mad ambition led him to aspire to universal empire. But the expense incurred by the British government had been enormous. Very different opinions have been entertained by the ablest statesmen respecting the policy of the British cabinet in interfering with the French nation in modelling their own form of government; and of the justice of declaring war against them, or of the necessity that existed of commencing hostilities with this democracy. If Burke exerted his great eloquence and directed the whole strength of his talents to show that we were compelled, out of self-defence, to enter into war with this '*new system, a revolution of doctrine and theoretic dogma,*' as he called it, others who were probably as well qualified to judge respecting these matters as we can suppose him to have been, strongly protested against the war, and made a great effort to prevent it. It is noway necessary at this period, to attempt to inquire into the justice or injustice of the war, or for the necessity that existed for it, because it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences had it not taken place. Suffice it to say, a most enormous expense was incurred by the British nation in prosecuting this war, in which all Europe became engaged.

The writings of the venal Burke on the French révolution had unquestionably the greatest in-

fluence, both with ministers in commencing and prosecuting the war; and with the people in reconciling them to the measures of the British cabinet, which, at the commencement of our rupture with France, were exceedingly unpopular among the great body of the more enlightened and liberal minded of all classes of the people. But that he prostituted his great and splendid talents to promote the war, with an eye to his own interests, at the expense of sacrificing the lives of countless thousands who fell during the sanguinary contest which he took such an active part in exciting and continuing, is at this instant so obvious, that it is hardly possible for us to conceal our surprise that the good sense of the British nation should have been so easily and so grossly imposed upon as to have read his fallacious, though elegant writings with patience, much less with approbation. But so it was—for to support monarchy and put down republicanism was the order of the day; and embarked Europe in a war against opinions and principles, almost as chivalrous as the crusades of the Christians into the Holy Land, in their war against Infidels.

But in order the more correctly to enter into the views of the ministerial party, it ought to be observed that the French revolution began soon after the United States of America had gained their independence; yet, during this short period, Mr. Burke and Mr. Pitt had completely changed their political creed. Mr. Pitt had begun his public life the decided and powerful enemy of those corruptions which then existed, and still, in a great measure, exist in the House of Commons. And it was the systematic and well-conducted efforts which he made in behalf of parliamentary reform, at the very period when the measure was highly popular,

and supported by men of the most eminent rank and talents in the British nation, that first raised his fame and brought him into power. He became prime minister, and not only abandoned, but vehemently opposed and persecuted the very principles he had himself so ably supported.

Very true! it has been said by his intimate friend Lord Erskine, "that he was minister at an awful crisis!" and that "as Mr. Pitt's principles, illustrated by the American contest was, that the holding high abuses of government had been the foundation of all danger and violence to its authority." At this time "he would therefore have again brought forward the British constitution in its purity, as an antidote to republican speculations. But unfortunately for England, he could not do this without, at least, a temporary sacrifice of his station as a minister, because without very essential changes in his principles, his Majesty could not be so served, nor a British Parliament so conducted."

Mr. Pitt, therefore, made his selection; and alarmed, perhaps, at the contagion of French principles, he resolved to suppress the spirit of liberty at home, and to cut off its access from abroad. It is now quite immaterial, however, whether in his high station he viewed matters in a different light from what he had formerly done, or whether he joined those who supported corruption from motives of policy. In fact, it is pretty evident that neither his late Majesty nor his ministers were disposed to promote the cause of liberty either at home or abroad, not having yet become reconciled to the loss of the American colonies, or to the republican form of government which recently had been established among the independent and United States of America. And probably, a kindred feeling still lurked in the breasts of a majority of the peo-



ple, which so strongly disposed the moneyed and landed interests to a blind support of the ministers of the day.

Unfortunately, some of those societies, instituted for promoting a reform in Parliament, by their extravagant encomiums on the French revolution, mixed with bitter invectives on the constitution, and the corruptions of the House of Commons, gave offence to government, and a proclamation was issued, urging the magistrates throughout the kingdom to the vigilant discharge of their duties.

This was an eventful era in the history of the British nation, and at this period commenced that disunion between the people and their rulers which then violated the harmony of society, and at a very late period, threatened to have convulsed the nation with anarchy and confusion.

Ministers having likewise used every effort to disunite the Whigs among themselves, and to bring many of them over to coalesce with their views, began to adopt those measures which terminated in war, and embroiled the whole powers of contending Europe.

At the same time, the British minister, with that deep policy by which he endeavoured to veil the conduct of the British cabinet, and the better to silence the reproaches of those who opposed their hostile interference with the French revolution, and who reprobated their conduct in engaging in a war with France, attempted to justify the commencement of hostilities on the grounds of defensive warfare against the democratic system of fraternization, which, having overturned monarchy in France, was secretly endeavouring to subvert the whole of the established governments in Europe, and by its emissaries, was disseminating jacobinical principles, and exciting anarchy, to violate our esta-

blished religion, and profane our holy altars : and, in fine, he declared that the war had proceeded from France.

As we are at present no further interested in the causes and consequences of the late war than regards our present situation, we shall pass over the opposition which was made by the minority against "this frenzy," as they justly termed it, of pursuing a contest which had been entered into *without any defined or definable object*. Neither shall we direct our attention to those rapid and disastrous trains of events which disgraced Europe, broke up the confederacy of the Allies, and for some time left Britain alone in the contest to contend with the gigantic power of France : nor shall we recount the various fortunes of a long and bloody war which afterward desolated Europe, and ultimately ended in restoring the royal dynasty in France, and the coalition of the Holy Alliance to plot and execute future crusades against liberty and the rights of men.

Still we cannot reflect on the past without unfeigned sorrow that the conduct of Great Britain on this occasion was so rash and precipitate. For if, instead of countenancing the allies in their confederacy against republican France, and encouraging them to enter her territories, she had become the arbitress of Europe, and had pledged herself to have prevented the hostile interference of the continental powers. Still further, had she aided the new government of France by her mature civil wisdom, in modelling a constitution consistent with the principles of rational liberty, perhaps the horrors of the French revolution might, in a great measure, have been averted. But granting that her strict regard for legitimate monarchy had kept her aloof from interfering between the

sovereign and the people, and that the revolution from the beginning was too turbulent and disorganizing in its principles for her to have intermeddled in a friendly manner with the new order of affairs; had she placed herself at the head of a powerful armed neutrality, with what a commanding voice might she have dictated to the new republic the terms on which they could have been received within the pale of established authorities; and might she not even then have maintained the peace of Europe?

Unquestionably, had the contending parties in France been left to themselves to have modelled their own form of government, whatever blood might have been shed in their intestine broils the stranger party must necessarily have at last prevailed, and the weaker party have submitted to the sway of public opinion. But when France was distracted with the rage and animosity of party spirit, and vigilantly guarded by a force sufficient to have awed her into subjection to the laws of nations, she could never have presumed to have aimed at aggrandizement or the extension of territory.

Had the peace of Europe, by the prudent councils of our rulers, remained undisturbed, and instead of the enormous increase of the national debt, the exhausted condition of our exchequer, the delapidated state of our finances, and the galling load of additional taxation, under which the sinews of our national industry are now cracking; had we been gradually diminishing this burthen, which neither we nor our children ever can bear, bequeathed to us as original sin by our forefathers, and which we have greatly enlarged by our own transgressions; had we extended our commerce, improved our manufactories, and cultivated the arts and sciences in peace, how enviable would have been our situ-

ation to what it is at present! Our poor would have been employed and enjoying the fruits of their labours—our poor-rates and our taxes would have been diminished—our farmers would have paid their rents—our country gentlemen and noblemen would have remained in the kingdom, and not have been compelled, from imperious necessity, to reduce their establishments and to resort to foreign countries to escape from bankruptcy and the ruin of their families. Yes, undoubtedly, the nation, at this moment, might have been in the very height of prosperity, and Great Britain, as the guardian angel of liberty and humanity, might have been the idol of the whole globe, and gradually have extended the same blessings of our free and happy government to other nations, who are now suffering under tyranny and despotism. But this golden age is yet far distant, and however great may be the power and influence of the British government, and to whatever unlimited extent our manufactories and our commerce may yet be carried, the lower classes are inevitably doomed to a situation but little more enviable than that of mere beasts of burden; they are, in fact, more to be pitied than our slaves in the West Indies, who never knew the blessings of liberty.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE RADICALS.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,  
 And by the moonbeam sheok to see  
 A sterne and stalwart ghaist arise,  
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.  
 Had I a statue been o' stane,  
 His darin look had daunted me ;  
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,  
 The sacred posy—Libertie !

BURNS.

SINCE we have broke in upon the thread of our narrative to look back on the war, regardless of consequences, we would express ourselves with honest indignation that its consequences now overwhelm us in the common ruin; and while we lament the direful condition of our beloved and distracted country, touching political matters we shall, for the future, be obliged to deal more in detail, as the private concerns of our principal characters become more intimately blended with those of the public.

On the day on which Goslington and Mr. Rifleman set off from Ringsdale Castle, on their way to Edinburgh, a large Radical meeting was to be held in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, to arouse the dormant spirit of the people, and excite them to stand forward in their own behalf. As the youths considered the increase of distance by turning a few miles out of their road in this direction a matter of small consideration, they indulged their curiosity of becoming spectators of what was done

withstood; and whom, supported by the Radicals *en masse*, nothing could withstand. Nor less distinguished by their military air and carriage there were yet others on whom they placed great confidence—vast numbers among them had served in the militia, or in some volunteer corps; and what gave life and spirit to the Radical meeting was, that although they were not present, they could likewise calculate on a great many well-trained and well-mounted troops of yeomanry cavalry, all valiant men and eager to meet the foe. Besides these, they were amply supplied with fifiers and drummers, commissioned and non-commissioned officers who had seen actual service, and who were devotedly attached to their cause. In addition to these who were to form the regular Radical squadron for the lower ward of Lanerkshire, there were yet a great number who, not having been disciplined, were to be armed *en masse* with pikes and pitchforks, *pro tempore*.

The Radicals, having nearly lost all hopes of attaining their object by peaceable measures, directed their principal attention at this meeting to the more gross abuses on the part of government, and such as were considered the most unpopular; not indeed with the intention of petitioning against them, but that those who attended might be informed to what a pitch corruption had arrived among those who sat at the helm of affairs. In their speeches, and to do them justice, some of them were very much to the point, and were delivered with a good deal of animation, they were lavish in their execrations against pensions, sinecures, a large standing army in time of peace, &c. and most of all, against the imperfect and unjust manner in which the people were represented, or rather misrepresented in parliament, which enabled ministers

to carry on their corruptions to the ruin of the nation.

Goslington and Jonathan being at a short distance from the stage, heard distinctly what was said by those who addressed the people ; and it was with infinite surprise that, among other orators, they saw Laird Shadow mount the platform, with a James Wilson, from Straven.

Wilson was an old reformer, and soon after the beginning of the war with France, among several others, who had entered into a society for parliamentary reform, he had been brought before the magistrates at Hamilton to give an account of the nature of their proceedings. Nothing having appeared in writing against the society, Wilson was questioned if he had ever heard any of his associates make use of any abusive or mutinous language respecting government ?

"Nane o' them that I mind o', said ony thing wrang, and it ware na Captain Coventry whiles let out a word or twa a wee thoughtlessly," said Wilson.

"What did you ever hear him say against government ?" asked one of the magistrates.

"Mair than was true, I houp," replied Wilson.

"Answer my question to the full extent of your knowledge," said the magistrate.

"Why then, since I maun tell you," replied Wilson, "I heard him say that ministers ware a set o' rascals a' thegither, and that the king himself was as great a rascal as ony o' them, and for the House o' Commons, it was naithing else than a nuisance."

"He is guilty of gross libels against his Majesty and against his ministers, and the House of Commons!" exclaimed the whole bench of magistrates;

by such a vast concourse of people, collected together for political discussions.

When they drove up to the place of meeting, great crowds were collecting together from the city, and the adjoining villages and country, with banners and caps of liberty, and bands of music playing 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.' This national air was selected to remind them of the undaunted courage of their forefathers, who fought and died for their country, as an incentive to their own fortitude in braving the hardships which they had to encounter themselves, after the heroic and patriotic example of their ancestors. Some likewise who had wives, no less devoted to the cause than themselves, brought them along with them, and even some of them with their infants at their breasts; some of their daughters and sweethearts likewise were present, and animated with the same unconquerable spirit which laws cannot control and despotism cannot subdue.

We attempt not to justify the intention of many of those deluded people, who, on this occasion, assembled to nurse their animosity against the government of their country, and to concert measures for its subversion; but even in the misguided zeal of many others, amidst the deep rancour they harboured in their minds, against the flagrant abuses of a corrupt government, there was also blended much of that noble spirit of independence which the Deity hath implanted in human nature, for one of the wisest and best purposes, that of supporting our rights in society which ambitious and despotic kings have trodden under foot.

A mutual and reciprocal interest between the governor and the governed, is as the grand principle of attraction and gravity in the universe, which binds nature together and regulates the motions of the



planets in their orbits. It is as the life's blood in society. But the poor and the destitute, goaded to madness by poverty and oppression, looked on themselves as the outcasts of the public community; they had met and petitioned in thousands and tens of thousands with all the humility and loyalty that could have reasonably been expected of men in their situation by the higher powers; their wrongs had met no redress—their grievances had not been listened to—nay, the maddening thought, they had been treated with scorn and contempt.

The far greater part of those who took any part in the business of the meeting, or harangued the crowd, were poor, indigent mechanics, and people of low circumstances; and if ever there was an assemblage of human beings, who, from their shabby habiliments and meanness of exterior might have afforded a fair opportunity for Hogarth to have exercised his pencil in delineating their outrageous grotesque figures, it was the present. But among the radicals, there were some more particularly conspicuous from the energy of their countenances, strongly marked as they were with the bold outline of skin and bone, and intersected by the numerous wrinkles which carking care had worn on their weather-beaten cheeks, animated with resentment for past services forgotten and neglected by all but themselves and a comrade or two who had shared in their toils; as they thought on the war in the peninsula, or the battle of Waterloo; for among these were some hardy old veterans, disciplined in the service of their country—these could only have been matched among the marshalled hosts of Hell as the Prince of Darkness rallied his defeated troops in the infernal regions. These were their forlorn hope, whom, under Wellington nothing had

"we must have him taken into custody immediately."

"Has he no other name than Captain Coventry," said one of the magistrates.

"To be sure, he had a name as weel as ither folks," said Wilson; "but then ye canna get haud o' him; for he's dead."

Laird Shadow being introduced to some of the principal reformers at the meeting by Wilson, who was himself eminent among them, and being known to be a man of large property, a good deal of attention was paid to him. After he had heard some very violent speeches, he stood up to address the meeting himself.

"Mr. President," said the Laird, "after what I have heard and seen to-day, I wad advise the folks here to gang awa hame and mind their wark, for ye may as weel speak to the stane wa' as speak to ministers about annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, for they'll no hear a word ye hae to say about them. And for doing ony thing by the strong hand wi' government, ye may as weel think o' pu'ing doon the sun out o' the Heaven that's shining afore you; nought else will pu' doon the government but the cankerous tooth o' time, tak my word for't. But if ye want to get your heads ta'en off your shoulders——."

The Laird was obliged to stop short in his speech, for amidst shouts and hisses what he said could no longer be heard.

After the meeting broke up, the Laird having discovered Goslington and Jonathan among the crowd, he, and Wilson, and the young gentlemen went to the inn where he had his horse put up. In the course of their conversation, Wilson proceeded to give the Laird an account of the manner in which the Radicals conducted their meetings.

"In order to concentrate public opinion respecting what is to be done for obtaining our object, since government have neglected our petitions, societies have been formed all over the kingdom," said Wilson.

"Your object!" said the Laird; "what is your object? is na it rebellion?"

"We have not yet avowed this object," said Wilson. "but you interrupt me, Laird!" and he proceeded;

"There is a society in every village; and in populous towns, the reformers are divided into as many distinct societies as are necessary, that their members may meet within doors. In regulating these societies, it is judged expedient to have no leaders, that government may be unable to fix on any individual as an object of punishment; but each presides at the successive meetings in rotation. And in the correspondence to be maintained among the societies, delegates are sent all over the kingdom to consult, *viva voce*, as their conferences cannot, for obvious reasons, be committed to writing. The expense which may be incurred by these delegations is defrayed by each member's paying one penny a week."

"And this is the mystery of Radical policy," said the Laird. "It is as wild and visionary a scheme as ever entered into men's heads. Are you really such fools as to believe that you can keep government in the dark all the while that you are brewing all the mischief you can against it? If it does na turn out in the end, that while ye are trying to hoodwink government, ye are only hoodwinking yourselves, ye may say a fool said it; for they have their spies at wark amang you, and ye'll find yoursel's a' outwitted and betrayed thegither, for the

hale plot is ane o' government's ain hatching to render reformers odious to the public."

"We will toss up our caps at government," said Wilson, "when five hundred thousand people shall rise up as one man to assert their rights, as they did in France when the Bastille fell."

"And that is to be the upshot?" said the Laird.

"Yes," replied Wilson, "and the soldiers themselves will join us."

"Then ye are a pack o' rebels, the hale o' ye, and so gude night," said the Laird, who, with Goslington and Jonathan, bidding Wilson and the Radicals adieu, drove into Glasgow.

After their arrival at the Star inn, for on their way thither they had no opportunity for conversation, as the Laird drove his dennet, and the young gentlemen were in a post-chaise—"What brought you baith here?" said the Laird, as they sat down to dinner.

"To see the Radical meeting, Laird," said Mr. Rifleman, "and to hear your fine speech," giving Goslington a nod, who joined him in a hearty laugh at the Laird's oratory.

"The de'il a bit o' that ye did," said the Laird, "for ye did na ken I was to be at the meeting; and neither wad I hae gane the length o' my foot to it, but I had business at Glasgow, and just stopped to hear what the puir bodies had to say, and to ken what they wad be at."

"They would reform parliament, and enjoy rational liberty in choosing their own representatives in the House of Commons, which is certainly every Englishman's birthright," said Mr. Rifleman.

"In the present state of Great Britain," said Goslington, "annual parliaments and universal suffrages are far from being desired by the people generally, with the exception of a number of enthusiasts

among the lower classes, who are misled by the blasphemous and rebellious publications with which the press teems."

"I do not pretend to judge," replied Jonathan, "how far the people would be benefited if all that they asked were conceded to them; but this much is obvious, from what I heard unquestionably proved this afternoon, that great abuses do exist in the present administration of British government, and that the true way of preventing these abuses is a more extensive representation of the people in Parliament."

"Of this I have not the smallest doubt, and I have not quite lost my time this afternoon," said the Laird, who had never troubled his head much about politics, and knew but little of these abuses which he had heard exposed, "but ae thing I see clearly, if government dinna mend their manners, Great Britain will gang a gray gate. The magistrates mak a fuss about a puir body's seeking his betters, and instead o' giving him an aumows, they tak him up and pit him in the tolbooth; and keep clattering that the kintra's o'errun wi' idle vagrants, and gangerel beggars; but I say the muckle folk are themsel's the greatest beggars amang us, and they herrie us out o' house and ha'."

The next day the Laird and the young gentlemen returned to Edinburgh, and while they prosecuted their studies, he devoted a good deal of time to literary pursuits; read Ricardo on Political Economy—Malthus on Population—corresponded with Owen of New Lanerk, respecting his schemes in ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes—but never afterward attended any Radical meetings, or associated with those who dabbled in Radical politics.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE DEFEAT.

Soon heels o'er gowdie ! in he gangs,  
 And like a sheep's-head i' the tangs,  
 Thy girnin laugh, enjoys his pangs,  
     And murd'ring wrestle,  
 As dangling in the wind he hangs,  
     A gibbet's tassle.

BURNS.

ON the first day of April, commonly called in the  
 tland 'hunt the gowk day,' the Radicals were  
 ise in arms all over Scotland, expecting those  
 England to have risen a day or two sooner.  
 A signal agreed upon between the English and  
 tch Radicals for their co-operation, was the  
 ping of the London mail by the former, on its  
 northward. On the preceding day, printed  
 cards were stuck up in many places of the city  
 Glasgow, and in the adjoining country-towns and  
 ices, announcing that they were to take the  
 l, and calling upon all the defenders of liberty  
 lock to the Radical standard.

Vilson, whom we mentioned in the foregoing  
 pter as having long been a man of consequence  
 ng the Straven reformers, being chosen for their  
 ler by a few half-witted enthusiasts, and having  
 on an old rusty sword by his side, like a man  
 var, with front erect, and his sword drawn in his  
 d, on the afternoon before the day appointed  
 the revolt, he marched up Straven causeway,  
 assembled his forces at the tuck of drum.  
 ery few only could be induced to leave their  
 OL. II.

firesides for the tented field; and instead of the whole inhabitants of this Radical hive rising to a man to assert their rights at the point of the bayonet, as he had persuaded himself would have been the case, this gallant hero had the mortification to find himself only at the head of little more than half a dozen tatterdemalions, one armed with an old fowling piece, as rusty as his own sword; another with a broken scythe stuck in the end of a stick, as the ingenuity of Cobbett had suggested to the mob to do with their knives and forks; and the others with a hay-fork or hedge-bill in their hands. How must his bosom have swelled with indignation that his townsmen who had wasted so much time in talking about a reform, sat still supinely, when, as he thought, they should have rushed with the fury of a lion on those who enslaved them, and with a voice loud as the roar of the ocean in a tempest, have made Heaven and Earth resound with the cry of liberty, as they marched to the place of general rendezvous.

But as if it had not been enough for his patriotic mind to have suffered disappointment, on seeing that no one would bestir himself, the very old wives laughed at him, asking him with a jeering look, "whare's thou gawn, Jemie, man, wi' the rusty auld raper;" and when he could contain himself no longer among such renegadoes from Radicalism, but marched off at the head of his little band, the very boys followed, singing

"Willie the moorland laddie,  
Was mounted upon the gray cowl,  
With a sword by his side like a caddie,  
To drive in the sheep and the nowt."

Wilson, having so few to support him at starting, and meeting with few or no recruits on his march to

Glasgow, halted his men at the distance of a few miles from the city, and bivouacked at Cathkin braes, where he and his followers slept, under arms, to be in readiness to join the Radical forces from Paisley and Glasgow.

On the first of April, there was a general strike among the mechanics; the labourers did not go to their work, and those who were not informed respecting the measures which government were secretly pursuing, were under the greatest alarm, for the result of a contest between the army and so vast a body of the lower classes, as were said to be in a state of open rebellion.

The London mail arrived at the usual hour in the city; it was therefore no longer doubtful that there had been no rising of consequence in the south of the kingdom, and that the Radicals at Birmingham and Manchester had either made no attempt, or had completely failed in the very beginning of their insurrection.

The hopes of the Radicals in the west of Scotland were blasted; for from the very beginning, their designs of revolting against the established government of their country was a mere chimera; they possessed the bones and sinews of war, but they were destitute of the material. They were without arms, without money, and without a single leader to direct their movements. They were plotting to overthrow their government without having any other which they intended to have substituted in its stead, for some among them called themselves republicans, and others constitutional monarchists.

At the very moment when they were to have risen with the overwhelming force of five hundred thousand men, in arms, which they foolishly boasted of, and were to have put down the established authorities almost without opposition—the magistrates



were every where on the alert—the military were ready to crush rebellion in the bud—and not a single Radical durst show his face, excepting a few fanatics, who were too despicable to have been taken any notice of, and who, in the course of a few hours, must have come to their senses, and throwing away their arms, would have been glad to have hid themselves in any corner.

This really was the case with Wilson and his party, who sneaked off and returned to Straven, perceiving that their cause was hopeless, and that all the vaunted valour of the Radicals, when it came to the push, was mere idle bluster, which had served to deceive themselves and those who had placed any confidence in it. For instead of showing any spirit or determination, they were panic struck, and consternation prevailed among them from one end of the kingdom to the other.

After Wilson was apprehended, Laird Shadow induced his friend Lord Ringsdale to do every thing in his power to obtain his liberty, or to mitigate his punishment; but he had long rendered himself obnoxious to the magistrates, and it was all to no purpose. Finding himself unable to serve this poor misguided and unfortunate man, he called on him during his sentence of condemnation, and took a most affectionate farewell of him.

A nice little plot is adding another spoke to the wheel of government, but it had given those in office a great deal of trouble to produce any thing like insubordination among the people; for had they been left to themselves, they could never have so imposed upon their better judgment as to think seriously that a mere mob could do any thing against such a powerful government as that of Great Britain. They must soon have seen the folly of meeting as they did, and

discussing on measures hostile to the public peace. Because, had they been permitted to meet without interruption, they must have known from the very lenity that was exercised towards them, that government had its eye upon them, and in due time would deal with them according to their deserts.

In this case, had the people, of their own free choice, and of their own accord, acted as they did, no one could have attached any blame to those in whom the public authority was vested, if they had brought to condign punishment those who disturbed the internal quiet of the nation, and who sought to overthrow the sovereign dignity vested in the crown.

But we execrate the baseness of introducing a system of espionage, and of having recourse to the mean petty artifice of exciting discontent, and of fermenting sedition for a cloak to cover the corruptions of government, and for a pretext to tighten the yoke of bondage, which, year after year, had been preparing for our servile necks. It is the irrefragable proofs which exist that the bonds of good fellowship were torn asunder by those whose duty it was to have established harmony among the people, and to have promoted the interest of all ranks in society: it is the conviction that those deluded men, whose fanatic enthusiasm in the cause of reform exposed them to become the dupes of the spies and agents of government—were instigated and encouraged to take up arms in their desperate undertaking, that excites pity in our breasts, for the fatal consequences of their misguided conduct.

Glasgow, from its extensive trade and numerous manufactories, probably contained the greatest number of men of Radical principles that were collected together within so small a compass anywhere in Scotland. But it did not suit the policy of those, who, behind the curtain, directed the

grand muster of the Radicals, to make it the place of general rendezvous. And we must admit, whether we view it as a masterly stroke, to strike terror into the Radicals, and yet exhibit to the public something like an insurrection, with the effusion of very little human blood, that this machiavelian design in all points of view was well contrived, and the issue, under existing circumstances, must be considered to have been fortunate.

A very small party of Radicals, probably a little better equipped than Wilson's company, and a little more numerous, eager to distinguish themselves and to set an example to their associates of undaunted bravery and devotedness to the cause of liberty, early on the morning of the first of April, marched from this city, and arrived at the place where the Radical forces, from the east and west of Scotland, were to be concentrated.

From this place they were to have proceeded to Carron, with the intention of making themselves masters of the works, where they were to have supplied themselves with ordnance and military stores, by seizing the magazine. But the agents of government had not only led them into this snare, but care had been taken to collect all the guns that might have fallen into their hands, and putting them aboard the St. Patrick, one of the Carron sloops, they were lodged in Edinburgh Castle.

Finding themselves first on the ground, they no doubt congratulated themselves that their names must be handed down to posterity as the first who put forth their hands to pull down the strong holds of corruption. But the post of honour is also the post of the greatest danger. They were here first, but they were also here alone, and like to be so. In vain they looked around them for the countless thousands which in their way thither they had pictured to their imaginations, moving on their way

thither in deep phalanx, as if every road had flowed with a living stream of men devoted to their country's freedom. Their reverie was soon at an end; through a cloud of dust they beheld a body of yeomanry cavalry, who rode up and instantly charged them. To retreat was impossible; they were in a plain country, with nothing to cover or conceal them. They beheld, for the first time, their countrymen their enemies; the die was cast, and they resolved to sell their lives at the dearest rates to their conquerors. They retired behind a fence, and fired upon the yeomanry, whom they withstood, killing some of their horses, and wounding some of their horsemen. The deadly affray commenced; Briton fought with Briton. But on a detachment of the tenth regiment of hussars coming up to support the yeomanry, the Radical party were defeated; and with the exception of a few, who escaped through a morass, where the horsemen could not follow them, were taken prisoners and lodged in Stirling Castle—and in this fatal skirmish of Bonnymuir, the hopes of the Radicals were annihilated.

The result is well known. Among those who had taken up arms against government, and had been taken prisoners at Bonnymuir, J. Baird and A. Hardie were condemned, and according to their sentence for high treason, they were executed and beheaded, at Stirling, on the eighth day of September following.

Wilson was taken also after his return to Straven, and being likewise condemned for high treason, he underwent the sentence of the law at Glasgow. The fate of these 'unfortunate men excited the highest degree of general commiseration and pity; and when Wilson was launched into eternity, loud groans and hisses were heard to escape from the crowd, and the cry of murder murmured among those who witnessed the execution.

They had all maintained honest and industrious characters, and the far greater part of the people in this part of Scotland were greatly exasperated against government, who they openly and justly accused of having themselves been the contrivers of the various plots which disgrace British history. Even in the House of Commons, Mr. Brougham had offered to produce direct proofs that ministers had been privy to the Cato-street conspiracy, and that they could have prevented it had they chose to have done so.

In this affair of Bonnymuir, the hand of the Lord Judge Advocate of Scotland may be plainly traced. He was at Glasgow during this period, and acted his part in this political drama with more skill than integrity. The very nature of the ground itself selected for the meeting was a convincing proof that the Radicals were outwitted and betrayed; for being a champaign country, the cavalry must have made dreadful havoc among an unarmed and undisciplined multitude, had any great number of people been collected together. We envy not the power of the British monarch, nor the influence of the crown in Great Britain, that must be maintained by wresting from the people their lawful rights, and divesting them of the best principles of their nature, the love of liberty and independence, by reducing them to the situation of servile slaves, through a corrupt and despotic government.

It is affirmed by the best informed statesmen and the greatest philosophers, that the people are always well disposed towards their government in a state of liberty and prosperity; and that it is tyranny and oppression only that have caused the various revolutions which are recorded in history.

And now, at the end of a long and expensive war, those who maintain it to have been necessary, must admit, that the intention of the war with

France to put a stop to revolutionary principles was completely defeated. Had the corruptions of the government been done away with, and the people had seen their own interests identified with those of their rulers, Radicalism had hardly ever been heard of, and those inflammatory publications which daily pour forth their abuse against government would have found much fewer opportunities to exercise their sarcastic raillery against their governors.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### FRESH HOPES.

You are noble !

QUENTIN DURWARD.

THE affairs of Laird Shadow had been so prosperous lately, and his mind so satisfied with his situation and circumstances in life, that he possessed nearly every thing that he desired, and he would have been at a loss to have bettered his condition if he had gotten every thing just as he wanted it to be. He had always been of a happy disposition, and had also, during the most of his life, been prosperous in his affairs; but now he looked on himself as in the zenith of his good fortune. He had either nearly forgotten the obscurity of his birth, and that his father was an orphan, who had no one to acknowledge him, as bound to them by the ties of blood and relationship, or if he did revolve these matters, occasionally, over in his mind, they caused him no uneasiness whatever. If no particular person was his relative, he looked on every man as a friend, and he was contented to

consider himself as one of the human race, who to him were all as one great family.

Goslington, since he had fortunately rescued Lady Rosa from a watery grave, had the happiness of daily enjoying her company, and of observing that among all the young noblemen who were enamoured of her beauty, there was not one who stood as his rival in her ladyship's good graces. He had never made any protestation of love to her ladyship, but she knew that he loved her in his heart, and he knew likewise that she cherished a tender regard for him in her own breast. But as he had made no advances to her as a lover, she felt herself under less restraint in his company of engaging freely in conversation with him, or in their walks taking his arm, even in the Earl's presence, who did not discover nor express any disapprobation of their intimacy. Nay, on the contrary, it seemed as if it had been his pleasure to encourage and increase their mutual esteem for each other.

Besides, their being yet not arrived at an age when it would have been deemed prudent, according to the usages of modern society, to have thought of a matrimonial engagement between them, there was obviously no other obstacle in their way, than the distinction which existed between the different ranks that they held in society.

But so long as they fed the flames of love in secret, it burned the keener in their own breasts that it must remain concealed. The miniature picture of Lady Stewart which Goslington possessed, served as a distant beacon for their hopes, and repeatedly this subject was alluded to by them reciprocally; and although neither of them ever expressed a wish that this might yet lead to a discovery of the family of Laird Shadow being related to that of Lord Stewart, it was, notwithstanding,

their joint wish, that such a fortunate disclosure should be made.

There was yet another and a most important consideration for them to reflect upon. Although they were both totally at a loss how to account for so extraordinary a circumstance, which, had they not been both positively convinced that it was the case, they could hardly otherwise have believed such a thing to have been within the bounds of probability. The Earl seemed, even to themselves, to encourage them in their advances towards loving one another, and if he never directly either said, or did any thing, that they could construe into an avowed expression of his lordship's pleasure in this matter, yet in no instance did any of his actions or expressions indicate, that he was in the slightest degree averse to their future union.

If Lady Rosa had her scruples respecting the propriety of loving one so greatly her inferior in rank, and however much she had been taught by education and custom to disapprove of such matches, she would have got over the difficulty with regard to her own feelings, but it was the deference which she paid to public opinion, that had placed those dread barriers between the nobility and commonalty, which set confines to love as if Omnipotence had said, "hitherto shalt thou come and no further."

While these contending passions agitated her tender bosom, it did not escape her observation that the Earl her father seemed to lay no stress on these concerns; his mature judgment was better able to form an impartial opinion respecting the necessity that existed, under present circumstances, for acting in conformity to public opinion, or for sacrificing her own affections for maintaining the family dignity; he was her natural guardian, and in



so far as she could bring her inclination to meet his, without doing it too great violence; it was her duty to do so. All this while the little monitor Love whispered to her that Goslington was the only youth she had ever loved, and would be the only husband who could ever make her happy. Our youth, therefore, or nobody must be the happy man.

Goslington, likewise, rather than infringe upon that inflexible honour, which he thought bound him never to reveal his love to Rosa, had made up his mind to devote his life to the service of the church, and live and die a bachelor. Now, much as we venerate the wisdom of our ancestors, whose consummate political knowledge directed them to interpose between his Sacred Majesty and his fair subjects, a matrimonial gulf, impassable as that which separated Dives and Lazarus, and who also created those high and mighty nobles, who stand as the pillars of our constitution in the temple of British liberty, and whom a religious regard animates not to pollute and contaminate that portion of royal blood which flows in their veins, and great and awful as we know the distance to be between noble and ignoble by birth, yet we candidly acknowledge, that as his lordship was so agreeable to the match, we think Goslington might, with a sound conscience, have wooed and married the young Countess.

Our hero, however, thought otherwise, and he acted according to the dictates of his own mind: for if, during the winter, he had attended his studies to some of the branches of medicine, and of the law of England, he never lost sight of his ultimate destination for the church. It was, however, only conditionally, that nothing should transpire respecting the origin of his family, which should entitle him to pay his addresses to the young Count-

ess of Ringsdale on the footing of equality of rank, for in that case he thought the church might very well find one to supply his place.

But he had withstood the temptation of elevating himself at the expense of degrading Lady Rosa in the eyes of the nobility and of the public; he had also cultivated his mind with unceasing diligence—he had improved his manners—and in every other respect, except rank, was a suitable match for her ladyship. And what, even with the most haughty among the Scottish nobility, would have gone a great way towards making, in their sight, an atonement, at the death of his father he would have an ample fortune. The time, however, was at last come, when he was to become acquainted with the mystery which hitherto enveloped the affairs of his family.

One day, sometime after the winter session at the university had terminated, Lord Ringsdale, the young lady, and himself, having returned to Ringsdale Castle, while Laird Shadow, Peggy, and Jonathan had gone to Hazleton-hall, as he and Lady Rosa were walking in Ringsdale park, they were met by Meg Dyot, who rode up to them in a slow canter, mounted on her donky.

Meg had washed her face a little cleaner than usual, which, notwithstanding, exhibited the marks of recent tears, and she seemed as if something calamitous had befallen her. At the same time, her air of importance indicated that she had tidings of the greatest moment to communicate.

"What shall I tell you," said Meg; "ah! what shall I tell you ——!" while she looked Goslington full in the face.

"Has any thing befallen my father, or any of his family?" said Goslington, with the greatest alarm. "Speak! be quick! tell me what has happened!"

"Naithing but gude to your father and a' his family—nor to you either, my bonny young leddy," said Meg, first addressing herself to Goslington and then to Lady Rosa; "but the gude comes a' to you, and the ill a' to me and mine."

"Do tell me," said Goslington, in a compassionate and feeling manner to Meg, "do tell me what has happened to you."

"Mak haste," said Meg, "and let Laird Shadow and Domine Birchall be sent for immediately; Charlie Stuart lies deeing at the very point of death, and he's no expected to live frae ae hour's end to anither; mak haste, I say, and send for the Domine, and be up as quick as your legs can carry you at the Kittymuir yoursel', for he has something to tell you, that will soon let ye ken, wha has the best right to be call'd Lofd Ringsdale. Nae offence, and nae harm to you, my young leddy, for ye'll be Countess ony gate, and it maks no matter whulk o' you it belangs to. But mak haste, I tell you; mak a' the haste ye can, and rin every fit o' the road." Meg immediately put her donky into its usual pace, leaving Goslington and Lady Rosa looking on each other with silent astonishment.

"Meg Dyot must be mad or intoxicated, to talk so incoherently," said Goslington, affecting to treat lightly what so greatly interested and astonished him, for he knew that old Charlie Stuart, the tinker, was reported to have been in the rebellion, and to have fought in the battle of Culloden.

"I did not perceive any appearance either of madness or intoxication about her," said Lady Rosa; "but though I cannot conceive what this old man can want to see you for, on his death-bed, or what he can have to say to you, I would advise you to lose no time in seeing him and conversing with him."

"Do you then think that I ought to go and speak to him?" said Goslington.

"I do, indeed," replied Lady Rosa; "if you don't go I shall think you very wrong; perhaps you may neglect your interest more than you suppose."

"Meg Dyot certainly must have had some reason for urging me to make such haste," said Goslington, "and I shall soon satisfy myself respecting what this dying person has to communicate to me."

"Did you not observe, that she said, he would tell you, who should be Lord Ringdale," said Lady Rosa, fixing her eyes steadily on Goslington's countenance.

"Poh! I do not need to be told who is, and who ought to be Lord Ringsdale," said Goslington, with a laugh, at the same time a deep blush coloured his cheeks, as if conscious that her ladyship suspected the train of his thoughts.

"I have heard papa say that this poor man fought under Douglas Stuart," said Lady Rosa, "who was killed during the rebellion, and that he fought at the battle of Culloden; perhaps he knows more than you are aware of. Recollect that you have in your possession the miniature picture of Lady Stuart, who was supposed to have been killed after the battle of Culloden, when that part of the Highlands where she resided was laid desolate by fire and sword, and men, women, and children were massacred."

"I beg of your ladyship to say no more on that subject at present," said Goslington; "but I will see you to the Castle, and on my return I shall tell you the news, be what it may."

Goslington, having escorted Lady Rosa home, took a ride on horseback to the Kitty-muir.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE GIPSY HUT.

This is the most noted house for fleas in all the London road.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN an old out-house, which had been built for a *ewe-bught*, the walls being composed of stones and turf, sat Meg Dyot, making spoons, in one corner, and in another, granny Fa, a blind woman, upwards of a hundred years old, with her hair as white as show, hanging loose down her back, and at the opposite end of the hovel stood a couple of asses, which set up a braying as Goslington entered. Three or four singed terriers lay around the fire on the hearth, which got up and attacked him both before and behind, snarling and endeavouring to bite him, and had not Meg come to his assistance, they might have effected their purpose. But Meg called out with a voice little less sonorous than one of her donkies in his deepest bass notes, "lay doon, ye deevils," and throwing the horn spoon which she was making at one, and the piece of an old stocking with which she was rubbing it at another, while she brought her great foot in contact with the chops of a third, and giving the most noisy donky a box in the ribs with her fist, she established order in a trice. "Come awa, Mr. Goslington," said Meg, "but I hinna a stool or a chair in a' the house to offer you to sit doon on but ane that auld granny's got."

"Is that him," said granny, rising from her seat

and dropping a low courtesy towards the place where he stood, and turned her eyes in the same direction, blind with cataracts of a pearly whiteness, which rolled incessantly as if in search of the light, "let me shake hands with you, Sir; mony a time I have shaken hands with your great-grandfather," and as she held forth her hand, which trembled greatly, palsied with age, the tears gushed from her eyes and ran down her wrinkled cheeks.

Goslington squeezed her hand between both his, and pressed it to his lips, while with difficulty he restrained his own tears. As soon as he was sufficiently master of his feelings to enter into conversation with her, he asked her, "did you know who was supposed to be my grandfather's father?"

"Did I know Douglas Stuart? I ken'd him weel, and his leddy," said granny; "alas, I was along with her, and had her infant son, your grandfather, in my arms when she was shot dead on the spot by a party of soldiers who fired at us, and Charlie Stuart, who is now on his death-bed, will tell you the same thing."

For a few moments, Goslington was so overcome with astonishment that he almost fainted; the singed unctious smell of the horn, the foul air of the hut, the loathsome process of giving the polish to a new horn spoon, overpowered him, and he pulled out a bundle of rags from a hole in the wall which served as a window, that he might breathe a little fresh air through the opening.

Meg Dyot, seeing him look pale and advance towards this substitute for a window, turned up the bottom of one of the baskets which was carried on each side of her donky, and desired him to sit down on it, taking him at the same time by the shoulders to urge her request, and prevent his falling. "I only wish," said she, "that I had a glass

o' wine to offer you; but there's no a drop o' liquor of ony sort in the house."

"I would by no means drink any thing, if you had it," said Goslington. "But tell me," he asked, addressing himself to granny Fa, "how my grandfather came to be deserted when an infant, and left at the door of a poor farmer."

A deep groan escaped from beneath a dirty, patched, old blanket, spread out by the side of the wall, which Goslington had not till this moment perceived, for as Meg Dyot was engaged in boiling a pot, suspended over the fire by three sticks, fixed at the top, forming a triangle, the flare of the light from the blazing furze which she used as fuel, and the dense smoke which rose up in volumes towards the decayed roof, set him a sneezing as he entered, and prevented his seeing distinctly. Covered over with the blanket, a gruff-looking old carle lay on a little straw, who raised up his head, all over bloody, his face swollen and livid with bruises, and attempting to support himself on his elbows, gazing on Goslington with a most ghastly visage, he exclaimed, "O h——l," and once more reclining himself on his back, he drew the blanket over his face.

"This is Charlie Stuart, who wanted to speak with me, I presume," said Goslington, approaching the wretched bed of the dying tinker.

"Don't disturb him just now," said Meg; "I have sent for Domine Birchall and Laird Shadow; the Domine, at least, will be here directly, and the Laird, if he's at hame, will no be long after him."

"How did he meet this accident?" asked Goslington, resuming his seat.

"He and Jock Baird, my relation, the collier, or the doctor, whulk ever ye like to ca' him, ware

drinking at Milnbegh, and they fell out and fought, when Jock stabbed him with a knife."

"What is become of Jock? Did the people take care to have him put in prison?" inquired Goslington.

"Jock made his heel his pass, for it was in the night time, and I hae na heard yet that anybody has seen or heard hunt or hair o' him," answered Meg.

"Give me leave to return to Ringsdale Castle to bring his lordship with me to hear these people's evidence," said Goslington.

"No the length o' your fit," said Meg, "ye shall not leave the place ye're on, till Mr. Birchall comes, for he'll be here in a few minutes."

"'Am no lang for this warl," said Charlie Stuart, "but I want to dee with a clear conscience, for I canna dee at peace without telling the truth, and I want you and your father to have what belongs to you."

Meg Dyot had finished cooking her soup, and taking a new pint bowl out of her basket of earthenware, for she was a higgler, and a retail dealer in this article, among her other avocations, and filling the bowl with soup, while it was cooling, having untied a bunch of her very best horn spoons, and wiped one of them between her finger and thumb, to clean it of any dust that might have stuck to it, she desired Goslington to partake of her fare, such as it was. "It's a drap gude cockie-leekie," said Meg, "and I houp ye'll no be sae dainty or sae proud either as to think o' refusing to taste it, because I am a puir body, and it's no so nice, to be sure, as ye are used to at the Castle."

Saving the dressing and cooking, many a dish of poultry, and game, and salmon, fit for a Lord's table, had spread a savoury scent around Meg's



hut; and sometimes a haunch of venison, from Ringsdale park, graced her table. For she had her ways and means among her caterers, and her cateresses too.

Goslington, however, could not divest himself of his prejudices, if we be allowed to use the expression, against Meg's soup; because he had seen her repeatedly exercise the art and mystery of horn spoon making; and within these few minutes, in giving the last polish to a spoon, he had witnessed her take a piece of rancid grease out of a horn, and with an old stocking-foot, rubbing it on the spoon till it was as smooth as glass; and furthermore, at the same time, he saw her make use of her tobacco-spittle to facilitate the process. "I had much rather not, if you please, take any refreshment at present," said Goslington, with the best grace possible, unwilling to wound her feelings, at the same time, in spite of his efforts to suppress his loathing, the corners of his mouth puckered up, his lips were closed, and his nostrils distended in disgust.

The smoke and heat of the hut produced a sensation of pricking and vermiculation of his skin, as the biting of fleas, and the crawling of insects; which the perpetual scratching of the dogs lying round the hearth, tended to render almost intolerable to him. Old granny Fa, too, seemed to have a cutaneous affection on her wrists, and to be continually picking with her fingers about her neck, as if in search of something which annoyed her; and two or three times, from the quick motion of her hand, he suspected that she was throwing something into the fire, and even persuaded himself that he heard it, whatever it might be, give a slight snap.

"I ken weel enough," said Meg, "that ye have had naething since your breakfast; only obleege

me sae muckle as to taste a spoonfu' or twa," and with that irresistible hospitality that would take no denial, she put the bason of soup into one of his hands, and the spoon in the other.

Goslington knew not what to do ; he recollected that Meg had almost idolized him when he was a little boy, for he could still remember that she used to treat him with a piece of gingerbread, or sugar-candy, or barley-sugar, or some *fairing* or other, every time she saw him. And when he came to look back and to reflect on the pains she had taken to persuade his father to send him to the university, and the arguments she had made use of, and that she and Domine Birchall seemed to have united their efforts to serve him and to promote his interest ; the truth burst upon his mind, that but for Meg, he had been a plain country Laird. And if lately he had the prospect of being wealthy, independent of her services, to her he was indebted that he already, in a great measure, had attained the advantages of a liberal education. Nay, at this moment she was endeavouring to substantiate his claims to an equality of rank and dignity with Lady Rosa Stuart. He could not help reproaching himself for giving way to an overstrained daintiness, which made him repulse such disinterested kindness with an act of the greatest rudeness. He therefore felt himself compelled, by the most imperious necessity, either to partake of the refreshment which was so kindly and so urgently proffered, or to assign some very good reason why he refused it.

His was an exquisitely sensitive mind ; he was the very child of feeling, and if his refined habits made him loath slovenliness and dirtiness, his extreme unwillingness to wound any one's feelings, especially those of his friends, made him strive to

conceal his own, when to have discovered any dislike could have caused them uneasiness.

"I am sorry," said Goslington, rising and presenting the bowl of soup to Meg, "that I am not well enough to-day to indulge myself with a bowl of your soup, for really it is so nice as to be quite tempting." At this very moment, his stomach heaved at the sight of a small bit of fat, which his imagination had magnified into that of a swollen, large, white carcass of a —, swimming on the top of the soup.

"Hoot awa, Mr. Goslington, with your compliments," said Meg, highly flattered with the extreme relish that he seemed to express for her cockie-leekie, and the regret with which he seemed to part with it; "but it's a fine thing for a sick person, and," continued she, with a waggish laugh, that made Goslington blush, "there's may be a time coming whan my young leddy may want a drap cockie-leekie. Come, come, ye canna be sae ill as to refuse a spoonful or twa, just to keep the wind out of your stomach."

Meg once more had placed our youth in the painful predicament either to have committed a breach in punctilio, or to have ate a bowl of soup, which had not, at least, to recommend it, the *sine qua non*, that of being clean, when Domine Birchall entered.

On this occasion, the Domine assumed an important air of business, that Meg never thought of asking him to eat or drink.

The Domine, advancing to the place where Charlie Stuart lay dying, stooped down, and lifting up the edge of the blanket which was thrown over him, took hold of his hand. A large clot of congealed blood, which had issued from the wound under his left breast, lay by his side on the straw, from which the thin *cruor* dropped, and ran along

the floor to some distance. A cold clammy sweat bedewed his face, on which it hung in large drops, his chest heaved, his breathing was quick and hurried—"make haste," said he, "for I am dying." The Domine, having no time to commit his dying words to writing, directed two of the neighbours to be called in to hear what he said.

"As you are a dying man, who must soon appear before the dread tribunal of Divine Justice," said the Domine, addressing him before the witnesses, "speak the truth."

"I am not able to speak," said he faintly.

"What is to be done?" said the Domine to Goslington, whose looks expressed the deepest concern for this disappointment.

Granny Fa gave a slight cough to clear her throat and broke silence. "Was not you and I present," said she, "when Lady Douglas Stuart, after the battle of Culloden, hearing that the king's army were burning and slaying a' wharever they came, and expecting them every minute to set fire to the Castle and murder us a', she packed up her most valuable papers, and jewels, and what money there was, to prevent their being destroyed?"

"I was there," said Charlie Stuart, with a deep groan, and for some time he kept moving his lips as if talking with himself.

"And when we fled from Inverness-shire, on our way to the Lowlands, did not I carry her infant son and heir in my arms, while you carried her luggage?"

"Yes, yes," he again replied.

"And was not the late Laird Shadow, the present Laird Shadow's father, her son?"

"He was," said Charlie Stuart.

"What became of Lady Stuart," said the Domine.

"She was shot! they murdered her!" said Chat-

lie Stuart with rage, and struggled to lift up his head, when he fell back and expired.

"Is he dead? is he really dead?" said granny Fa; "let me put my hand on his face," which the Domine enabled her to do, "he is dead and gane," said she, "and I maun soon fallow him."

As soon as granny Fa and Meg Dyot had done crying, the Domine proceeded with his inquiries.

"Now, granny," said he, "you are the only living witness to clear up this matter, tell us what became of the infant son of her ladyship after she was killed?"

"It was almost dark," said granny, proceeding her own way of telling the story, "when we were coming down a deep pass, at but a little distance from the Castle of Auchenglen, which belanged to her ladyship before she was married, when a party of soldiers met us and fired at us. Her ladyship was wounded, and she called to us to assist her; I think I hear screams ringing in my ears this moment, but neither the infant, nor Charlie Stuart, who now lies a corpse afore ye, nor mysel', were hurt, so we ran in behind the bushes and hid ourselves till we saw the Castle a' in flames; we ken'd her leddyship was dead, for they had no mercy, and we cam aff as fast as we could rin, and brought the bairn, and what property her leddyship saved, along wi' us."

"What induced you to leave him at Hazleton, at the old man's door who brought him up?" inquired the Domine.

"Because Lord Campbell Stuart, who, at his brother's death, became Lord Ringsdale, agreed that he would get my poor husband and Charlie Stuart pardoned, wha had baith faught against government. But it was on this condition, that we should make aff with the child, or leave him

with some one who would take care of him, and that we should never speak of it so long as we lived ; and he made us tak our solemn oaths on the Bible to keep our promise," said granny Fa.

"Make off with the infant!" said the Domine, with horror ; "murder the tender infant of your late master, whose bread you had eat, and under whose roof you had slept! the curse of Heaven would have attended you here and hereafter!"

"The Lord have mercy on him, there," said granny Fa, "whose dead body is not yet cold, and whose soul is, perhaps, at this moment, giving an account for the deeds done in the flesh, and on my own sinfu' spirit, for he bade me tie a string round the bairn's neck with a stone at the end o't, and droon the wean as he had been a whalp or a kit-tlin."

An exclamation of indignant surprise burst from every one present.

"Ye may weel be angry at us for siccan sinfu' thoughts," said granny, "but it's o'er true, and I winna seek to hide it, although it maks my flesh creep to think o't yet ; I did attempt to strangle the babbie, but whan I took him by the throat, he smiled in my face, and my heart grew girt at my cruelty ; I thought on his poor mother, who was no longer alive to protect him, and taking him up in my arms, I ran aff with him to keep him out o' harms way, and ye a' ken whare I left him, and what came o' him."

"What did the deceased say to you when you returned without the infant?" inquired the Domine.

"Dinna rip up the faults o' the dead," said Meg Dyot ; "it is a' the same now what he said, for the bairn grew up to be an auld man, and deet o' his strae-death."

"It would be doubly wrong, now, under present

circumstances, to conceal it," said the Domine, giving a secret look to Goslington, as he made the observation.

"What became of the effects of Lady Stuart," said Goslington, recollecting the miniature picture.

"They are a' safe, and time and place convenient, ye shall hae them a' delivered o'er to you, except the siller, and that never came into my custody," said Meg Dyot, "but a' that I hae been intrusted wi' is just as it was when I got the charge o't."

Meg Dyot informed the Domine and Goslington, as soon as they were left by themselves and granny Fa, that the little casket of jewels and the papers were deposited in safety in an old vault, under the ruins of Plotcock Castle, where granny Fa had put them, unknown to Charlie Stuart, in hopes that the miniature picture which she suspended around the infant's neck when she left him at Hazleton, might have led to a discovery.

Goslington and the Domine having arranged affairs, took their leave of granny Fa and Meg Dyot, the Domine returning home to give an account of the intelligence they had obtained to Laird Shadow, and Goslington rode off to Ringsdale Castle to fulfil his promise to Lady Rosa.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE DISCOVERY.

By some auld houlet-haunted biggin,  
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,  
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in  
     Some eldritch part,  
 Wi' de'il's, they say, L——d safe's ! colleaguin  
     At some black art.—

BURNS.

OUR youth's heart throbbed with joy as he drew near Ringsdale Castle, which he beheld with transport as the abode of his ancestors. But his animation gradually declined, and he became sensible of the extreme delicacy with which it became him to conduct himself under his present circumstances. Not having seen or conversed with his father, he felt himself exceedingly at a loss in what manner to make his communication to the Earl or to Lady Rosa. He was under a promise to her ladyship to inform her of the result of his interview with Charlie Stuart, and his impassioned love for her would have induced him to have embraced the very first opportunity of fulfilling his promise. It seemed to him, however, to be more in unison with the fair and honourable conduct which he had invariably pursued, to make an open and candid disclosure of every thing which had come to his knowledge to the Earl himself. In the meanwhile, he perceived that he was within a short distance



of the Castle, and as he had not fully determined what course to pursue, or wanted courage to practise what his judgment dictated, instead of riding directly towards the portico which opened into the great hall, he turned up to the right hand road towards the stables, and gave his horse to one of the grooms: this was what he had never done before, for he kept himself at a much greater distance from the domestics than Lord Ringsdale himself. He had even fastidiously avoided entering into conversation with old Bauldy for a long time.

He entered the garden that he might be retired, and have an opportunity to deliberate on the path he ought to pursue.

As he sauntered about among the walks, he saw Lady Rosa and Bauldy engaged in conversation, going towards Clocksie, and he immediately followed them that he might have an opportunity of speaking to her ladyship by herself, respecting the intelligence he had to communicate. He discovered from Bauldy's gestures and earnestness, as well as from the great attention that Lady Rosa was paying to him, that the old gardener was making himself very busy, with affairs of a different nature than the management of his box and yew-trees, in the old and antiquated style of Dutch gardening.

Neither Lady Rosa nor Bauldy had seen Goslington, nor knew that he was near them, much less that he heard what they said. That he might be able to overhear them, at least, what was the topic of Bauldy's harangue, he came up near the place where they stood, with their backs towards him, under cover of a bank, planted with evergreens, which had not yet fallen under Bauldy's hedge shears.

Rumour had anticipated our youth, for the report had reached Bauldy's ears that Laird Shadow

was descended of an elder branch of the noble family of Stuart, of Ringsdale Castle, and the over-officious horticulturist was telling the news to Lady Rosa, and adding such items out of his own invention, as he thought would be likely to inflame her ladyship's mind, and, perhaps, hasten the rupture between the Earl and Laird Shadow, which he looked upon as certain, and not far distant.

The first thing that Goslington distinctly heard Bauldy say, was, "Laird Shadow, I hear, says that he'll no let neist Whussunday gang o'er his head till he turns his Lordship and you out o' the Castle, and that he'll mak my Lord repay him every plack and bawbee, baith stock and interest, for a' the rent that he's e'er gotten."

"You are an infernal liar!" said Goslington to himself, grinding his teeth with rage, when Bauldy continued, "And that's nought but what might hae been expected o' an auld infidel like Laird Shadow; but could ye a' hae thought it, that Goslington, wha has been nought else but a to-lier about the Castle, should long ago hae had the impudence to say that it wad be his ain fault if he was na Lord Ringsdale himsel' yet; for," my leddy, 'am 'maist ashamed to tell you, "he says ye was aye pooking him by the sleeve, and giggling, and laughing, and he ken't weel enough what you wanted."

"You lying scoundrel!" said Goslington, no longer able to contain himself, and darting on him as a falcon on a partridge, he aimed a blow at his head, which Bauldy perceiving, had just time to escape a knock-down blow, by stooping forward. Goslington's blow, however, took effect on the top of Bauldy's bonnet, knocking it off, and leaving his hoary head unprotected, Lady Rosa screamed, and ran towards the Castle, without ever looking

behind her, having but little doubt that Goslington must have killed Bauldy from the violent manner that he had attacked him. Goslington, however, did not proceed to such extremities, for although he grasped the handkerchief which Bauldy wore round his neck, and clenching his fingers, twisted it till the old man was black in the face, yet he did not attempt to strike him, taking pity on his gray hairs.

"I will tak out a law borrois against you," said Bauldy, "if I dinna prosecute you for assault and battery. You ought to think shame o' yoursel' for lifting your hand to strike an auld gray-headed man that might be your faither, nay, your grand-faither.

"This moment," said Goslington, grasping him again by the handkerchief, "come along with me and confess to the Earl that you told Lady Rosa the grossest lies, or I will drag you after me as I would a dog by the neck."

"Surely it is meet to be said that I have borne chastisement; I will not offend any more," said Bauldy.

"Hold your peace, you canting hypocrite," replied Goslington, "and profane not Scripture by quoting it."

The Earl, having heard of the affray from Lady Rosa, who was terribly alarmed, came into the garden.

As soon as Bauldy saw his lordship, he exclaimed, looking Goslington for the first time in the face since they had quarrelled, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan!" and shouted "murder! murder! murder!"

His lordship, by his presence, prevented Goslington from laying hands again on Bauldy, and having heard a succinct account from the former,

of every thing relating to this contest, he advised the latter to make amends, by asking pardon.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said Bauldy; "but if I had ken'd that you heard me, I wad nae hae said what I did. But I only meant it as a joke, to hear what my Leddy wad say, for I ken'd she knew better than to believe me, and I houp, now that it's a' bye, ye'll no be angry."

"You ought not to have given way to your passion, Goslington," said his lordship, as they walked homeward, "for you could not suppose that any thing he could say, would have any influence on my mind."

"I did not know what effect it might have, and I could not bear the idea to be represented, as being so ungrateful, after the friendship which I have received, or so unprincipled as to speak so lightly of Lady Rosa," said Goslington.

Lady Rosa did not make her appearance at the tea-table that evening, nor at breakfast next morning, and it gave Goslington the greatest concern that he should have given her offence. "My Lord," said he, "I feel ashamed at having demeaned myself in Lady Rosa's opinion, by striking at an old man like Bauldy, and I wish to see her ladyship to make her an apology."

Lady Rosa accordingly came into the room where they had breakfasted, being requested by his lordship to do so.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon for what I have done," said Goslington, "and promise you for the future never so far to forget myself as to behave so ill again in a lady's presence, nor to violate the respect due to old age and gray hairs."

"You have it on this express condition," said Lady Rosa, "that you are sincere in your protes-

tations of regret, for I felt, and still feel shocked at your violence."

Lord Ringsdale, having agreed to go with Goslington to Plotcock Castle, to witness this hidden treasure, which Meg Dyot that day was to bring to light, both to satisfy his curiosity and to detect imposition, should any be attempted; Lady Rosa also consented to accompany him thither, and at the hour appointed, they met Laird Shadow and Domine Birchall on the site of this old Castle, which was now covered by a clump of Scotch fir-trees.

The name of this old Castle, as Plotcock, or Blotkok, both signifies the Devil, and also Pluto, probably had given rise to the superstitious story among the country people, that hid under its ruins, "there was a bill's hide fu' o' siller;" and according to report, the miller of Thinacre mill had once dug down till he came in sight of this hoard, which was kept by the devil, and when he was going to touch it, his ears were assailed with the most frightful screams, and he was almost scared to death with a flash of fire and a smell of sulphur, while a voice called out, "*Baloo! baloo! bas la le loup!*" the Thinacre's mill's a' in a low," which made the miller take to his heels, and no one afterward could ever find out the place.

It is more likely, however, that our history affords a clue to unravel the miller's story, and of the cause which gave rise to the report of the hidden treasure under the Castle.

When the party arrived, they found Meg engaged in digging down among the rubbish, which, before she commenced, was overgrown with green sward, and in a short time she came to a large flat stone, over the opening into a vault leading to what had formerly been the dungeon. Into this vault

Meg Dyot descended with a lighted candle and a piece of kindled peat, in case that the candle, from want of air, should go out. As the vault had not been opened for a considerable number of years, none of the company chose to run the hazard of following her. Meg, however, had for her greater security, provided herself with a coil of cart rope, one end of which she tied round her waist, and the other was held by those above, who, in case of necessity, were to pull by it to draw her out towards the air; and it would have served as a guide to those who endeavoured to assist her. In a few minutes, Meg made her appearance at the entrance of the vault, bringing with her a bundle, covered over with an untanned hide. On cutting it open, the contents proved to be chiefly several old titles for grants of land from the Scottish crown. The principal part of these had been entered in the register office at Edinburgh, others of them were not, and were supposed to have been lost. In addition to these was a small casket of jewels, containing, among other valuables, an antique diamond ring, with a label affixed to it, denoting it to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. This ring, with the Laird's approbation, Goslington presented to Lady Rosa, who received it, as it was really meant, a pledge of love.

Meg Dyot, having accomplished her purpose and fulfilled her promise, replaced the stone over the vault, and filling up the hole which she had dug, covered it again over with the sward.

The party immediately drove towards Ringsdale Castle, and Meg, coiling up her rope, and having collected her tools, threw them over her shoulder, and mounting her donky, rode along with them till she came to the Kittymuir. As she bade them good-bye, having to provide for the funeral of

Charlie Stuart, the Laird gave orders that it should be conducted according to her mind, and at his expense, at the same time calling out, "I shall see you again to-day, Meg; yours has been a friend's turn, and is a job that maunna be forgotten." Nor did he break his word and suffer her to go unrewarded.

The Earl had invited Laird Shadow and Mr. Birchall to dine with him, and soon after the party arrived at Ringsdale, the Castle bell tolled, and they sat down in the great hall to a sumptuous dinner, served up in a style of the greatest elegance. The Domine was in the highest spirits at the thoughts of having so far succeeded to the very utmost of his wishes, in accomplishing a denouement which, for several years, had required his utmost exertions and skill to effect. For although every thing appeared to have proceeded in a fortunate train, as if by chance, or the fortuitous combination of lucky circumstances, he alone knew that under his auspices the plan which he had at first devised had gradually progressed, and ultimately had arrived at that degree of consummation which rendered his further interference unnecessary. His design, however, had never been revealed to any one, because he wisely judged that by its concealment he would be the more able to modify it, according to the aspect which affairs might present, in its different stages of maturity, which he might either accelerate or retard, as unforeseen contingencies might render expedient or necessary. We trust, therefore, that our candid and intelligent reader will not look upon it as one of our greatest digressions, in endeavouring to exhibit to him, in a more perfect point of view than has been hitherto done in our narrative, the various manœuvres

to which the Domine had recourse to obtain his object.

The Domine, by his own personal efforts, had endeavoured to persuade Laird Shadow to give our youth, as it is commonly called, a college education ; he had also found means, in due time, to recommend him as a companion to Lord Ringsdale. In the interim, Meg Dyot, by his instigation, gave such hints of future greatness which was to attend the Laird's family, delivered in a mysterious and sibylistical manner, as Mr. Birchall judged would excite our youth's expectation, even if the Laird himself ridiculed her art as a spaewife. But his chief difficulty with Meg, from whom he first received his own information, was to keep her from making such unseasonable discoveries to the parties concerned as might rather tend to defeat than to fulfil his designs. He did not, however, restrain her from making such allusions to Lord Ringsdale concerning past events in the private history of his family as were most likely to draw his attention to the coincidence in point of time, regarding the age of old Laird Shadow and the rebellion ; the striking resemblance which the mark on the Laird's forehead bore to that of the infant son of the unfortunate Lady Douglas Stuart, together with the Laird and this infant's having two thumbs on each hand, and that the Laird was a foundling orphan.

When the Domine surveyed in his mind all these his past services, in behalf of his quondam pupil, he could not avoid attributing to his own skilful superintendence, the good understanding which existed between two families whose interests ran so directly counter to each other, in an affair of such magnitude as the title and the estate of the barony of Ringsdale, which the one was entitled to as their rightful inheritance, and the other had held



in continued succession from his ancestors: Of course, therefore, he enjoyed the secret satisfaction of having done such an essential service to his mutual friends Lord Ringsdale and Laird Shadow.

Indeed, we are willing to coincide to the Domine that he deserved credit for the judgment which he exercised in laying his plans, and for his discretion in putting them into execution. And we cheerfully acknowledge, that but for him, had such a discovery been made as had now been done, instead of the present good fellowship which subsisted between his lordship and Laird Shadow, and the unbounded friendship which was maintained between their families, there could have been nothing but litigation, and probably, the deepest rancour. He sat, therefore, at the festive board, as the guardian angel of concord and harmony.

And we likewise admit, that he had made a discreet choice in selecting Meg Dyot as his agent; and that from her pretensions to fortune-telling, she was an able coadjutor, because she found access to people of all ranks, who amused themselves with her gibberish. Not, indeed, that they put any faith in her foreknowledge of future events, but because they knew, from the vagrant life which she led, that she was intimately acquainted with almost every thing that was going on all around the country; in fact, this was absolutely necessary to enable her to keep up her reputation as a spaewife. And as she was indulged to an almost unbounded degree in intermeddling with family affairs, she spoke whatever she had a mind to without restraint. Under his direction, therefore, she made her oracular responses to our youth, or to Lady Rosa, or to the Earl himself, according to the instructions which she had received from the Domine, who, like

a superintending Providence, watched over their affairs.

And when we reflect that it was known to his lordship that granny Fa and Charlie Stuart had lived in the family of the unfortunate Lady Douglas Stuart at the time that the sad catastrophe happened, to which we have so repeatedly had occasion to allude, we need not be at all surprised that he should have laid some stress on her admonitions, as he naturally concluded from what source she derived her information.

In the mean time, leaving the worthy Domine to enjoy the gratification which his exemplary conduct had so well merited, we would next advert to the effects which resulted from our youth's being possessed of the miniature picture of Lady Douglas Stuart. On this account, the Earl was at every pains to collect information from every quarter; and besides the report which had been handed down in the family, with which we cannot but suppose him to have been well acquainted, he learned several particulars from Charlie Stuart and granny Fa, on the affairs of his unfortunate ancestor. Again, through the means of Meg Dyot, the Domine was enabled, in a great measure, to direct the nature and extent of the information which he obtained from these people.

The Earl was, therefore, gradually prepared for what had happened, and he had come to the conclusion, in his own mind, that Laird Shadow was his kinsman in the same degree of consanguinity, which now turned out to be the case.

But Laird Shadow could hardly persuade himself, although grown somewhat familiar with splendour and magnificence, that he really was, by lineal descent, the rightful heir in succession of the signory of Ringsdale, and that the whole of what

had this day happened was indeed true, and not altogether the delusion of an empty dream. Not that the idea had never intruded itself on his imagination that this might be the case, for some fleeting thoughts of this nature had occasionally sprung up in his mind, but he never harboured them as being well grounded, or entertained any hopes that such a discovery should ever be made to prove that it was so.

The Domine, who valued himself on being close-mouthed, had never thought proper to communicate any part of the information which he possessed to the Laird, nor permitted Meg Dyot to be more communicative than himself. Consequently, he had nothing more than conjecture to guide him when reflecting on his genealogy. The happy discovery was not, therefore, more agreeable to him than it was unexpected.

Goslington occupied a seat at table on Lady Rosa's right hand; he had not had leisure to dress for dinner, nor indeed had her ladyship; but our youth seemed, even in his air and exterior, to have acquired a dignity of manner which, accomplished as he was, had never before displayed itself to the same advantage. He paid her ladyship the greatest attention, for he excelled in politeness, but it was that of one who looked upon himself as being her equal. So far, however, was the graceful dignity which he maintained from being considered by the Earl or Lady Rosa as too assuming, that it was the very reverse; it was construed by them as a happy omen of his future distinction, and they hailed it as the harbinger of increasing happiness. Even to Laird Shadow himself, the over-strained fashionable deportment of our youth had vanished, and he viewed him as he really was, at this moment, the accomplished and well-bred young nobleman.

But our design, in the present instance, not being to give a minute detail of the luxuries with which his lordship's table was covered during the entertainment, nor of the poignancy of the wit by which it was seasoned, but to unravel our plot, and having sufficiently refreshed our reader's memory with a short summary of the Domine's project, and taken a bird's-eye view of affairs at the commencement of another era in our history, we shall content ourselves for the present,

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TOUR.

- It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world.  
ADDISON.

LAIRD Shadow having received a letter from Mr. Moneypenny, one of Mr. Barber's executors, who resided in London, advising him that it would be requisite for him to come to the metropolis in order to close accounts concerning the estate of the deceased, and that, in the mean time, he might draw on the executors for the additional sum of fifty thousand pounds; he made arrangements with Lord Ringsdale to make a tour of the south of the kingdom during the ensuing summer. The Laird had never been south of the Tweed, and as he in-

tended to accomplish the double purpose of business and pleasure in this excursion, he proposed to his lordship that they should travel in their own carriages, that the two young ladies and gentlemen might participate in so pleasant a journey at this season of the year, and that they might suit their own convenience, in halting when, and where they had a mind to, and travelling in what ever direction they pleased.

He likewise was desirous to prevail on Mrs. Shadow to accompany them, conceiving that it would be agreeable to her to enjoy the prospect of so exceedingly beautiful, and so fertile a part of the country, through which they intended to pass. Besides, he expected that it would improve her health, which, latterly, had been somewhat delicate. Mrs. Shadow, however, declined going so long a journey, partly because she disliked being so long from home, and also, because she preferred the retirement to which she had always been accustomed, to the noise and bustle of an inn, and the strange people with whom she would constantly meet.

Mr. Rifleman had for some time been an inmate of Hazleton-hall, and in talking over family affairs, he had been able to count kindred with Mrs. Shadow, by his mother's relations. Before the party set out on their journey, Mrs. Shadow and he being one day by themselves, "Mr. Rifleman," said she, "I may not, perhaps, have the pleasure of seeing you again, for life is uncertain, and I am far from being in good health, although I endeavour to appear to be as well as I can. "I am," she continued, "fully aware of the mutual esteem which prevails between you and Peggy, and I am highly pleased with the choice which she has made ; if

my fears should be verified, do not take her away from her father, but be so good as to remain in this country, for the thoughts of her going abroad is the only thing that gives me uneasiness."

"I see no cause, Ma'am, to be apprehensive of any danger in your case," said Mr. Rifleman, "and I hope to see you well and happy on my return to Hazleton-hall, where I have enjoyed much happiness; should it be otherwise, whatever restraint I may be under the necessity of putting on my own inclinations, I shall not fail to strive to comply with your wishes."

A day or two before the Laird left home, "my dear," said she, "I wish you could delay your journey till next summer, for lately you have been so much from home, that I feel myself often dull for the want of your company."

"Cheer up your spirits, Tibby, lass," replied the Laird, "I am quite as happy in your company as you can be in mine, and as loath to be without it; but why dinna ye gang along wi' us, and amuse yoursel' with a sight of the country, and look about you?"

Mrs. Shadow, however, kept her resolution of staying at home, and the Laird, not finding his business to admit of any delay, as, besides his business with Mr. Moneypenny, he had also hopes of purchasing an estate belonging to Sir Belfry Battledoor, which he saw advertised in the London newspapers to be sold, the party set off on their journey without her.

The Laird had purchased a handsome barouche, with a pair of strong active carriage-horses, and the coachman whom he had engaged, in his new suit of livery, which was exceedingly neat, mounting the coach-box, they drove off in style.

They took the Edinburgh road to London, that

in passing through the Lothians, the Laird and Mr. Rifleman might see the excellent mode of husbandry there practised; which indeed may, with great truth, be said to be the very best in the whole kingdom of Great Britain.

As they passed through this fine country, his lordship, who had joined them on the road, bidding the coachman stop, the gentlemen alighted to admire the perfection which agriculture had here attained.

"I have seen that farm, now lying before us," said the Earl, "which consists of from six to seven hundred acres, let for upwards of four thousand pounds per annum."

"Heh, man! my Lord, I mean," said the Laird, "that's aboon sax pounds an acre;" and turning to Mr. Rifleman, "did ye e'er see as straight drills as these in America? ye might shoot a crow with a gun bullet from one end to the other; then such fine land, fine crops, fine quickset hedge-rows, and so nicely trimmed to the bargain; in short, it's so fine a' thegither, that it's quite a garden."

Pursuing their journey, they passed the Tweed, over the bridge, where, according to report, an old woman is said to have accumulated a fortune by receiving sixpence apiece from those Scots who emigrated to England, and paying them half a crown on their return into Scotland; a sum, however, which appears to have been but seldom demanded, as this is alleged to have been a very profitable concern.

In passing over the high, bleak mountains of Northumberland, they were compensated for the sterility of the soil by the extensive prospect which they enjoyed, of a long tract of sea-coast and the adjoining island, together with a fine view of the German ocean. Towards Durham, a very perceptible change appeared in the farm-houses and the coun-

try, from what they had been accustomed to north of the Tweed; there was likewise a good deal of difference in the dress and manners of the people. The Laird and Mr. Rifleman having heard so much of the famous Durham ox, took a view of some cattle, and then joined their companions, who had gone to see the Cathedral, a heavy Gothic building which king James had called "the thick legged kirk," from its short, ponderous columns, and also from the large endowments which had been granted to this diocese; for his Majesty had an eye on both in his witty apophthegm.

In Yorkshire, they found the soil, in some places, very rich, and as there was abundance of lime, and the inhabitants a race of strong, hardy, and industrious people, the crops were generally excellent. But the soil varied from the richest loam to the miry waste or steril heath. The strong, active, well-boned Yorkshire hunting horse, is celebrated all over the world, and the Laird and Jonathan, who both considered themselves good jockies, detained the party in the city of York several days, that they might have leisure to see as many of these fine animals as they could, of whom the Laird purchased several for himself and his friends. His pockets were pretty well lined, and as the Yorkshiremen were not lame in making a bargain, he had to pay "through both ears" for his hunters.

The dialect in the different counties in England has some very remarkable peculiarities in each which distinguishes it from the others, and although, in the northern counties, a very considerable similarity to that of the Scotch may be traced, yet even when the same words and phrases are made use of as in Scotland, the accent and pronunciation is so provincial, that the natives of the sister kingdoms



are often at a loss to comprehend each others meaning.

The Laird found this to be the case, more particularly in his dealings with the Yorkshire jockies. "The de'il a bit, man, Jonathan," said he, "these Yorkshire bodies dinna speak ava; they just yowl like dogs, and there's na kennin' o' a single word they say." The Yorkshiremen, no doubt, were in their turn, not a little puzzled with the Laird's own brogue.

The Earl, and Goslington, and the young ladies, had full time to survey, at their leisure, the magnificent structure of the minster, which internally exhibits a beautiful specimen of the richest, and lightest Gothic architecture, and together with the stained glass in some of the windows, this cathedral was very superb. The Laird and Jonathan, however, had only a very transient view of these elegancies, preferring the symmetry and figure of a well-bred hunter to the architecture of the minster.

Our tourists next proceeded to Lincoln, and having seen the Cathedral, which is the largest in the kingdom, and generally considered to be superior to York minster; having also seen great Tom, a large bell, which requires fifteen men to ring it, leaving Lincoln, they turned into the Fens. The fever and ague, however, was at this time prevailing there among the inhabitants; consequently, the Laird and Jonathan were obliged to be expeditious in examining the breed of draught horses, which, principally, were black, and prodigiously large-boned and powerful. They had also to content themselves with merely seeing the long-wooled Lincolnshire breed of sheep; without being allowed time to make a single purchase, as the whole party, themselves excepted, declared that they would not

sleep a single night exposed to the marsh miasmata. And what was not less tantalizing to them, they only had an opportunity, while the horses ate their corn, of seeing the windmills used in draining the fens at work, in raising the water out of the ditches.

Instead of returning into the great north road, at Normand Cross, although Laird Shadow would have gone fifty miles out of his way to have had half an hour's conversation on the art of making Stilton cheese, they took Norfolk in their route to see the drill husbandry, for which this country is so famous. From Norfolk they proceeded to Suffolk, where the Laird provided himself with two compact saddle horses, which he ordered to be sent after him to London, instead of sending them down into Scotland, as he had done with the hunters.

Advancing into Essex, they beheld the dome of St. Paul's, through a cloud of smoke, which hovered over the metropolis, and in the course of a few hours, as a scathed forest, the masts of the shipping in the Thames, winding with the course of the river, rose between them and the city.

"We are within sight of London," said Mr. Rifleman, who rode in the same carriage with Laird Shadow and Peggy.

"Gosh me! but it's a muckle place," replied the Laird, rising up in the open carriage, and looking around him, "as I leeve," he exclaimed, "there's nae wunner that the Lunnen bodies are a' as reeket as a red herring; the hale town smeeks as it ware a deeze; 'am glad," he continued, "my puir Tibby did na come here, for she might just as weel be in the lown side o' a lime kiln as to be within the reek o' Lunnen."

The two young gentlemen and ladies were no less surprised than the Laird with the magnitude of

London and its suburbs, which they viewed at a short distance. For all along in the neighbourhood of the turnpike road, for several miles before they reached the metropolis, there were a number of elegant houses and country seats, many of them belonging to the citizens, or to such as had retired from business, and as they approached nearer to the city, on both sides of the road, one unbroken line of houses extended itself. Great numbers of carriages of every description drove quickly along to and from the city, for every one seemed full of life; the horsemen rode at a brisk pace, and the foot passengers, passing and repassing, in crowds, walked with nimble steps and busy-looking countenances.

When they entered the city, the throng of people on the pavement was immense—the streets were blocked up with carts and wagons, grating heavily along under immense loads—or a line of carriages were standing till they could find room to advance—the shouting of the drivers—the smacking of the whips—and the trampling of the horses' feet on the stones echoed in one tumult of uproar. In fact, man in and out of London seemed to be a different being.

"The like o' that! the like o' that!" with him a very favourite expression, said the Laird, holding up both his hands as high as his head, and sawing the air three or four times with them in a quick flying motion, "the streets o' Lunnen are as thronged as Straven causeway in a June fair;" and turning round to Jonathan, he continued, "this wad be an awfu' bad place for ane to hae a sair head, man; 'am so glad my puir Tibby's nō here."

The display of the shop windows was most magnificent, and the wealth that they exhibited apparently inestimable. The vast magnitude of the public buildings, the splendid carriages, the rich

trappings of the horses, and the gorgeous liveries of the citizens and noblemen were dazzling and stupefying. The Laird's riches dwindled down in his own estimation to a mere cipher; and it was sometime before he recovered from his surprise, and found himself able to breathe with freedom. The young people were full of gayety, their eyes sparkled with joy, and their breasts throbbed with the emotions of delight which they felt. The scene, however, to his lordship, was only what he had so often witnessed, that it had lost its charms; it was still grand, but it did not awaken those transports which the huntsman's horn and the trampling of the horses in the fox-hunt alone could give, as with the tumultuous tally-ho he awoke the slumbering echo on the banks of the Avon.

The Laird thought of home and his dear Tibby, feeling a little out of spirits from having left her so poorly.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE ELECTION.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it :  
 For Britain's guid ! guid faith, I doubt it.  
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,  
 And saying ay or no's they bid him :  
 For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !  
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

BURNS.

OWING to the death of his late Majesty King George the Third, Parliament had been dissolved, and a new election of the members of the House of Commons for the different boroughs and counties throughout the kingdom became necessary. A few days after the arrival of our northern friends in London, the Earl and the Laird having barely had time to transact their business, while the young gentlemen and ladies had to content themselves with having seen the interior of St. Paul's—the arms in the Tower—the British Museum—the exhibition of paintings at Somerset house—Pidcock's Menagerie, &c. and only a few nights attended the Summer Theatres—the Circus—Vauxhall Gardens—and a few other places of amusement, they set off for the city of ———, to be present at the hustings, during the election for the members who were to represent the county of ———, in Parliament.

Sir Belfry Battledoor, who had, during the last Parliament, represented this county, was again to offer himself as a candidate.

He was in the minority, being of Whig principles, and at the hustings had made some impressive and able speeches. He was a gentleman of acknowledged talents, and at the former election for the county, had met with very little opposition. He had not then, it is true, decidedly declared himself for the Whigs; indeed, he strove to maintain the character of an independent member, and in the opinion of the public, stood high as a politician. His figure was tall and noble; he possessed, in a high degree, the qualities of a good orator—his voice was rich—his articulation distinct—his countenance firm and commanding—his imagination was vivid—he possessed a copious flow of words—and he spoke with animation and energy. He could, at his pleasure, have commanded the tears of those who listened to him, or have convulsed them with laughter. Nature created him with powers to have been great, and at this moment he might have been making a splendid figure in the British senate; but his vices, his depraved immoral conduct, debased him and rendered him ignoble.

In the neighbourhood where his estates lay, he was distinguished by the appellation of young Nick, for as Burns says, he was indeed

An imp o' h——,  
Set by the de'il's ain dibble.

He was now poor, and could not find the means to stand a contested election, and he foresaw that the Tories would unite their interests against him. He had himself to thank for all this; his notorious debaucheries had blasted his reputation among the freeholders, and the clergy, true to the Tory interest, as usual, sounded the alarm from the pulpit

against blasphemy and sedition ; and as a pack of hounds in full cry after the fox, they endeavoured, with one consent, to run him down, and to set up Jerry Gnawpost in his stead. In fine, he had been lord lieutenant of the county ; he had represented it in parliament ; and he was about to see himself supplanted, and his seat in the House of Commons occupied by a mean, sordid sycophant, who had not talents to fill the petty office of a scavenger.

The infatuated Sir Belfry, however, at the very time he ought to have concerted with his friends who had not yet deserted him, as the rats do a falling house before that it tumbles down ; instead of having commenced an early and active canvass, was trifling his time—nay, worse, he was gambling away his money in London ! He might, perhaps, have considered his affairs so desperate, that they could not become worse, and that, by a lucky throw of the dice, they might be bettered.

He was nearly allied to an illustrious nobleman, Earl G——, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen and one of the steadiest supporters of British liberty of the enlightened age in which he lived. Lord G——, in the present instance, knowing his embarrassed circumstances, with that liberality which has always been a conspicuous feature in his lordship's character, afforded him pecuniary assistance, and used his influence to support his interest during the election. It was all, however, to no purpose ; Sir Belfry, by his indiscretion, was necessitated to relinquish the contest, even after he had been nominated one of the candidates at the hustings by the independent party.

The Aristocrats had already made a vigorous effort on behalf of Squire Gnawpost, and had be-

gun an extensive and alert canvass all over the county. The landlord directed his tenants and tradesmen, and in case of disobedience, the farmer was threatened with the loss of his farm, the tradesman with the loss of his custom. The clergy were active in their parishes, and launched forth their anathemas against blasphemy and sedition, both from the pulpit and at the hustings. The various corporations threw in their weight into Squire Gnawpost's scale, and that of the independents kicked the beam.

Sir Belfry was, by the Tories, caricatured and held up to ridicule when he withdrew, as a black horse, vicious in his temper—apt to stumble—and given to bolt.

The independent party of the freeholders, although baulked in their favourite candidate, had still another, and one who did not spare the cost to contest the election; and even after the day was fairly lost, they rallied and stood it out manfully. Unluckily, however, he was so tongue-tied that it was ten to one if he ever said more in the House of Commons than yes or no.

When our Scotch friends drove to the city of ———, where the election was held, the way was covered with crowds of freeholders going to the poll. Carriages of every description were had in request for their conveyance thither; the farmers jogged along in clusters on horseback, warmly arguing on politics, and the roads smoked with dust. Laird Shadow was highly amused with the stir and bustle occasioned by the election; for there was, at least, the show of a more extensive representation than in Scotland, but he soon discovered that it was more in appearance than in reality.

The freeholders and populace who had assem-



bled at the hustings were perhaps more amused than edified by the Whig and Tory speeches which were delivered on the occasion, for it is more than probable that the one was only as the noise of "sounding brass," and the other of "a tinkling cymbal," *verba et preterea nihil*.

Sir Belfry made some flaming patriotic speeches, and almost talked himself into hysterics, concerning "the galling load of taxation under which the nation was sinking like a pack-horse under his burden"—"the corruptions of the government"—and lamenting "the tendency of the times to demoralize the people, he shed tears."

Jerry Gnowpost also harangued the multitude, and made them many and large promises, none of which he had the slightest intention ever to fulfil.

"The mealy-mouthed auld gaffer," said the Laird to Lord Ringsdale, "hear how he chatters like a magpie; he kens weel enough that he's coaxing them to get their votes, by telling them a pack o' lees; but he has an oily tongue, and as saft as a feather bed; it goes click, click, like a watch, for it's as glib as a beggar's brat's."

"It is his interest," said his lordship, "to promote the interests of agriculture; he has a good deal at stake, for he is himself one of the greatest landholders in the kingdom."

"Stake here, stake there," replied the Laird; "he is naithing but an auld miser. His ain faither taught him, when a callant, to covet every thing he saw, and to cheat his little playmates out o' their tops and marbles. And even now, he gangs about with dry crumbs o' bread, crusts o' musty cheese, bits o' waste paper, and auld rags in his pockets, and a coat on his back not worth saxpence. Then his auld father-in-law, Licksnag, the higgler, learned him to buy eggs, then cocks and hens, till he

scarted as muckle gear thegither as to buy a farm, and now he buys hale parishes."

"He has an eye on the loaves and fishes," answered his lordship.

"Baith the ins and outs, I am told," said Laird Shadow, "in cooking the national pie, lick their fingers; but ye hae been a member o' parliament yoursel', my Lord, and ken a' about it better than I do."

"Members of parliament," answered the Earl, "do enjoy certain perquisites or privileges, on whichever side of the house they belong."

"I thought there was something in the wind, or ye wad na see the gentry flinging awa their siller this gate. But the maist disgusting thing awa is to see what vile means are used to obtain votes, and to see the priests sticking in their creeshy noses into politics, and ranting about religion as if Christianity was endangered if Squire Gnawpost did na tak his seat in the House of Commons," said the Laird.

He was not alone in taking offence at the conduct of the established clergy, for by their over-officious interference in behalf of the Tory interest, they had rendered themselves obnoxious to the independent party. Their influence among the farmers, however, was rapidly declining from their avariciously extorting their tithes, at a time when agricultural affairs were at so low an ebb that every one concerned in them was likely to be involved in the general bankruptcy.

The indignation of the populace was raised to such a pitch, that the freeholders, who went to the poll to vote for Squire Gnawpost, durst not wear his favours in their hats, lest they should have been abused and insulted by the mob in their way thither. The Tories were styled the herring-soup

club, from a certain clergyman who took an active part in one of these charitable establishments, having been said to have pretty largely distributed to the poor, soup made of herrings and potatoes, boiled in water with a few onions. He was also accused of having distributed the water in which his eggs had been boiled, under the name of egg-tea.

Squire Gnawpost, however, carried the day, and when the poll closed, he was declared one of the successful candidates, and was chaired through the city, with a band of music playing 'See the conquering hero comes.'

These goings on served for a few days to amuse the young people, but they disgusted the Laird with politics, who began to be sick of both Whigs and Tories.

The Laird could not rest satisfied till he had seen Sir Belfry, and got him to promise to him the refusal of his estate. He had been so highly pleased with the country through which they had passed in their way to and from London, and with the fine breed of sheep, and cattle, and horses, which he had seen in England, that he could scarcely eat or sleep till he became an English proprietor. The respectable appearance of the farmers and of their families had also pleased him greatly, and he repeatedly made the observation to Jonathan, on their way thither, that "they ware na siccan pur peengering looking creatures as his neebors on the Kype, with their sour-milk Presbyterian faces." Goslington forgot his own concerns in that of the nation, but the Laird was like a fish out of the water. Having settled accounts with Mr. Moneypenny, and got the cash ready to pay Sir Belfry for the estate, and thinking the time of the election, of all others, the best, to make a good bargain, as he

knew well enough that the Baronet wanted the money, he reminded Lord Ringsdale of the necessity there was to lose no time in securing the property, by making as early an application for it as possible.

"It will no do, my Lord," said Laird Shadow, "to be gawking here horn-idle at ferlies, and letting a fine estate slip through my fingers. And if I do get it, the sooner the better, for Sir Belfry's so needfu' o' siller that he'll no leave a stick on the estate big enugh to mak a handstaff or a soople o'. And a' the pheasants will be scattered about for the want of a cover, Gude kens where. For I am tell't, that already they can hardly get a tree high enugh to sit doon upon at night, to keep them out o' the todds' way."

The election being over, our party visited the watering-places of Worthing, and Brighton, and Hastings, where Lady Rosa and Miss Shadow amused themselves in driving a little carriage with a couple of donkeys, and as Miss Shadow was an excellent whip, they cut a conspicuous figure among the company who frequent these places during the summer months.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE ESTATE.

Let thistles grow instead of wheat, cockles instead of barley.  
JOB.

THE gentlemen, leaving the two young ladies to amuse themselves on the sea-coast, took a drive to Battledoor-hall to see the estate belonging to Sir Belfry, which had been advertised to be sold. Laird Shadow, however, had heard so much concerning the ruinous state of the agricultural interest in England, especially in the south of the kingdom, where there were no manufactories, that he was not of a mind to be in a hurry in parting with his money. Our party having put up at the George, which was the principal inn, as the landlord seemed to be an intelligent and communicative sort of a man, the Laird entered into conversation with him respecting affairs in the neighbourhood:

"Your roads, landlord, in this country, are unco gude," said the Laird; "a' the way frae Lunnen, the road is so smooth that ye might trundle an apple on't."

"Bad times make good roads," replied the landlord.

"How so?" asked the Laird.

"Because the poor, for some time, have been employed in improving the turnpike road to London, having little else to do," said the landlord.

"How come the poor to be so destitute of employment?" asked Lord Ringsdale, taking part in the conversation with a good deal of interest.

"The farmer can no longer afford to pay them for their labour," said the landlord; "they are thrown idle, and come upon the parish for relief. The overseer is glad to make them do something, for frequently we have from fifty to a hundred men out of work in this parish; and during the winter, numbers stood in the street, opposite his door, from morning to night."

"You understand, Laird Shadow," said his lordship, "that in England, the maintenance of the poor is provided for by law, and in order to levy a tax on every one who is not himself on the list of paupers, his property is valued and assessed according to its value." Addressing himself to the landlord, "How much do you pay a pound for poor rates in this parish this season?"

"We pay upwards of nineteen shillings in the pound," said the landlord, "but there are parishes who pay from twenty-seven to twenty-eight shillings."

"That is more than the yearly rent of the property," said the Laird; "the poor then take more to keep them than the whole property in the parish is worth!"

"Not quite so much," said the Earl; "property is not assessed at a rack rent; perhaps at the time the assessment was made, it did not exceed one-third of the real value."

"But," said the landlord, "property has greatly fallen in value lately, and the poor rates keep increasing every year."

The Laird gave a short cough, and scratching his head, thought that it was a lucky circumstance that he had stopped at the George instead of calling directly on Sir Belfry as he intended.

"What other burden is landed property encumbered with, besides poor rates and taxes," asked Laird Shadow.

"The great and little tithes," said Lord Ringsdale; "and you will learn to your cost, Laird, if you purchase an estate on this side of the Tweed, that the tithes are a great drawback on the value of landed property."

The landlord gave the Laird a succinct account of the tithes in Battledoor, and also informed him that tithes in general had proved so great a grievance to the farmers, that it had been in agitation to purchase the great tithes in order to get rid of them altogether.

"At the commencement of tithes in Great Britain, they were intended to support the poor, repair churches, and maintain the clergymen," said Lord Ringsdale.

"Yes," said the landlord, "but they are not applied to the building of churches, or maintaining the poor, but for supporting proud, fat, idle clergymen, to preach up humility and charity."

"If a' this is true," said Laird Shadow, "and I hae nae reason to doubt it, farming maun be in a wofu' plight in England; why, my Lord," he continued, "they are ten times waur aff than we are in Scotland, and yet this is the merry England that they brag about."

"A large landed proprietor in the neighbourhood," said the landlord, "gave the overseers of this parish a farm, of considerable extent, for the benefit of the poor, for which they were to pay no rent, but merely the taxes; and as a proof of the

badness of the times, they have been unable to keep it, and have given it up."

"If the poor are so badly off here, and there is so much difficulty in maintaining them, why don't they go where work is more plenty?" asked the Laird, not more vexed to think on the distresses of the farmer than on the miserable condition of the labouring poor.

"Every parish has enough to do to maintain its own poor," said the landlord, "and when they do go out of the parish in search of employment, they cannot find it, and are again brought back to it."

"So then," said the Laird, "a poor man is here confined to his parish, as a tree to the soil in which it is planted."

"This evening," said the landlord, "there is a select vestry, which you can attend if you think proper."

The Laird went to the meeting by himself, as neither his lordship nor either of the young gentlemen would accompany him; and having seen Sir Belfry, who was present, and satisfied his desire to become more intimately acquainted with the poor laws and the management of the poor, he returned to the George and rejoined his company.

"O' a' the sights," said the Laird, "that e'er I saw in this warl', a parish meeting beats. O what a set o' mean, beggarly rascals they have brought the poor in England to, by their taxes and their poor laws."

"I am of opinion," said Lord Ringsdale, "that the whole system is a very bad one."

"In what respect, my Lord?" asked Goslington, who, as well as Jonathan, knew but little of the condition of the poor, and till this afternoon, never supposed that it was near as wretched as they had heard it represented to be.



"The poor are not paid for their labour sufficiently to live and bring up a family, because the heavy taxes on the necessities of life render it impossible for them to subsist on the low wages which they receive. They are, therefore, obliged to receive parochial relief, because they cannot be expected to starve. And it is not one of the least evils that attends this system, that having once received help from the parish, their feelings are blunted, and their spirit of independence is broken. The industrious, and the modest poor man, is left to starve, because he is ashamed to ask for assistance, while the idle and the bold-faced villain, lost to shame, is clamorous, and invents an endless variety of schemes to excite pity and live without working," replied his lordship.

"If some of them do live without working, they do not live without begging, for they have to beg and pray at parish meetings as if they were begging for their life," said the Laird; "and then they are turned out, and anither comes in, and he tells his pitifu' story neist, and then anither ane, till they hae a' set forth their grievances, and such an account of wretchedness and misery as I have heard this night, I never heard in my life before."

"But why do the poor marry," said Goslington, interrupting him, "since they know that they are unable to maintain a family?"

"Na, ye hae just speert exactly the wrang question," retorted his father; "ye should have asked why a man that's baith able and willing to work, has little or naithing to do, and gets as little for what he does do; but for a' that, I'll tell you what maks him marry; he canna live sae weel single as he can do married, for the overseers hardly give a single man as muckle to live on as wad feed a hen,

and for brats o' claise, a bit of an auld sack, or the like o' that, is a' they get to keep out the cauld, and cover their nakedness."

"I always understood," said Jonathan, "that the poor in England were liberally provided for, and that the old and the infirm, when reduced to poverty, were received into the workhouse, where they were well taken care of."

"You maunna confound what has been and what is the case," said the Laird, "for I hae seen the workhouse, and it's no only a true picture o' misery, but o' profligacy. It's as fu' as it can haud o' baith auld and young, and it is true that they get their belly fu' o' victuals; but than there's nought for them to do, except making a few mops or brooms, and I leave you to guess what goings on there is amang the young hisseys and young fallows, and how uncomfortable it maun be to any decent person, who has seen better times, to see what a pass things have come to."

The Laird proceeded to give so horrible an account of the poor, that we forbear to say any thing more on a subject so repugnant to the feelings of humanity.

"I now see the reason," said Jonathan, "why the lower orders of the English emigrants succeed so much worse in America than the Scotch or Irish labourers."

"Is this really the case?" asked Lord Ringdale, with surprise, for he did not apprehend that the baneful influence of the English poor laws could have so extensive an influence in deteriorating the character of the English paupers, as to render it visible in hindering their success, in so distant a quarter of the world.

"That it is so," said Jonathan, "your lordship

may confidently rely upon; and, my Lord, I will tell you why it is so."

This was placing the degraded situation of the English pauper in a new point of view to all present, and they listened with the greatest attention.

"You will see the Irish emigrants, to-day, step ashore in New-York; to-morrow, you will see him with a spade or shovel in his hand at work, or mounting a ladder with a bricklayer's hod on his shoulder."

"How comes the Scotchman on?" said the Laird, interrupting him, "since Paddy succeeds so weel in America, how does Sawny do?"

"Sawny," said Jonathan, giving the wink to his lordship, and imitating the Laird's dialect, "is an industrious frugal chield, only he's a wee dirty in his habits—rather o'er fond o' his glass—and no a little o'er bigoted in his religious opinions." The shrewd look which Jonathan assumed, and the dry sarcastic quaintness of his humour, made the Laird himself laugh—"stick to your text, Jonathan," said he, "and no murder the King's English that gate."

"The English pauper," continued Jonathan, "is, with his wife and children, sent over by his parish, their passage is paid, and their ship-stores provided for them. He arrives in our land of liberty, curses the British government, loiters about drinking in the stores, by and by goes to work, but he has not been accustomed to provide for his family without help from the parish at the week's end. If he is without work for a few days, he gets discouraged, throws himself on the ship-owner who brought him and his family over; he now d——s the Yankees and America—is carried

back again to England—and once more becomes a burden on his parish.”

This short account of the degrading tendency of pauperism in England, to sink the labouring classes into a state of abject vassalage, bore such internal evidence of its being a true picture, that a gloom overspread every countenance, and for some time, no one attempted to renew the conversation.

“I have seen the English farmer prosperous,” said Lord Ringsdale, “and the cottagers around him happy. Often has the neatness of their wives and children surprised me, and the air of comfort about their cottages, with their little gardens and borders of flowers, has almost persuaded me that their humble situation was one of the very happiest. There likewise was so good an understanding between the farmer and his dependents, that it afforded me pleasure to witness it. If the farmer, his wife, or any of his children were sick, the domestics felt as much sorrow for their master and mistress as they could have done for their own parents, if suffering under affliction; and if the servants were ill, they were treated with as much kindness as if they had all been relations of one common family.”

“There is something so respectable in the establishment of a large English farmer,” said the Laird; “every thing about the house is so substantial, and puts you in mind of former times; the very house and furniture are strong and old fashioned; then every thing is so clean and orderly. Really it is a heart-breaking thing for them to think that their fathers and grandfathers occupied the very farms which they now hold, and to see every thing sequestered or sold off under a *caption* and

morning, for a mere wanworth to pay the rent, and themselves reduced to paupers."

"I learn," said his lordship, "that the farmers are very badly off."

"The far greater part of them are bankrupts," said the Laird, "and the clergy are but little better, for they cannot get their tithes paid. 'Am no a wheet sorry for them," he continued, "for they are only a wheen idle drones, and it will bring them to their senses. The poor dean of Battledoor is half crazy; he has a proud, haughty wife, and she keeps him as puir as a church mouse; he's glad to tak a bit o' meat from the butcher for his tithes, or to get a pair of shoes made or mended by the cobbler, or to get a little tea and sugar from the grocer. In fact, he is glad to take what he can get, and although he has put down his carriage and walks on foot, he can hardly drive day and way."

"Are things as bad as all that," said his lordship.

"They are just that bad, that the landlord cannot get his rents, and so he's as badly aff as ony ane," said the Laird. Nay, mair than a' that, the land fa's into his ain hand, and while he gets nae rent, he has to pay tithes, and poor rates, and taxes himself. In this very parish, there are several thousand acres unoccupied, of as fine hop land as is in either the counties of Kent or Sussex."

"This state of things cannot last long," said Goslington; "times will mend."

"Do you intend, Laird, to look at Sir Belfry's estate?" asked his lordship.

"No, my Lord, or if I do look at it, I tell you one thing, I do not buy it," replied the Laird.

"Sir Belfry is under the necessity of selling, I understand," said the Earl, "and I hear that he is going abroad."

"He may do what he likes, and gang whare he likes for a' me," said the Laird; "he'll no be muckle missed for ony gude he does at hame."

"Do you intend, my Lord, to call on Sir Belfry?" said Goslington.

"I do not," replied his lordship. "Sir Belfry does not conduct himself with sufficient respectability, and I have no wish to see him."

"He's just the auld man yet, although that he is married, rinning about amang the hisseys," said the Laird; "but the wife, I hear, made him pack aff Caraboo about her business."

"He has pretended to be jealous of her fidelity," said Lord Ringsdale.

"It's only a cloak for his ain sins," replied the Laird; "but come awa, my Lord, and let us return to the ladies, and get back again to Lunnen as fast as we can."

"You have fairly made up your mind then, Laird, not to purchase," said his lordship.

"As times are in England," said the Laird, "I wad na tak land at a gift. I ne'er was mair mista'en a' my days than since I came up to England—the soil and the climate seemed to be sae muckle better than in Scotland—and the farmers seemed to be a' better aff as we came along the road—and then, whan we came to Lunnen, it surpassed every thing. I thought England was a fine place, and I was fear't that Sir Belfry would sell his estate before I could see it, but now, as times are, nae England for me; my siller's no burning a hole in my pouch yet."

"I will not presume to dictate to you," said Goslington, "but in my opinion, you are exceedingly wrong in your determination."

"How do you mak that out," said the Laird.

"Because," replied Goslington, "the price of

land is exceedingly low, and there is not a doubt in my mind but that in a short time it will be double its present value; this, therefore, is the very time to invest money in landed property, for I know that there is an excess of wealth in Great Britain, and very soon you will not know what to do with your large capital."

"I am decidedly of Mr. Goslington's opinion," said his lordship, "only at the same time, I wish you to exercise your own judgment, whether you purchase an estate in England or Scotland, but by all means avail yourself of the present depressed state of the agricultural interest, to make your purchase somewhere, and the sooner you make up your mind, the more it will be to your advantage."

"You have gi'en me one advice, my Lord," replied Laird Shadow, "and I will mak free to gie you anither; as soon as ye gang hame, let your factor have orders to allow your tenants to sit rent-free for twelvemonth to come, and let him charge me with the first six months rent, and the siller is ready for him; the neist six months rent you can very well afford to deduct out of your large income, And I have only to add, reduce the rents on your estates for the time to come, so that the poor farmer can make a shift to pay the rent without hurting himself."

"I shall take this matter into serious consideration," replied his lordship, "at the same time I highly commend your liberality."

The Laird rose and walked across the floor, pondering on the distressed state of Great Britain, when, giving a smart clap with his hands on one another, he exclaimed, "Ah! my Lord! we have Kings and Priests to thank for't that the kintry has come to this o't!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE GREEN BAG.

My transgression is sealed up in a bag.

JOB.

THE Laird had left London, full of expectation of being able to lay out his money in purchasing for himself a fine estate, and now he returned towards the metropolis, vexed and disappointed, that as times stood, it was not worth purchasing. However, it had been his own particular wish that the young ladies and gentlemen should make a tour of the south of the kingdom, for he thought it was high time that they should see a little of the world, and he had not a mind just to drive post haste back to Scotland, but to afford them an opportunity of seeing as many of the principal towns and cities as came within their route.

It is yet fresh in the reader's memory, that immediately after the death of our beloved sovereign, her Majesty Queen Caroline returned to England.

Our friends, on hearing that the Queen was expected to land at Dover, leaving the coast of Sussex, proceeded towards Canterbury, to see her Majesty on her way towards London, and they reached this ancient city before her Majesty and her train arrived. It was now nearly dark, and the en-



trance to the city was highly illuminated with flambeaus, which, with the immense crowd of people collected together, rendered the cavalcade exceedingly beautiful and magnificent. The horses were taken from the Queen's carriage, and her Majesty was drawn into the city by the multitude, amidst shouts which rent the air with "Long live Queen Caroline," "Long live our gracious Queen."

The mayor and corporation, in their corporate costumes, were in waiting to present an appropriate address, and her Majesty desired that they might be admitted to her presence. The mayor, having read his address, and her Majesty having made a most gracious reply, after the ceremony, Lady Rosa (who was on terms of intimate friendship with Lady Ann Hamilton, maid of honour to the Queen) and Miss Shadow, with several other ladies, had the honour of conversing with her Majesty, and kissing her hand.

Next morning, Lord Ringsdale breakfasted with her Majesty, having been her intimate friend while Princess of Wales, before her Royal Highness had left England to reside on the continent.

When the procession advanced towards London, our friends followed in her Majesty's train, which was joined by hundreds of carriages as it approached the city, and the crowd of spectators became immense. One general feeling of the highest respect towards the Queen pervaded every bosom, and the inhabitants of every village through which the cavalcade passed, manifested the most enthusiastic homage and loyalty to her Majesty. The bells of the churches were rung, flags bearing appropriate devices were displayed, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and all was joy and exultation. On their way towards the metropolis, Lord Ringsdale gave Laird Shadow an account of the calum-

nies which had been circulated respecting the Queen's conduct abroad, and of the endless insults which she had received from foreign powers, owing to the influence of the British ministers residing at their courts. During her Majesty's trial before the House of Lords, his lordship and the Laird were present, and heard and witnessed the most disgraceful proceedings which, in any country under Heaven, ever outraged public decency, but not an iota of which shall ever stain our pages. So great was the indignation excited in their breasts, and so infamous was the accounts of the trial which were published, that they forbade the young ladies to look into a single newspaper so long as they were contaminated with such indelicacies.

On the acquittal of the Queen, the triumph of the people, who universally espoused the cause of her Majesty against her prosecutors, was unbounded: In every town and village throughout the kingdom, the houses were illuminated, and never in any instance, did the nation display such loyalty towards their sovereign as they now testified to her Majesty Queen Caroline.

"The Queen owed her salvation to the voice of the people," said Lord Ringsdale to the Laird. "The ministers durst not, in their *bill of pains and penalties*, find her guilty, and had they deprived her of her royal dignity, the peace of the realm had unquestionably been endangered."

"What do you think of the conduct of the spiritual Lords?" said the Laird.

"I think," said the Earl, "there can be but one opinion on the subject—it was most disgraceful."

"I would rather see a fat goose any time than a fat priest," replied the Laird, "but for the time to come, I will look on a greasy bishop as ane o' the King's fat hogs, and they may grunt over their sweet

for me, for I now see that they mak a god o' their bellies, and wad sell their souls to the devil if he wad only gie them a more lucrative bishopric."

"The King has been the mere tool of a party," said his lordship, "and undoubtedly repents the disclosures which have been made; he has attempted to tarnish the Queen's reputation, and now he must content himself to have her for his consort after all."

"He is," said Laird Shadow, "reported to be the maist accomplished gentleman in Europe, but ye ken royal geese are a' swans; ony gate, he should have behaved himself a wee better to his wife, if he did na like her: he might hae thought about his ain sculdudderies, and steeked his gab."

"I do not acquit the Queen of great indiscretion," said Lord Ringsdale, "but I believe the far greater part of the charges which have been brought against her, were fabricated by the spies with which she was surrounded, in her retirement on the continent."

"A shave aff a broken cheese is ne'er missed," said the Laird, "but I did not conceive that it was possible for any modest woman to have heard in public what the Queen has done, and not to have sunk under her trial, innocent or guilty; but she has a heroic spirit, and let me tell you, she's no o'er soon made to blush; there's some spunk in her yet."

"Nor did I conceive it possible," said the Earl, "that so great a part of the House of Lords, should have combined in a treasonable conspiracy against their Queen."

"Ye'll no be far wrang," said the Laird, "taking the world at large, if ye look on a muckle man as a muckle rogue, and a muckle wamed

bishop as a greedy glutton and a whining hypocrite. They just mak a foot-ball of religion amang them to keep the people running after it, while they rule the roast and lick their fingers."

"Ministers seem desirous," said his lordship, "to render themselves as ridiculous and unpopular as possible, and it is but too true, that the prosecutions which have been commenced against the profane publications of the present day, has done more towards disseminating their mischievous tenets, than the writings themselves could have done, if they had been allowed to have been sold and read without restraint."

"It is a new way of supporting Christianity," said the Laird, "to prosecute or persecute a man for writing against it. Let them that are so weel paid for being our spiritual guides show us the right road, and keep us company by walking in't along wi' us, and the maist feck o' us wad as soon be seen in company with a thief or a robber, as be seen with a rebel or a blasphemer."

The Laird now began to see, that the more he knew of mankind, the more he despised them; but whether man was, by nature, so corrupt, that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, or whether our temporal and spiritual rulers, in a civilized state of society, did not rather mar than mend human nature, which divines represent as being the devil's swill-tub, was a subject concerning which he had not yet made up his mind.

"Are you ever fashed in America," said the Laird to Jonathan, "with the squabbles o' ony o' your Presidents and their wives; or if they canna gree, do you just let them cool in the skin they het in, and mak it up atween thesel's twa, without lettin' a' the warl' ken o' their dirdums?"

"Our Presidents and their wives are exactly on the same footing as other citizens in America," replied Jonathan, "and the people never interfere in their domestic concerns."

"But we are so fear't," said the Laird, "that the royal breed in this kintry should get minglem-chew'd, that it's treason in the Queen to have an intrigue, although the King, wha's just an auld cussar, can do no harm, as a right reverend bishop has told us, do what he likes."

"You do not enter, father," replied Goslington, "into the spirit of our laws; you know the crown is hereditary in Great Britain, and in America, the President is elected by the people; but you overlook the character of the nation which has been fostered by our glorious constitution. Before you conclude, therefore, that a republican form of government is more conducive to morality than a limited monarchy like ours, let us first see the same probity and honour in their private dealings in America that we see in Scotland."

"Human nature is the same every where," replied Jonathan; "it is yet too soon to look for a national character among so mixed a people as the Americans are at present, many of whom are emigrants from Europe, of the lowest order and the worst characters; if there is but little confidence among us in pecuniary affairs, let us not be prejudged, till the effects of an American education is seen in a new generation, for under so excellent a government, and among so industrious and enterprising a people, it is impossible to set limits to the happy prospect which may be anticipated."

"In England," replied Laird Shadow, "it is quite the reverse; our national spirit is just like the flichtering low on the wick o' a brunt out candle doup, and a' our property is crumblin' to

pieces as a lump of fresh burnt limestone in water."

The Laird was in a very low key ; every thing seemed to him to have been turned upside down, and he wished himself at home by his own fireside. When, indulging in this pensive train of feeling, the discussion was interrupted by a letter which he received from old Bauldy, his lordship's gardener, informing him that Mrs. Shadow's health was much worse than when he left home, and that she wished the family all to meet together before her decease.

On the receipt of this affecting intelligence, our friends immediately set off for Scotland.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE ELOPEMENT.

The best o' folk may hae some failing,  
 Some inward flaw, some sp'ritual ailing,  
 We daily hear the righteous, wailing  
     In-dwalling sin;  
 A law o' members, aft prevailing  
     O'er grace within.

ANONYMOUS.

IN a few days after Bauldy had despatched his letter, Mrs. Shadow had the pleasure of seeing her family return from their journey, having travelled as expeditiously as they could. She was in a very poor state of health, but not considered by her medical attendant in any immediate danger. A change of air was advised for her; and towards the end of autumn, the Laird hired a handsome house in the new town of Edinburgh, when the family removed thither. Goslington, and Jonathan, (who was now looked upon as one of the family) were to attend the classes, for the last time, to complete their studies before they took the degree of master of arts.

Will Waddell was left intrusted with the management of the Laird's little estate, for ever since he had been in his service, he had conducted himself as a faithful and honest servant. Will had a daughter, who lived as under housemaid at Hazleton-hall, having been brought up by Mrs. Shadow since she was a little girl, from motives of humanity, and as

an act of kindness to her father and herself. She was, in fact, a silly, weak-minded lass, and although she had attained the age of womanhood, was quite imbecile in her intellect, and childish in her manners. She was, therefore, treated by the Laird's family with an uncommon degree of indulgence.

Her voice was inimitably sweet and bewitching, for there was a wild pathos in her warblings, as when a celestial seraph swept the chords of heavenly harmony. Mrs. Shadow was accustomed to listen to her in the absence of her family, as she sung to her a variety of anthems and other select pieces of sacred music. When Bauldy, who was, as we have formerly observed, an elder in the parish of Stonehouse, paid a visit to Mrs. Shadow to join with her in devotion, and to comfort her in her sickness with the consolations of our divine religion, this young woman was generally present, and sung with them a portion of a psalm or hymn. She was, indeed, nearly related to Bauldy, as Will Waddell, who was now a widower, had married his niece. Bauldy, apparently to Mrs. Shadow, took great pains to give his relation good advice and religious instruction; and her unsuspecting mind never imagined that any other motives but those of the most sincere and unfeigned piety, actuated Bauldy in becoming a frequent visiter at Hazleton-hall, and in his prevailing intimacy with this poor idiot.

Will Waddell, during the winter, began to perceive that his daughter was in a situation that gave him the greatest uneasiness, which, as a parent, he could suffer for his unfortunate child. There also were others no less acute in their observations than himself, and rumours very much to the discredit of both the young gentlemen, were afloat, till at last the affair became the common talk of the neigh-



bourhood. The old matrons on the Kype, however, by Bauldy's artful insinuations, and the ambiguous and evasive answers of the damsel, were led to believe that the young Laird Goslington was the transgressor.

Bauldy even attempted to bring the scandal home to our youth at the session, but Domine Birchall successfully opposed this measure, both on account of the girl's fatuity, and by assuring the elders, that his friend would be able to establish an *alibi*.

Bauldy being thwarted in these measures, during the ensuing night the girl disappeared, and could nowhere be heard of. Will Waddell was worked up to a state of frenzy by the loss of his daughter, and by the suspicions which Bauldy had excited in his mind against his young master; and he set off for Edinburgh, enraged in the highest degree, with the determination of demanding redress from him, and of acquainting Laird Shadow with the injury which his son had done him.

When Will arrived at Edinburgh, and had found out the Laird's residence, on entering the house, he desired to see Goslington, whom he found at home.

"What brings you here, Will, in such haste?" asked Goslington.

"What brings me here?" said Will, with the most contemptuous grin, "ye need na speer that, I trow! I come after my dochter."

"Your daughter!" said Goslington, with astonishment at Will's fury, "your daughter is not here!"

"I did not expect that she was here! but you ken where she is, and your honour maun be but a waff chap, minister or no minister!" said Will, "to keep her under hiding."

"You are absolutely mad, Will! I know nothing of your daughter!" said Goslington; "What has befallen her?"

"I'll soon mak you ken tho'," said Will, "if my twa neeves stick to my shouthers," at the same time, he advanced towards Goslington, who stood his ground, in an attitude of defence.

At this very moment, Miss Shadow, and Lady Rosa along with her, having been taking a walk, came in, and hearing Will's voice make the house echo, for he was in a furious passion, they opened the door and looked into the room.

Will's left hand was advanced to grasp Goslington by the throat, and his right was raised at arm's length above his head, while he exclaimed, "I will smash you to the floor, Sir, like a nowt!"

In one moment, blows would have been exchanged, had not Miss Shadow undauntedly placed herself between Will and her brother. At the sight of Peggy, Will dropped his arm by his side.

"Mr. Shadow," (who stood abashed,) said Lady Rosa, "what are you about?"

"I will soon let him ken what he's about," said Will; "does he think that he's going to mak a limmer o' my dochter?"

Lady Rosa, on hearing the subject of the quarrel, had already turned round to withdraw, when she was met by Laird Shadow, who had been reading a letter from Domine Birchall, explanatory of the cause of Will Waddell's jaunt to Edinburgh; together with a little piece of news, respecting which Will had no idea.

"Bide a wee, my Leddy," said the Laird, "and no be in sic a desperate hurry," at the same time taking her by the hand, he led her back into the room. "Ye're clean wrang, man Will," said he, before her ladyship and Miss Shadow, "to come here

and mak sic a hullabaloo ! it's the auld fowmarte that's stown the young yearock, ye may depend on't!" At the same time that the Laird made this quaint remark, he gave Will a heavy clap on the shoulder, looking significantly in his face, "I hear, Will, they say she's getting red o' the kaime!"

The Laird held the Domine's letter open in his hand, and there was something so arch in his looks, mixed with so much good humour towards his son, and friendship towards Will, that even a child might have seen, that he, and he only, had got the right scent. A ray of light shone on Will's mind, that he was on a wild-goose chase after his daughter; "the auld gray-headed lecher!" said he, "Is it him that has played me this plisky?"

"The young bantling, whan it comes, if it bé on the road," said the Laird, "is either auld Bauldy's or mine, Will. I will leave you to guess whulk of us to father it on."

Will Waddell, while the tears ran down his cheeks, flew across the room, and grasping Goslington's right hand between both his, he pressed it to his lips. I have been sairly to blame," said Will, "but I was amaist driven dementet, and oh, mind a father's feelings for a lost and a ruined child."

"I heartily forgive you, Will," said our youth.

"Will your ladyship please to excuse us for the present?" said the Laird to Lady Rosa, "for we have a mind to talk to Will by oursel's a wee, my Leddy; and Peggy, whan we want you we will send for you."

The young ladies withdrew, and the Laird read Domine Birchall's letter, in which he stated that Bauldy had been seen by Meg Dyot, crossing the Clyde, with Will Waddell's daughter, before day-break, on the night when she left home; and that from the direction in which they were going, Meg

supposed that they were on their road to Edinburgh.

"The warmest neuk o' h——l's o'er gude for the auld fowtre," said Will; "if I had my will o' him, I wad mak him ride the stang on a heckle without the breeks."

The idea suggested itself to the Laird that Bauldy might have concealed Will's daughter at old Luckie Dibble's, so he and Will took a walk in that direction after it was dark, determined to commence a strict search all over the city, in case that they did not find her at Luckie's. As they were on their way thither, they saw a crowd of boys advancing towards them, supporting, as a buttress an old wall, a person, who seemed to be very drunk, from the unsteady manner in which he staggered along in the middle of the street, while the boys held him up by the arms, and propped him behind to keep him from falling backwards. There had been a fall of snow, and some boys had rolled up a large snowball, on which they saw him sit down as he drew near him.

"I'll be whipped but it's auld Bauldy, as fu' as a piper!" said Laird Shadow.

The Laird was in the right, and as they stepped up to him, he took off his hat, and sitting on the snowball, with a crowd around him, "Let us praise God," said he, supposing that he was engaged in public worship, and giving out the line

"Praise waits for thee in Zion, Lord,"

he struck up the psalm tune of the Martyrs.

The boys made the city ring with huzzas, and began pelting him with snowballs, when the Laird and Will interfered, and lifting him up, and putting on

his hat, they took him straight back to Luckie Dibble's, where they intended going.

As they knocked at Luckie's door, she popped her head out of the window, to survey her customers before she gave them admittance. "Wha's there," said Luckie, and recognising Bauldy, for he had occasionally been one of her lodgers at the general assembly, and she had also been expecting him, she let them in.

But Luckie, seeing Bauldy drunk, affected great surprise, that so sober an elder of the kirk of Scotland should have been so overtaken. "Gang awa to your bed, Sir," said Luckie, assuming an air of devotion, "for ye'll no be weel eneugh the night to tak the buke to us;" and turning round to the Laird, she continued, "he's a gude wurdy man, the elder here, but the best o' folk will be o'erta'en at times."

"The deil's been busy, to be sure, wi' Bauldy, lately, and the spirit gane," said the Laird; "but what brings him into Embro', Luckie, ken ye?"

"It's no for me to speer at him, for it's na business o' mine," replied Luckie, "but advise him awa to his bed, for I wad na hae it said that ony body saw him tipsy in my house, for none but decent folk come here."

"He is a daft cadger that cries stinking herring," replied the Laird; "but, Luckie, what's come o' the young woman that came in along wi' him? her father here, and mysel' want to see her."

"I houp," said Luckie, rising up and leaning over her crutch, "that ye dinna think that I keep a howf for rinagate queans."

"It's a' one to me wha ye keep, Luckie," said the Laird; "but I'll soon skail the byke o' you and your limmers baith, if ye dinna do as I bid you."

"As true as death," said Luckie, "there's no a

young woman in a' the house, and I am surprised to hear you mention sic a thing."

"Call the police, Will, and we'll soon see wha's here and wha's no here," said the Laird.

Old Luckie knocked with her crutch on the floor, and a couple of bullies entered, with large bludgeons in their hands—"turn these men out," said she.

Will Waddell, pushing old Luckie down, got hold of her crutch, the Laird seized a large poker, which was red hot, from the fire, and grasping it in both his hands as if it had been a boarding-pike, they made a charge on her bravadoes, who scampered out of the room a little quicker than they had entered it.

"We soon cow'd the caddies, Will," said the Laird; "but we cannot get out, for they have locked the door on us."

"I will break it a' to blads," said Will, who began to batter the door to pieces with Luckie's crutch, while Bauldy, frightened almost out of his wits at the affray, had crept under a table.

"Come out, Bauldy, and find the young woman that ye hae played the loon wi', or I will stick the bet poker through you as a speet through a roasted turkey-cock," said the Laird, taking him by the neck, while Will Waddell gave him a kick with his foot, which threw him half-way across the room.

"Let me dee the death o' the righteous, and let my latter end be like his," said Bauldy; "if ye'll no just kill me a' thegither, I will find your dochter, Will, this minute! this precious minute! but oh, dinna spill my bluid!"

"We will no hurt a hair o' your head," said the Laird, lifting him up and setting him on his feet.

"Let me just lend him ae lunner with Luckie's crutch," said Will, lifting it up over his head.

"Keep up' hands, Will," said the Laird ; "by a' means keep up hands."

Peace being restored, old Luckie entered the room, bringing Will Waddell's daughter along with her.

"You limmer!" said Will, "what made you rin awa and leave me? But daft or no daft, ye hanna a mind to dee the death o' Jenkins' hen!"

The simple girl, at seeing Bauldy, threw her arms around his neck, and sung

"I can dee, but canna part,  
My bonnie dearie."

"Bauldy has a wife o' his ain," said the Laird to her, "and you must go home with us immediately."

"Must I leave her my soul loveth?" said Bauldy, who began to get a little more sober.

"Ye maun leave her," said the Laird, "and ye maun mount the repentin' stool too, ye hoary auld sinner."

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice," said Bauldy.

"Ye may tell it to auld Nick, if ye like, for ye'll ne'er be an elder in the Stonehouse again, as lang as ye leeve," replied the Laird ; and with Will Waddell and the frail delinquent, weeping as she went, he left Bauldy and Luckie Dibble to their own cogitations.

When the Laird returned home, he found our youth seated by Mrs. Shadow's bedside, who had been interrogating him respecting this mysterious *dereglement*. "Wife, ye hae keepet a braw house, it appears, with your praying and psalm singing, whan I was frae hame," said the Laird, "to have auld Bauldy coming o'er and debauching a poor,

silly, gomerel lassock, that did na ken her right hand frae her left hardly !”

“My dear Matthew! you little know what uneasiness it has caused me since I heard of it!” said Mrs. Shadow.

“My mother is a good deal worse this afternoon,” said our youth, “and I am fearful of the consequences, from the weak state which she has so long been in, and the unhappiness which this circumstance has given her.”

“My love,” replied the Laird, “I am glad to tell you that our son has not disgraced himself, but ———.”

“I have no doubt of that,” said Mrs. Shadow, “but, my dear, sit down beside me for a few minutes.”

The Laird sat down beside her, for some time unable to speak, the tears ran down his cheeks, and as he gazed on her countenance, he saw approaching dissolution portrayed in her features. “Are you worse, Tibby, love,” said he, and hid his face on the bed-clothes.

“O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!” said she, and these were the last words which she uttered. Before Peggy, and Lady Rosa, and Jonathan, who were in an adjoining room, could enter her bed-chamber, her immortal spirit had forsaken her friends and their affairs for ever, in this lower world.



## CHAPTER XX.

## THE EMIGRANTS.

I'll over the water, I'll over the sea,  
 I'll over the water to Charlie;  
 I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee,  
 To rowe me over to Charlie.

OLD SONG.

THE Laird was now a widower, and for some time, the world was a blank to him ; every thing at home reminded him of his former happiness and present inconsolable grief. He thought of the happy hours he and Mrs. Shadow had spent together, ere fortune had smiled upon them, and he would gladly have resigned all his riches in exchange for the return of that truly happy period, but it was gone for ever. An air of melancholy seemed to have overspread the landscape ; his flocks and cattle, the very grass and the flowery meadows, all inspired him with grief ; the murmuring of the little river had a melancholy sound. He foresaw that he must, in a short period, be left solitary, or his daughter Peggy must sacrifice her own happiness ; because Mr. Rifleman was about to return to America, having finished his studies at the university, and the very utmost that he could hope for was, that he would remain a few months, or perhaps another season, on account of the death of Mrs. Shadow.

His son, he indeed expected, would, in due time, form a happy union with Lady Rosa Stuart, and so

far as this most desirable match could be the means of drawing his attention from his own situation to that of the young loving couple, he looked forward to it with a wish that the period should not be long protracted.

For some time, he made Mr. Rifleman recount to him the history of his family, since their emigration into America; and the part which his father had taken in the revolutionary war with England, in which he had distinguished himself, as well as several others of his kinsmen, for he was sprung of a large family, and during the war, they had made themselves the very terror of the British. The Laird and Jonathan seemed, by tacit consent, to have selected this subject—which, from the hardships and sufferings endured by the Americans during their bloody struggle for liberty and independence against the gigantic power of England—had a powerful effect in arresting the attention and causing the mind to participate in the affairs of this brave and determined people, making it to forget its own private sorrow. He likewise began to listen with attention to Mr. Rifleman's descriptions of the scenery around New-York and the magnificent Hudson.

Jonathan inadvertently offended the Laird respecting the late contest between Great Britain and the United States, by telling him that America triumphed when the former had an army of two hundred thousand men, flushed with victory, and a navy of a thousand ships of war, which had hitherto been thought invincible. In the capture and defeat of the *Guerriere*, the *Macedonian*, the *Java*, the *Peacock*, and a number of other vessels, Laird Shadow had been taught to believe that it was owing to the superior number of the American crews, and the heavier metal of their

ships, besides the great number of British sailors who were aboard of them. These assertions Jonathan assured him were wholly unfounded. But when he came to relate to him the naval engagements on Lake Erie and Lake Champlain, where the whole British flotillas were destroyed, and the still more extraordinary defeat of the British forces under Lord Pakenham, by General Jackson, who commanded the American army at New-Orleans; the Laird, after sitting silent a short time, bade him drop the subject, adding, "if you Yankees had only come out frae hint your cotton-bags, they wad hae sned the heads aff you like taps aff thistles."

Mr. Rifleman, aware that this was a sore subject, was ever after careful not to introduce it, but confined himself to those topics respecting America which he knew would be more agreeable to him.

Miss Shadow listened with the greatest attention to his descriptions of the new towns and villages which were every where springing up in the great western wilderness. There was something so romantic in the idea of a new nation, flourishing with such unparalleled prosperity, that in her imagination, she had painted America as an elysium, where the sky was purer, and the sun shone brighter than in Scotland. It was the country in which all her hopes were concentrated. But to bid adieu to her native land, to the scenes of her childhood—to take farewell of her widowed father—of her affectionate brother—and of her dear companion Lady Rosa, who had been to her as a sister, was a trial which she trembled to think of, and yet this heart-rending scene she determined to undergo.

Mr. Rifleman recollected his promise to Mrs. Shadow, and it stung him to the heart to think that

he must be under the inevitable necessity either to violate his engagement, towards the fulfilment of which he had pledged his sacred assurance, or relinquish the young lady who was more to him than all the world besides. How deceitful had been the hopes he had cherished! How fleeting the few little hours he had spent in her company, now that they were gone! On his return to America, of what avail to him would be his wealth without Miss Shadow to enjoy it along with him? To whom could he unbosom his disappointment? His parents had long ago fallen victims to an epidemic in New-York; he might weep over their mouldering ashes, but he could never again behold a mother's smile to sooth his grief, nor witness a father's solicitude to promote his happiness.

Again and again he would have broke the spell which bound him to Hazleton-hall; but a loving glance from his Peggy, who was the lovelier from the tears which she shed for her departed mother, wove around him new fetters. He could not prevail upon himself to come to an *ecclairecissement* with the Laird, until he saw him in a state of mind able to bear up under the sorrow which he had cherished for the loss of Mrs. Shadow.

The Laird strove to moderate his grief, at least, in the presence of others, if he indulged in it in secret; and he seriously thought of a voyage across the Atlantic with Mr. Rifleman and Peggy, to see them comfortably established, if he did not continue with them to spend the remainder of his life. His devoted paternal affection for his daughter gave a scope to his benevolent feelings, and the more he indulged in it, the more it grew upon him. He painted to himself her situation among strangers, far from her friends, and with no one but her husband and herself to meet the cares, the disappoint-

ments, and, perhaps, the hardships, they might have to endure in life. They would indeed begin the world in affluence, but wealth could not prevent sickness, and it could not always command contentment. The good fortune which he anticipated for his son made him the more solicitous for his daughter's welfare.

In his dreams, he accompanied her to the vessel, he bade her farewell, he saw the ship under way, he gazed on the ocean, he saw the waves heave, he heard the roar of the surge, and often dreamt that he conversed with his wife, respecting their absent daughter; these and a thousand fantasies disturbed his sleep.

Instead of endeavouring to prevail on Mr. Rifleman to remain in Great Britain, he ultimately determined to go with him to the United States. Agriculture was a ruinous concern in Scotland, and it was still more so in England, where it was so encumbered with tithes and poor rates, that he would almost as soon have lived in a workhouse as to have resided south of the Tweed. At home, he did not know what to do with his money; to lend it would be to lose it, to buy an estate was to throw it away.

He had heard so much of America, that he had a mind to see it—There commerce and agriculture flourished—There was yet a wide field for enterprise—There he would see the people contented and happy, and satisfied with their government, which the people established, and which the people maintained—There the people were every thing! here they were nothing!

America was the place to purchase an estate, and should things go to perdition in Britain, his son would know where to find it, secure from the paws of the tax-gatherer. If his son should never have

occasion for it, he had another child for whom it was equally his duty to provide. From morning till night, his mind ran on his immense estate in the wilds of America, where, like Birkbeck, in the wilderness, he would feast upon deer and wild turkeys, and he pored over the maps of Ohio, the Illinois, and the Missouri Territory.

Jonathan, however, would have persuaded him to content himself with making a purchase in the western part of the state of New-York, where the great canal would enable him to find a ready market for his produce, and where there was some of the most beautiful situations for a gentleman's villa, surrounded with abundance of the finest grazing land imaginable. Already the Laird fancied to himself that he saw his broad-backed sheep, with their snow-white fleeces, and his Ayrshire cows, transported across the Atlantic.

Things had already proceeded so far, that he began to look forward to bid good-by to Lord Ringsdale; but when he came to broach the matter to his son, and to his lordship, he met with so decided an opposition to his designs, that he was led to pause before he put them in execution.

This happy family had hitherto lived together in the greatest harmony, and now they looked forward to being separated into different quarters of the world.

Lady Rosa used her utmost endeavours with Miss Shadow to prevail on Mr. Rifleman to remain in Scotland, where his connexions were so highly respectable, and where he would be able to maintain so dignified a station among people of rank.

Goslington, also, held out every inducement he could think of to dissuade his early friend from returning to America, and he so far prevailed that,

for the present, the matter was put off, although not entirely relinquished.

Jonathan would have considered himself peculiarly happy to have spent his life among so agreeable friends and companions ; but when he thought of his prospects in America, and the high stations which he might be called upon, by the voice of the people to fill, he knew not how to determine. Like Laird Shadow, he was, in many respects, highly dissatisfied with the conduct of the British government ; and for his own part, he considered the body of the people infinitely happier under a republican form of government. In our next and last chapter, however, we shall have occasion to advert to a very unexpected and a very different turn of affairs, which we shall not at present anticipate. Laird Shadow, therefore, did not emigrate to America, and Jonathan and Peggy, instead of taking a voyage across the Atlantic to increase the breed of American citizens, have their cards to play, for the present, on this side of the wafer.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## THE ROYAL VISIT.

Ye will dance and I will sing,  
 Peggy, now the King's come.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE King's visit to Edinburgh was made at a very critical period, when political rancour and party spirit raged with fury, ere yet the flood tide of discontent had subsided. The turbulence of the Radicals was still like a smothered fire emitting smoke, in which a few burning embers lay hid among the ashes. The Whigs and Tories, in their civil and religious speeches, as usual, were sowing dissension, and the demon Discord, with her smoky torch, shed a lurid glare around auld Reekie, over which she hovered with a frantic laugh.

A great many of the people were highly incensed with their sovereign for the prosecution of the Queen, and they had not yet forgotten the late disturbances in Scotland. His majesty, however, in many respects, had rendered himself highly popular; he had patronised the arts and sciences, and had shown a disposition to relieve the burthens of the people. In his visit to Ireland, he had been cordially greeted by a great number of the people, amidst all the discontent which prevailed in that distracted kingdom, and he had returned with en-



creased popularity. It was, therefore, in a political point of view, well worth trying the same experiment in Scotland, and the result answered his most sanguine expectations.

It required no ordinary discretion in his Majesty to overrule, by his presence, personal and party animosities, and to exclude better feelings among those who considered themselves neglected. He appears, however, to have come with the determination of conducting himself with the greatest condescension towards his subjects.

The King's presenting himself in Edinburgh was in itself a great novelty; but the pomp and splendour with which he was surrounded was so captivating to the multitude, that the far greater part of those who came with lukewarm affections to their liege lord, became almost spontaneous converts to loyalty.

In fact, the King is received in public with a degree of respect verging on adoration, and the example of the higher classes has an irresistible influence on those of the lower orders of society.

The crowd which was collected in Edinburgh on this occasion was most immense. From all parts of the country, to the distance of many miles, the people flocked towards the city on foot, and on horseback, and in all manner of conveyances.

Among the other Scottish nobility who went to do homage to their sovereign, Lord Ringsdale and his lovely daughter Lady Rosa were present, accompanied by Laird Shadow and his family, who were now publicly acknowledged by them as descendants of the noble house of Stuart.

When the royal squadron was perceived at a distance, as a dark spot in the horizon, rising over the surface of the ocean, the people collected in clusters, as hives of bees, on the tops of the hills

and eminences surrounding the city, wherever they could see the approach of the vessels in the Frith of Forth; and the whole coast was lined with thousands, in deep phalanx, anxious to have a sight of their beloved sovereign.

In a short time, royal salutes were fired by the ships in Leith roads, and the Castle; and the huzzas of the crowds saluted their monarch with the most loyal plaudits, till the welkin re-echoed with the King's welcome to Caledonia. Every individual felt a thrill of joy shoot along his veins, that a king, descended of their ancient monarchs, was come to keep court in the royal palace of Holyrood.

The King's entrance into Edinburgh may one day serve some future Waverly, to portray the herald's knocking at the triumphal archway—the surrender of the keys of the city—the King's reception by the Duke of Hamilton, hereditary keeper of Holyrood-house—the drawing-rooms at Holyrood—the procession to the Castle—the civic banquet—the Peers' ball—the King's attending the theatre, &c. and his departure. In the narrow limits which we have assigned ourselves, these topics are quite foreign to our purpose. In short, every thing respecting the King's visit is so well known, that it is quite unnecessary to dwell on it. When remote time has thrown a veil of antiquity over these pageantries, then they may be classed with the more chivalrous periods of British history.

Olden times seemed returned when the King held court at the royal palace of Holyrood; the royal archers, the Celts, and the beef-eaters, as in times of yore, had resumed their places, together with the heralds and pages.

Lord Ringsdale introduced to his Majesty Laird  
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Shadow and Goslington, as his noble relatives, and likewise Mr. Rifleman, as an American gentleman of distinction, for in fact, the etiquette of court gave way to jovial revelry.

Lady Rosa and Miss Shadow were presented, in due form, to the King, and had the honour to kiss his hand. The Laird, who had got up his heart on this occasion, ventured on one of his dry jokes—"dinna fanckle yoursel's, ladies," said he, "in your backspangs," alluding to the retrograde motion with which they withdrew from the royal presence. This manœuvre, with the long trains which the young ladies wore, required a little practice.

The Peers' ball was the most splendid of any thing that had ever been seen in Edinburgh. The ladies' dresses were spangled with gold and diamonds. Lady Rosa's dress was unrivalled in richness: it was heavy with gold: while the rich, ripe figure of Miss Shadow, did not escape the marked attention of royalty. Goslington and Jonathan, inspired by the strains of our national music, from Neil Gow's inimitable band, flew along the dance with their lovely partners.

Who, under such imposing pleasures, but would have been the friend of monarchy, when George the Fourth seemed to have descended to the same level with his subjects.

In the procession to the Castle, the crown of Scotland was borne by the Duke of Hamilton, on a most beautiful horse, led by two esquires, arrayed in most splendid costumes. The Highland chieftains were assembled at the head of their clans, dressed in the garb of old Gaul, distinguished by their respective dresses. When the cavalcade arrived at the barrier gate, the King alighted from the royal carriage on a platform covered with

crimson cloth, and a royal salute was fired from the Castle, the bands of the different regiments playing 'God save the King.' His Majesty viewed, with the most marked attention, this interesting prospect, and said to the officers about him, "this is wonderful," "what a sight," and on hearing the acclamations from the different streets, he took off his hat and waved it repeatedly.

The appearance and orderly demeanour of the people were his constant theme. Indeed, well might the scenery around this modern Athens, which exhibits one of the finest prospects in the world, excite his admiration; nor less worthy of his praise were the inhabitants of this refined and intellectual city, the renowned seat of the muses, and the abode of learning—nowhere on earth can such an assemblage of talent and erudition be found.

The people of Scotland had now seen their sovereign, whom they had received with acclamations of joy, and with whom they parted with tears in their eyes. His Majesty also, on his departure, was pleased to express the unalloyed satisfaction which his visit to Scotland had afforded him, and the cordial feelings of affection towards his people with which he bade them adieu.

We shall not endeavour to scrutinize his Majesty's motives for this visit, nor shall we vilify his intentions by saying, that he came 'cap in hand,' begging for popularity. But waiving all sarcastic remarks on his showing his bare houghs to the ladies in his Highland dress, or on the gaudy pomp and parade of the processions and festivals, as being beneath the notice of an enlightened people, with great truth we may observe, never did the public appearance of his Majesty work such wonders!

The King's visit to Scotland was the forerunner

to an act of royal clemency, which gave universal satisfaction to every leal-hearted Scotchman; namely, that of the restoration of those titles which had been forfeited in the rebellion in Scotland. This act of oblivion completely extirpated all long-nursed animosity towards the crown, from the minds of the descendants of those noble families who had been degraded from their rank, on account of their having espoused the cause of the pretender. To the lineal descendants of the Stuart family, these conciliatory measures had the greatest influence in obliterating old grievances.

When Domine Birchall first heard this welcome intelligence, he informed his scholars that, during the remainder of the week, he should have occasion to be from home, and as it might be uncertain whether or not he could be able to recommence teaching before the middle of next week—that intimation would be given when schooling recommenced, after sermon, from the precentor's desk, on Sunday. Having made them sing the King's anthem, and shout 'God save the King,' with four cheers, he dismissed the school, giving each dux, or the scholar that stood at the top of the class sixpence, and each of the rest a penny.

The nuptials were about to be celebrated between Goslington and Lady Rosa, and Jonathan and Miss Shadow, and he was in hopes of being able first to tell the news to Laird Shadow respecting the restoration of the Scottish titles.

Accordingly, dressing himself in his best suit, he set off for Hazleton-hall, with his silk stockings, silver knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, his shoes as black as jet, having on his tri-cornered hat, and having his ivory-headed cane in his hand. On his arrival, he found Goslington had anticipated him, having come over express from Ringsdale Castle,

to give intimation to his friend Jonathan of the good fortune which had befallen him. Jonathan, as we have formerly said, was of Scotch extraction; his ancestor, Lord Lintoch, having been engaged in the rebellion, he first escaped into France, and afterward settled in America. His title was forfeited with those of the other unfortunate noblemen who had espoused the same cause, and his estates escheated to the crown. The estates had already been restored to a remote branch of the family; it was therefore the title alone that came to Jonathan.

The Shadow, or now rather the Stuart family, were in their zenith. Laird Shadow had been publicly acknowledged by Lord Ringsdale as descended from the noble house of Stuart, and he had received his Majesty's permission, under his privy seal, for himself and his heirs for ever, to take the name of Stuart. They were, besides, on the eve of forming the most honourable alliances by marriage.

The Domine, having congratulated Mr. Rifleman and Miss Shadow on their unexpected aggrandizement, and having laid aside his hat and cane, he remained with his friends to advise with them about the approaching weddings.

## CONCLUSION.

—————Give me the cups,  
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
 The trumpet to the cannoneers without,  
 The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to the earth.  
 HAMLET.

THE banns having been thrice proclaimed in the parish church of Stonehouse, on Sunday, between the Honourable Goslington Shadow Stuart, of Hazleton-hall, and Lady Rosa Stuart, of Ringsdale Castle; and also between the Honourable Jonathan Rifleman, and Miss Shadow, for the Domine insisted on the appellative honourable being added, the marriage ceremonies were both performed at Ringsdale Castle on the Tuesday following, according to the form of marriage instituted by the kirk of Scotland. Immediately after the happy couples had been joined in holy wedlock, they drove off in two carriages, each drawn by four horses, the coachmen and postilions having white favours in their hats, to Edinburgh, to pay their respects to Lady Kittymuir, and to spend a few days in the city. They then made a short tour of the Highlands.

When the bridegrooms and their beautiful brides drove off, the gamekeepers fired a salute of seven guns, and the tenants, who had already assembled, made the banks of the Avon re-echo.

Out of compliance to the old-fashioned ideas of the Laird, the weddings were celebrated in the old style of Scottish hospitality, at Ringsdale Castle.

The whole of his lordship's tenants were assembled in the great hall, where they partook of a sumptuous entertainment, and kept up the frolic to a late hour, when they retired, each with a discharge in his pocket for the rent of his farm during the ensuing twelvemonth.

The Laird also had a whole bullock roasted on the Stonehouse green, with which and an abundance of ale, the whole of the villagers who chose to partake were liberally regaled. Helikewise made a handsome donation to be distributed among the necessitous, on which occasion, Domine Birchall presided.

Long will the tenants on the barony of Ringsdale have to remember this jubilee, which they enjoyed through the Laird's bounty, and long will the villagers have to remember Laird Shadow.

In summing up the account of some of our more prominent characters, among whom Domine Birchall holds a conspicuous place, we have the pleasure of announcing to the public, that the signal services which he had rendered his friends, were by them gratefully remembered and rewarded in a way which, of all others, was the most agreeable to his feelings. Through the interest of his quondam pupil, he was made master of an academy in the city of Edinburgh, where his reputation as a classical scholar stands high; where, we may add, he is esteemed by all who know him, and where he is patronised by many of the first nobility.

Granny Fa, soon after the death of Charlie Stuart, also paid the debt of nature.

Meg Dyot removed to a snug house of her own at Long Girvan, a village in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and has been enabled to retire from her vagrant occupation with a competency.

Old Bauldy is still the old man, as full of cant as



ever; he has parted with his wife, been turned out from being elder, and gets so often intoxicated that the Earl has been obliged to dismiss him from his situation.

Laird/Shadow Stuart, and Lord Ringsdale are both alive, and on the same good terms.

The Laird has been admitted a member of the Highland society, and of several agricultural societies; and is one of the warmest and steadiest supporters of every thing affecting the interest and prosperity of Scotland, while his breed of horses, the cattle and sheep on his estate, are not surpassed by those of any nobleman in the kingdom. He is generally present at all the principal shows of cattle in Lanarkshire, and to his own breed has been frequently awarded the first premiums.

The two young couples are happy. Goslington has taken the title of Lord Birkenshaw, being the hereditary title of the Earl of Ringsdale's eldest son. Jonathan has also received the title of Lord Lintoch. The young noblemen and their ladies have both been presented at court, and are in high favour with his Majesty.

Finally, the prosperity of the British nation, during the present ministry, has undergone a most unprecedented renovation; and the wise policy of the British cabinet is, at present, the admiration of the world.

FINIS.









JAN 12 1945

